

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND 21727



3 0852 00133222 8

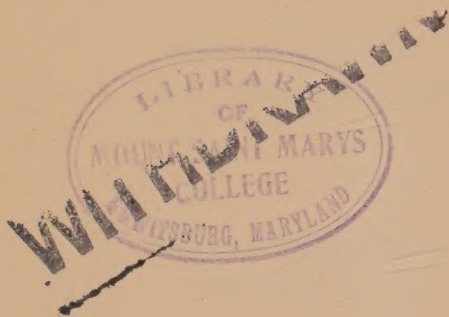
WITHDRAWN



WILTHDRAWN

SCHILLER

VOLUME II



SCHILLER

BY

EUGEN KÜHNEMANN

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU

*TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD EDITION OF THE
GERMAN ORIGINAL*

BY

KATHARINE ROYCE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JOSIAH ROYCE

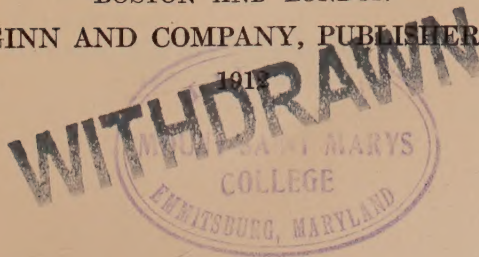
PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

BOSTON AND LONDON

GINN AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS



COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY EUGEN KÜHNEMANN

Entered at Stationers' Hall

All Rights Reserved

The Athenæum Press

GINN AND COMPANY · PROPRIETORS · BOSTON · U.S.A.

CONTENTS

BOOK TWO

THE WORKS OF MANHOOD

SECTION I. HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS, WALLENSTEIN

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. SCHILLER'S LIFE FROM HIS FIRST REMOVAL TO WEIMAR UNTIL HE BEGAN TO WORK ON "WALLENSTEIN."..	3
1. The beginning of Schiller's life at Weimar.....	3
2. Lotte.....	12
3. Volkstädt and Rudolstadt.....	17
4. Schiller's professorship at Jena. His betrothal.....	33
5. Marriage, historical studies, Schiller's illness.....	52
6. Schiller's philosophical studies; his visit to Swabia, his native place.....	85
7. Friendship with Goethe. "Die Horen".....	121
8. Philosophical poems. Xenien. Ballads.....	146
II. "WALLENSTEIN," THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF ITS ORIGIN.....	179
III. "WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP".....	218
IV. THE PICCOLOMINI. THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.....	227
1. The fundamental conception.....	227
2. The group of characters surrounding Wallenstein..	229
3. The unity of the group of characters.....	233
4. The figure of Wallenstein.....	239
5. Max and Thekla.....	246
6. The tragic motive.....	263

7. The form of the tragedy as a whole.....	265
8. The artistic means employed.....	273
9. Schiller's mature style.....	276
10. Schiller's relation to Shakespeare, Goethe, and the Greeks.....	279

SECTION II. FROM "WALLENSTEIN" TO THE END

I. "MARIA STUART".....	287
1. The tragic motive.....	290
2. Mary; and the fundamental plan of the play.....	292
3. The group of characters.....	298
4. Elizabeth.....	305
5. The form of the tragedy.....	310
6. Schiller's poetic art and view of life in "Maria Stuart".....	320
II. "THE MAID OF ORLEANS".....	325
1. Schiller's dramatic art in relation to history.....	327
2. Form and material.....	330
3. The song of the fatherland.....	331
4. The Maid of Orleans.....	337
5. The tragedy.....	342
6. The English.....	348
7. The style and the limits of Schiller's art in "The Maid of Orleans".....	349
8. The relation of the work to its time.....	358
III. "THE BRIDE OF MESSINA".....	361
1. The fundamental conception.....	363
2. The chorus.....	365
3. The idea of fate.....	369
4. The development of the action.....	374
5. The solution.....	376
6. Schiller's view of the tragedy and of poetry in general. His relation to the Greeks.....	381

CONTENTS

vii

CHAPTER

PAGE

IV. "WILLIAM TELL" 384

1. The main idea of the poem 386
2. The dramatic motive 393
3. Tell 396
4. The three actions 401
5. Conclusion 402

V. THE LAST YEARS OF SCHILLER'S LIFE 404

1. The last years in Jena 404
2. The years in Weimar 418
3. The end 432

INDEX 441

BOOK TWO
THE WORKS OF MANHOOD

SECTION I

HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS, WALLENSTEIN

CHAPTER I

SCHILLER'S LIFE FROM HIS FIRST REMOVAL TO WEIMAR UNTIL HE BEGAN TO WORK ON "WALLENSTEIN"

1. THE BEGINNING OF SCHILLER'S LIFE AT WEIMAR

NOTHING could be more cool, clear, and sensible than the account Schiller wrote to Körner of his first impressions of Weimar. He is really a new man now. Never before had he felt such confidence in himself in entering into relations with a large circle of men. For while it was his intention to shape out for himself a new way of life in Weimar, he no longer expected, as formerly, to obtain these fresh opportunities, half as a gift, given by others through kindness. He was now determined to make a place for himself, in spite of others if not through their help. He for the first time shows in characteristic fashion the wisdom of a military commander, who knows in every battle just how to measure his men and rightly to use them. He also shows in these letters the energy of a general in constantly

making up his mind and then steadfastly pursuing his way. Every German ought to read these letters in order to convince himself once for all of the manly coolness and correctness of realistic judgment with which Schiller viewed men and things.

Goethe was in Italy and Duke Karl August in Potsdam. Thus the question of a position in Weimar would chiefly concern Wieland, Herder, and the court. The reigning Duchess Luisa was also absent. However, her mother, Anna Amalia, was living at Tiefurt.

Schiller had the same experience with Wieland that everybody had. After he had made his way to him through a troop of children, each one smaller than the other, he found the old man as amiable and expansive as possible. He would talk for hours about all sorts of weighty questions, and treated the poet as if the relation between them was to be a lasting one. Doubtless there was a personal motive behind all this. In every young writer Wieland involuntarily saw a contributor for his *German Mercury*, and also a possible son-in-law, since he had been blessed with many daughters. In any case Schiller made an excellent impression and went home well pleased. After a time Wieland grew cold towards him, and drew back — we shall soon learn why — and Schiller was completely puzzled. Like all who had met with the same experience, he decided that Wieland was insincere

and untrustworthy. And yet the explanation was so simple. Wieland was the very model of the enthusiastic type. He was wholly under the influence of whatever interested him at the moment, but directly afterwards his attention was wholly taken up with something else. No one ought to have expected him to be steadfast in his personal relations. These two men were as far apart as the poles, and that not only because one was busily pushing on toward his goal, while the other had reached it many years ago. The younger man's efforts were all concerned with eternal and ideal values, while the man who had "arrived" took pleasure in a comfortable sort of *laissez faire* and in an ironical avoidance of extremes, and, with the wisdom of a man of the world, enjoyed a certain intellectual æstheticism. However, the relation between these essentially different men continued on a very tolerable footing. Schiller did not, indeed, become Wieland's son-in-law, as had seemed possible at one time, but he became the most prominent and also the "dearest" contributor to the *German Mercury*. Thus he more than repaid Wieland for any benefits received from him. He had to pursue his lofty path alone, and Wieland, who could not help him in the least, looked on and at times applauded him.

Schiller's relations with Herder were still less intimate. He soon felt, that among those who were then in Weimar, Herder was the most important

man to him in intellectual matters. He decided to "feast on" him during the summer. They actually met quite often. At first the young poet seemed like a complete stranger to the great leader of the new literary movement. Herder merely treated him as one whom he knew to be of some importance. In this case also, the two men were decidedly pleased with each other, but that was all. Herder was at the very height of his creative power when Schiller came to him. During this year, 1787, the third volume of his "Ideas" appeared, as well as his "Essay on Nemesis," his "Dialogues Concerning God," and other writings. Many kindred motives existed also in Schiller's mind.

But although there was some relationship between certain articles of their philosophic faith, yet in Herder's mind all this was connected with his broad and thorough knowledge of nature and of history, while Schiller's ideas came to him more with the sudden flash of enthusiasm. Schiller's relation to the realm in which Herder worked was as yet but slight. And there was still another motive that kept the two apart. Herder's apparent firmness or even ruggedness concealed a susceptible and easily wounded nature. He really needed a kind and sympathetic friend to encourage him in his own strenuous work, and he could hardly be expected to help on a younger and highly individual poet. Here too Schiller was still alone. He soon perceived

that the intellectual culture of Weimar implied but little true companionship. Each one lived immured in his own world. There was no room here for the mood that Schiller had expressed in his "Hymn to Joy."

He was thrown back upon himself, and so he found himself. Neither Wieland nor Herder actually knew "Carlos," from which Schiller expected so much. Herder read it and spoke of it with a certain insight; but that was all. Wieland did not even acknowledge the receipt of the drama. Meanwhile those events were quietly taking place which were to decide Schiller's position in Weimar. "Carlos" had been read at court, before Anna Amalia, and had made an unfavorable impression. Gotter — he of the "Black Man" — imposed his own narrow judgment upon the ladies of the court. Precisely the great feature of the poem, its character as a universally human tragedy, was found to be displeasing. This experience merely shows how untrustworthy is the judgment of a circle of merely receptive dilettanti, especially when their pride in the grade of cultivation that they are supposed to represent is aroused. The meaning of all this to Schiller was that the doors were closed against him.

And when he looked further afield he could scarcely hope for anything better. To be sure, there was still Goethe, who was certainly the most important of all to him. Just here it was especially needful

for Schiller to assert himself. His cool and thoughtful judgment was never keener than in estimating Goethe's sect, which for him was especially represented by Knebel. Indeed his negative judgment of this company led him to feel his own strength in contrast with their weakness. With the others he did indeed celebrate the absent Goethe's birthday in his garden, where they all drank his health in good Rhine wine. He conscientiously tells us how Herder, whose friendship with Goethe was then at its height, delivered an enthusiastic characterization of Goethe, attributing to him not only the rarest mental gifts of a poet and of a man of affairs, but also the greatest purity of heart and freedom from any tendency to intrigue. But Schiller evidently disliked a certain spirit that pervaded the whole group; namely, "a certain proudly philosophical scorn of all speculative thought and investigation, together with an allegiance to the mere data of the five senses and a devotion to nature that are carried to the limit of affectation. In fact a certain childlike simplicity of judgment characterizes Goethe and his disciples in this place. They would rather hunt up plants or minerals than get entangled in mere demonstrations. These notions may be sound enough and well enough, but they may be exaggerated." This statement shows a certain sense of superiority that belongs to an active and independent speculative mind. The spirit of

empirical research seems to him to be a lesser thing, and he thinks that Goethe's disciples greatly over-value it. How could he guess that Goethe's intuitive mind in its way had long been striving toward the same goal to which Schiller himself was yet to find his own way, — to the goal, namely, of a view of life and art that is founded upon the fundamental truth of things.

This experience had a very different effect upon Schiller from the mere melting away of his youthful dreams, such as had formerly occurred. As a mature man he simply took things as he found them. He had weighed these great men in the balance and compared himself with them; in intellectual power he felt himself their equal. "The result of all my experiences here is that I recognize my own mental poverty, but I value my mind more highly than I have heretofore done." He had realized the cause of this poverty in Dresden. It was the lack of knowledge, of thorough education, and of an understanding of actuality. This lack could only be remedied by diligence. It is true that Schiller never completely withdrew from the group at Weimar, but continued to frequent the Monday Club, and himself founded the Friday Club of Bachelors. Yet his life at Weimar was an essentially lonely one at this time. His most serious work was devoted to the "Revolt of the Netherlands." He now came to know, as never before, the joy of true

industry, and became, what he had never been before, a hard worker. In August he regretfully interrupted his busy days by a six days' trip to Jena. This visit, however, opened up new opportunities to him, through the acquaintance with some of the professors there, through his association with the editors and contributors of the *Allgemeinen Deutschen Literaturzeitung* a great critical review, and there was even a distant prospect of a professorship at Jena. But he was not happy till he got to work again. At this time he worked ten or twelve or even fourteen hours a day, and at nightfall his midday meal sometimes stood untouched on his desk. But he also found out that six hours spent in assimilating and shaping historical material were not as strenuous as one spent on the works of pure fancy, and finally he felt that he was gaining confidence in his actual knowledge of life. Our ability to learn is one of the most priceless blessings of mankind, and it is a real joy when something of the great connection of actual things becomes clear to us. Evidently Schiller realized that this work was a necessary part of the development of his inner life. He needed to assimilate and to master learning. Moreover, he thought that he ought to cease to be a pariah, as he conceived a mere poet to be. He wanted also to be in the secure position of a well-respected citizen. The best means to this end was to write a learned work whose importance must be

recognized. No one enjoys the half-contemptuous toleration of his spiritual inferiors. And once for all, commonplace men judge a man's work by what it brings him, — and the influence of these ordinary men is far-reaching. And whatever it might cost him, this outwork must be carried.

The man who was so absorbed in working over the documents and sources of his "Revolt of the Netherlands" had little in common with the emotional youth who sketched "Carlos" at Mannheim. Yet it was "Carlos" — a perfectly free poem of the imagination — which had guided Schiller in his selection of this subject for his historical labors. Meanwhile Charlotte von Kalb, the friend whom he had won at that former time, was now once more his only confidential companion. In Weimar their relation was well thought of and caused no surprise. Schiller visited her twice a day, and she awaited his visits with the greatest eagerness. During the early days of their reunion Charlotte seemed almost like one in a trance. She thought of plans for some permanent relation, and was even ready to dissolve her marriage on his account. Once more Schiller felt the charm of her generous and womanly nature, while he was constantly entranced with the revelations of her heart. Still we cannot help noticing that, after the first while, his attitude toward her grew noticeably cooler. She was no longer the goal of all his wishes. His attention was now taken up

with the work that was to shape out a new life for him. Thus he turned aside from romantic dreams and devoted himself to more real and trustworthy things. "All romantic castles in the air must fall, while only what is true and natural can stand." The day was soon to come when he wrote: "She is a noble and high-minded woman, but yet her influence over me has not been beneficial." And the day was not far off when the poet caused her the greatest pain that she had ever been called upon to bear.

2. LOTTE

The opportunity through which Schiller was at last to acquire a settled position in life came to him, as so often happens, as a gift. And this opportunity was not obtained in the place where he had been trying by manly endeavor to win it, but rather by a lucky chance.

At the end of November, after repeated invitations, Schiller went to Meiningen and from there to Bauerbach, where he visited his former benefactress, Henriette von Wolzogen. Until then he had never felt how completely he had changed. The magic of the place had vanished in thin air. "I felt nothing at all. Not one of all the places that my solitude made so interesting to me meant anything to me now. The old memories spoke to me no more."

Wilhelm von Wolzogen persuaded Schiller to make a detour to Rudolstadt, in order to visit

his "over-accomplished cousins." Accordingly, on December 6, 1787, they rode through the streets of the quiet little residence town, where at that time of year they were a somewhat unusual apparition.

They spent the evening in conversation with the ladies, Frau Luise von Lengefeld and her daughters, Karoline von Beulwitz, and Charlotte, who was unmarried. They had early lost their excellent father, a man of much character and an admirable forester. Their mother was connected with the court at Rudolstadt. Karoline had been married to Herr von Beulwitz at sixteen years of age. But her heart found no contentment in this marriage and her relation to her husband was one of indifference, almost of repulsion. Charlotte, who was four years younger than Karoline, and who was born on the twenty-second of November, 1766, was intended to be a maid of honor in Weimar. For this career a mastery of the French language was necessary. For this purpose they had made quite a stay in Vevey, on Lake Geneva, in 1783. On their way back, while passing through Mannheim, they had quite casually made Schiller's acquaintance.

The good mother, the "*chère mère*," was an admirable woman, whom Schiller later came to respect thoroughly, during a severe illness of Charlotte's. While she was wholly under the influence of the customs, opinions, and judgments of the small court residence, yet the daughters belonged to the more

soulful world of poetry that was at the time becoming so prominent in Germany. These young women were surrounded by poetical influences, with which they were well able to sympathize, for they wrote more or less poetry themselves, each in her own way. They also took interest in the serious subjects of the day, such as philosophy and history. Frau von Stein was very fond of Lotte, who was often a guest on her estate Kochberg. There she became acquainted with Goethe, who was soon warmly interested in her. And for some time Knebel aspired to her hand. Thus she was personally connected with the great litterateurs of Weimar.

The fact that a romance of Karoline's was later supposed to be Goethe's shows, at least, that she had an uncommon gift of receptivity and imitation. Her biography of her famous brother-in-law (first published in 1830) provided a permanent frame-work for all other lives of Schiller.

The good relation between the two sisters was really touching. It often happened that Karoline took the lead. Moreover, she had more striking qualities, such as produce an independent impression, and so she was more attractive in conversation. She was a brilliant woman, with a trace of genius in her make-up. One can readily see how Schiller at first confided his thoughts more to Karoline, so that Lottchen took a secondary place. The difference between the sisters became more marked

throughout their lives. Morally, they belonged to two different worlds. Lotte had the sterling qualities that are needed as a basis for life, while in these Karoline was almost wholly lacking. Karoline had not quite the independent uprightness that makes a person trustworthy. Just as she failed to take her first marriage seriously, she was again and again overtaken by a passionate love affair, as well as by lighter fancies, and she was always inclined to yield to them readily. Her fickle perversity and the random nature of her decisions often offended Schiller as well as Lotte in later years. Unfortunately, however, there is no doubt that this very lack of moral stamina makes a certain type of brilliant woman more interesting. While Karoline's somewhat selfish heart was always beating restlessly, Lotte had the calmer and steadier temperament of a true woman. She had a real love of nature, and within the fairly ample scope of her own interests her judgment was calm and sane. She was modest and loved modesty in others. Simple kindness shone in her eyes and self-sacrifice was a part of her nature. We always find the note of sincerity in her letters. The purity of her feelings as expressed in them seems almost crystalline. While Karoline's temperament led her to pass her life tormented by restless passions, Charlotte's nature led her to give herself up to a single great and enduring love.

Schiller's first evening with these ladies passed delightfully. Naturally enough, he was the center of interest. He immediately wanted to bring the ladies into sympathy with whatever he cared for. His gentle and attractive manners, as usual, won all hearts. At the close of the evening everyone felt that there were to be many more hours of such friendship.

The first effect of this acquaintance was simply that Schiller withdrew more and more from the Weimar coterie, and became absorbed in his own work. And in his letters to Körner the thought of marriage keeps recurring. "I must have someone with me who really belongs to me, to whom it will be my duty and pleasure to give happiness, someone whose nature shall refresh my own." "I long for a well-ordered domestic life, and that is the only hope that I still cherish." At the end of January or the beginning of February, 1788, Charlotte came to Weimar and entered into the social life of the place. Schiller met her again at a masked ball. And now tender notes and letters begin to pass between them, at first rather timidly, with some embarrassment. Their feeling still wears the cloak of gallantry, but that cloak does not completely hide the beating of the heart. On April 5 Schiller wrote, "You are going, dear Charlotte, and I feel that all my happiness goes with you."

The separation was not a long one. Schiller decided to spend the summer near Rudolstadt, in the

country, and Lotte undertook to find him a suitable lodging.

3. VOLKSTÄDT AND RUDOLSTADT

On the eighteenth of May Schiller left Weimar, reached Rudolstadt on the nineteenth, and on the twentieth he moved into the room that Lotte had chosen for him. This was "a very cheerful, clean, and comfortable room," in the house of the Kantor Unbehaun in Volkstädt — just half an hour's walk from Rudolstadt. In the middle of August he moved into the town because of bad weather. He did not go back to Weimar until the twelfth of November. Lotte and Karoline went to Erfurt the very same day. Thus they had had six months of almost daily intercourse.

Schiller had indeed decided to avoid "any very close or exclusive dependence" on the Lengefeld family. But the friendship, as it now developed, was so satisfying to his deepest needs that he could not help giving himself up to it completely. And since he felt equally drawn to the two sisters, each one pleasing him in her own way, he did not fear losing his freedom. Schiller felt the imperative need of expressing himself, of sharing his thoughts, — not merely his thoughts concerning trivial, everyday matters, but those that filled his heart and soul and stirred his deepest feelings. These sisters were not solely occupied with their own egoistic aims, as most women and nearly all men are. They

were not walled in behind forms and conventions. They had the true receptivity that Schiller longed to find. He could always have a good talk with these friends, whose relations to him were so straightforward and simple, and this privilege is always most refreshing to an intellectual man. And so he formed the habit of carrying to them whatever he read or wrote. He lived all these things over again and felt them more keenly in sharing them with others. He was not a man who had got his growth. He was passing through a period of important development. Therefore, while he influenced the sisters, he was undoubtedly influenced by them. Charlotte's quiet temperament must have really affected him more than the livelier character of Karoline. The latter stimulated his thoughts and fancies. But what he really needed was something of Lotte's calm and peaceful nature. The wild, restless, fantastic qualities of his mind passed into the background and he began to long for simple, true, and beautiful forms of life, — such as, for the sake of literary style, he had studied among the works of ancient Greece. His surroundings were remarkably fortunate at this time. This friendship was especially dear to him because it did not interfere with his liberty in the least. He could work during the day just as he wished, without being at all hampered. But when he had finished his daily task he would meet with the sisters and they would

at once enter into the most interesting conversations, the most beautiful intimacy of mind. The friends discussed serious questions and valuable thoughts, and yet the conversation lost none of its charm if it passed over to badinage or to playful jests. Even many years later we find a certain emotional enthusiasm in Karoline's account. "How happy we were when we had escaped from some tedious coffee party and could meet our wonderful friend under the beautiful trees on the banks of the Saale. There was a little bridge over a woodland brook that flowed into the Saale. This was the trysting place where we would wait for him. When we saw him coming towards us in the rosy sunset light, we entered into the happy realm of ideal spiritual life. Schiller's talk was full of real seriousness as well as of light and pretty playfulness. When talking with him we seemed to wander back and forth between the changeless stars of heaven and the fairest flowers of earth. We felt like happy spirits freed from the sordid bonds of this earth and enjoying a completely mutual understanding, in some purer and finer realm of freedom."

As a setting for all this we must imagine the fair and lovely land of Thuringia, with many outings in the beautiful spring and summer weather, and the pleasantest social relations. Whatever might come of it, these people had become necessary to each other. But in this case Schiller was not in a

dependent position, as with the Körners. He himself was the giver, the center of the little group. How expressive are his own words: "The bitterness that has run through my whole life until now came from no other source than my loneliness in the midst of a social world. And the many unsuccessful attempts that I made to escape from this loneliness only made it harder and more unbearable. I wish that I could lay bare my whole soul to you! I can tell you so little and write still less!" And somewhat later, during an absence, he wrote: "A year ago to-day you scarcely existed for me in this world, and now I should find it hard to imagine the world without you. You must always remain as you are to-day! Then our friendship will be as lasting as our souls!"

During his last weeks in Weimar Schiller wrote his poem "The Gods of Greece" for Wieland's *Teutscher Merkur* (German Mercury). The most decisive experience of this period, for Schiller's taste and for his poetical works, was his turning to Greek poetry, and still more to Greek tragedy, for his models. He read almost nothing but Homer. He translated from Euripides "Iphigenia in Aulis" and some scenes from "The Phœnician Women." He thought of translating Æschylus' "Agamemnon." It is true that he read Homer only in the translation by Voss, and made his own translations from Latin and French versions. He kept the original text by him

for reference. But even through such acquaintance he hoped to purify his style and free it from modern over-refinements and artifices, and so to return to the simplicity of the Greeks, and perhaps to a classic perfection. He acquainted his friends with all these new undertakings. "Winged words" in the Homeric style and similar turns of expression found their way into their letters. The scenes from "The Phœnician Women," especially the dialogue between Jocasta the mother and Polyneices, who is leading the army against Thebes, his native place, as well as the later dialogue between the two hostile brothers Eteocles and Polyneices, show the touch of a truly great poet. There is true elemental greatness in the development of these simple and sharply contrasted motives. To our feeling, "Iphigenia in Aulis," in spite of all its poetical skill, lacks the antique greatness and repose at which Schiller aimed, and it impresses us as too modern. For it often passes over into the domestic tragedy, with its querulous complainings, and this is especially true of the relations between Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. But perhaps for this very reason the whole action seemed more real to him. Schiller shows the pride of the true artist in his scorn of all artificial imitations of Greek forms of speech. The dialogues are written in modern iambic pentameters and the choruses in rhymed strophes. The choruses occasionally have a ring that foreshadows the "Bride

of Messina." Both translations appeared in the "Thalia."

The poem entitled "The Gods of Greece" is the sentimental song of a modern artist, remote enough from the antique spirit, inasmuch as it is a poem of yearning. But the very meaning of this yearning is simply the expression of a modern kind of feeling. One notion of Schiller's youthful philosophy had been to conceive all nature as animated.

"Souls within the very rocks I fancied."

He admired the ancients because they regarded all the manifestations of nature as active, living beings endowed with souls. That poetical fashion of viewing nature belonged to the golden age. His catalogue of these mythical characters is rather too lengthy and too bizarre, but still the whole is animated by the aspirations of the artist. The Greeks' view of the world and the modern view are contrasted for Schiller in the same way as poetry and prose.

In the "Artists" he sings in far richer tones of the great vocation of art. This hymn stands in the same relation to the Rudolstadt epoch that the "Hymn to Joy" did to his friendship with Körner. But Schiller is now far more mature. His new thoughts flow in a perfect stream and with true energy he leads his reflection from the shoreless ocean of metaphysics to the realm of his art, of his

inborn vocation. Precisely because he has turned somewhat away from poetical work, to devote himself to scholarly research, he gathers force for this new confession of the universal mission of his art. In his rich nature everything seeks some radical expression. And so he gives voice to his ideal of a whole life ennobled by art, — an ideal that had been formed in his mind during his beautiful association with his friends. And Schiller himself was aware of this influence.

The spirit of the new era appears also in the fact that this poem of confession takes the form of an historical study of human development. The underlying thought is that it was art that developed brute savages into men. Therefore the poet begins with the picture of the dull and brutish primitive man, who, blindly driven by his sense instincts, stands bewildered by the vast confusion of the universe. His first trace of artistic activity is that he grasps some outline of what he sees, and now the soil is prepared for thought, for the whole great edifice of knowledge, which by and by scarcely pauses before the conception of eternity. Tender feelings make their appearance with the first shepherd's song. Thus moral sentiments awake in men, together with the ceaseless striving toward divine perfection. For God is pure truth and goodness. We find in the poem, as it were, the links of a chain, conceived in the true spirit of an idealistic philosophy. Some-

thing of Plato, the artist philosopher, appears again in this philosophic poet. First comes the animal, then man, then God, who is pure spirit.

Schiller is not very happy in his account of the revival of art in the renaissance period. But he closes the poem quite in the best spirit of his leading idea, although it was Wieland who influenced him at this point. Art is both the beginning and the end of human cultivation. All knowledge must end in a living vision of things and must pass over into beauty. All life must grow nobler until it reaches its complete artistic expression in beautiful human beings. Beauty is the beginning and the goal of human life. Schiller's central thought, that beauty is the chief power that elevates men to true humanity, is here fully and plainly expressed. The poet perceives the general human significance of art.

The poem suffers from a mingling of the historical and philosophical points of view. There are even some passages that produce the effect of an essay done into verse. Schiller does indeed attempt to bring his ideas into shape again by working up the poem as the history of the Uranian Venus, the goddess of truth and goodness, who shuts herself up with the brutish primitive man in his dungeon and with her beauty draws him on toward higher things, until in the fullness of time she reveals herself to him as pure truth. Nevertheless it is not in the carrying out of this allegory that the principal strength of

the poem lies. With an unparalleled plastic use of language the people of each epoch are placed before us. Perfect revelations of the power of language, of rhythmical art, and of symbolic word-painting are to be found in such strophes as this which describe the coming to life of the first man:

“Roused from slumber of the senses,
Sprang the beauteous spirit free.”

and many other such passages. Finally the spirit of the whole piece is gathered into one ardent appeal to the artist, and with this last appeal it closes.

“The dignity of man is in your hands!
Your charge it is to guard and keep it well.”

Thus what began like a treatise ends like a great battlecry. And every unprejudiced judge feels it to be a poem.

In any case this great poetical work, the only one that Schiller wrote during these long years of study, came from the depths of his inner life.

As we can easily understand, Schiller thoroughly entered into the life of the Lengefeld family and also met their friends. Karoline's best friend was Fräulein Karoline von Dacheröden of Erfurt. This young woman was also talented, also felt herself superior to her surroundings, and was exalted above the Philistine morality of the day. Moreover, she was very handsome and was fitted for a fuller and more strenuous way of life. Indeed she was an

unusual being, and seemed to have been born to be the close friend of Karoline von Beulwitz. At this time Herr Karl von Laroche and Wilhelm von Humboldt — who was then twenty-three years old — were paying court to her with considerable ardor. She afterwards married Humboldt. Lotte's sister apparently took it into her head that these six people together ought to form a sort of invisible church. As is usually the case with such misty notions, nothing came of it except that they were thoroughly bored by their meetings. The Coadjutor Karl von Dalberg, Vice Regent of the Elector of Mainz in Erfurt, was to have been the pope of this invisible church. He felt the warmest admiration and love for Schiller, and intended to give him some advancement as soon as he should himself succeed to the principality. Schiller counted on this in making his plans. But since the old Archbishop of Mainz was so inconsiderate as not to die until 1802, this position continued to count as a sort of dead item in Schiller's assets. Neither did the poet's relations with Humboldt as yet become any closer. Only later, under quite different circumstances and in connection with strenuous studies, did he become Schiller's true and sympathetic friend.

The seventh of September, 1788, was the great day that the little group had so eagerly awaited. Goethe came to make a visit at the Lengefelds' house. This was an opportunity for Schiller to make his acquaint-

ance. Goethe was the greatest man in German literature, and now the all-important question was how he would like Schiller and how Schiller would like him. Goethe had just come back from Italy, with a new consciousness of his artistic powers and with the plan of a great lifework in his head, of which no one dreamed as yet. All his endeavors were to get at the truth of things. He wanted to reach this knowledge through observation and intuition, thus winning nature's creative thoughts. With equal eagerness he strove to gain a knowledge of life as shown in history, and also to gain artistic insight. He also began to dream of loftier aims for his creative work, a poetry for mature men, in which the deep truths and laws of life should be expressed in their unchanging forms. His goal was the lofty style, as he conceived it to exist in the works of the ancients, where he felt it to be a natural expression of bygone national conditions. His whole nature was up in arms against the "storm and stress" notions and against all fantastic exaggeration in art. The poet of "The Robbers" and "Don Carlos" was merely a stumbling block in his path. In such a mood there was no possibility of any sort of relation between Goethe and this man.

Schiller's letter to Körner dated September twelfth still strives to retain the same sort of calmly objective description that he had written in his letters from Weimar. Yet the tone of fearful disappointment

appears in them. Goethe, as a man of the world, had carried on an interesting conversation with him, but had not expressed the slightest wish to concern himself with Schiller and his personal interests. He had indeed come across "The Gods of Greece" when turning the leaves of the *Mercury* and he had taken the copy with him. Still, Goethe went as he had come, without entering into any nearer relations. On the very day that Schiller wrote to Körner, Frau Herder wrote to her husband in Italy, telling him of the excursion with Goethe, and also of Schiller's presence in Rudolstadt. "Goethe behaved pleasantly toward him, and the meeting was agreeable." On the way back Goethe, influenced by Schiller's poem, explained to the ladies part of the great work that he was planning and how he meant to make use of the Greek gods as a representation of the fundamental forms of human life. "While he was telling about all this he really seemed to be in a heaven of his own." Evidently, after the tiresome hour had passed by, Goethe felt himself to be back in his own world again. In any case there was a tremendous difference between the great objective task that Goethe described and Schiller's emotional subjectivity. To the superficial observer, judging by the ordinary standards of social intercourse, the day was a very satisfactory one. The keener observer felt that the thermometer stood at zero in the relations of Goethe and Schiller.

We may as well confess that at that time the very thought of Goethe was as a thorn in the flesh to Schiller. Whoever wants to understand his feeling must say that Schiller dimly felt that he was confronted by someone quite alien and incomprehensible to him, but that he could not turn away from this man, as from others, in his own characteristic fashion. He felt a certain right, perhaps a higher right, in this self-determined personality. Thus his hard-won confidence in himself was disturbed. But at the same time he was justly aware of the purity and strenuousness of his own endeavors, and also of his own ability. Was he, then, nothing whatever to this man? He was tormented by that question. Did he not even deserve a passing glance of recognition? Was Goethe's character so cold, so remote from Schiller's own that Schiller could not make him feel even a momentary need of self-expression? He constantly ran against this fearful impersonality. And then came angry complaints of Goethe's way of conceiving all life in terms of the greatest satisfaction of self-love, giving attention to all things, and yet always holding himself back. Schiller also expressed an almost feverish desire to break through Goethe's pride and self-confidence. His feeling for Goethe was "a very strange mixture of love and hate." Such a man, who wholly lacks human sympathy, should not be tolerated by mankind. And when Goethe contrasts so strikingly with

Schiller, not only through the superiority of his stronger and maturer mind, but also through the advantages of his social position, this cry is almost wrung from Schiller's heart: "How easily his genius can develop in his circumstances, and how I still have to struggle for everything." And he even says, rather grimly: "This fellow, this Goethe, is in my way." Schiller found it hard that, after all these years, his best efforts were hampered by his debts.

He did not know that actually Goethe's cool behavior towards him gave him the brightest hopes and pointed the way to the highest goal. Not in the presence of all men was he able to assume an independent and self-reliant attitude after a few interviews. A summit lay before him to climb which he must exert his utmost strength. But he afterward scaled this height also. At the moment he expected that Goethe would hold out his hand to him. A little later it was Schiller who extended his own with proud freedom. And then it was Goethe's turn to express his thanks and indebtedness. He saw that Schiller was the first man who had comprehended his deepest purposes. Whether he would or no, he had to go over to Schiller's side. He could not do otherwise. The conquest of Goethe's friendship was the crowning glory of Schiller's growth.

At the moment his experience strengthened him in the determination to make the most of himself,

and so to compel esteem, however others were disposed to him. "The saying, 'All that you do, do with your might,' is one that everybody can understand." Evidently, with the idea of showing that he was not in the least embarrassed, he reviewed Goethe's "Iphigenia" and "Egmont" coolly, as if he stood quite on a footing of equality, in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Literaturzeitung*. He could not find the hero of the truly great conduct of life in Egmont. But who can doubt that this work, which was sketched in the epoch when genius was so much glorified, and was finished in Italy, has really a break in it and that Schiller was quite right in criticising the willful lowering of the dramatic and tragic interest? His letters on his own "Don Carlos," published in the *Mercury*, were his greatest masterpiece of literary criticism. It is, however, fitting to remark, concerning this work, that Schiller undertook, with great argumentative skill, to smooth over some inner flaws in his poem. He actually sets forth very brilliantly the principal point of view from which his work is to be considered. One should also quietly study his analysis of the motives for Posa's self-sacrifice in dying for his friend. The conception of this voluntary sacrifice is not, however, suitable to the aims of tragic art. He kept on working at his "Ghost Seer," but without real pleasure. In the "Sport of Destiny" he gives the story of General Rieger in a concise and vigorous way, that

shows a talent for historical narrative of the grander style.

The first volume of the history of the "Revolt of the Netherlands" was the chief work of this epoch, during which it was not only finished, but published. Thus the poet of "The Robbers" suddenly took his place among the prominent political and historical writers of Germany. Professional historians praise the care with which Schiller used his sources, and still more the diligence of his work. Even to-day the unprejudiced reader enjoys the truly well-conceived picture of a great historical movement. With powerful strokes he marks the contrast between the world-power of the Spanish monarchy and the Dutch republics. And he also emphasizes the contrast between the two forms of religion. He gives a vivid portrayal of the chief personages and their doings. What marvelous pages they are that contain within a brief space the characteristic portraits of Philip II, William of Orange, Egmont and Granvella, and also the picture of Margaret of Parma, which is a masterpiece in another style. In all this we notice the young writer's delight in learning. Far from wanting to arrange all these matters according to his own ideas, his effort was rather to appreciate the wealth of life with which nature endows the minds of active men. He narrates this whole great movement with all its surprising vicissitudes in an imposing way that never lets the interest flag. And he never

fails to point out the psychological significance of the events. While everything is presented under the special conditions of the times, the motives are always credible, because they are in accordance with the desires that belong to all mankind. For this reason we are strongly impressed with the necessity of the events. This need of making everything psychologically comprehensible shows the true poet quite as much as does the bold touch of his truly artistic narrative. In writing this account of an historical epoch Schiller produced a valuable work of art.

4. SCHILLER'S PROFESSORSHIP AT JENA. HIS BETROTHAL

This first historical work proved a great success. Schiller was able to begin paying off his debts and putting his affairs in order. And above all, the foundation was now laid for that well-respected position as a citizen and a man of learning for which he had so eagerly longed. And this first attempt at scholarly work brought him a professorship. Because Eichhorn was leaving Jena, Schiller's name was proposed for a professorship of history. The position was to be "extraordinary" and without salary. His friends, both men and women, were bestirring themselves in his behalf behind the scenes. And Goethe took the matter in hand. By agreement with the Dukes of Weimar and of Gotha he presented the matter to the private council, in a memorial

written by his own hand. He stated that Schiller was ready to accept a call, and that his writings, especially his "Revolt of the Netherlands," had made a name for him, and that those who knew him were also favorably impressed by his habits and character. His manners were both pleasing and dignified, "and one would suppose that he would have a good influence over young people." He duly pointed out that the University could make this acquisition without expense. Schiller soon felt that he had let himself be duped. It cost him quite a sum to obtain the Master's diploma. Also taking up his duties as a professor implied a great loss of his chief possession; namely, his independence and the time needed for his work as an author. In December, 1788, he received notice of his appointment and became nominally Professor of Philosophy, because the professorship of history was already filled.

In March he engaged lodgings in the house of the Demoiselles Schramm, at No. 26 Jenergasse, where he lived until April, 1793. This house was filled from top to bottom with student lodgers. In May, when he had really moved in, he entered into friendly relations with the theologians Griesbach and Paulus, the philosopher Reinhold, the jurist Hufeland, and with Schütz, the editor of the Jena *Literaturzeitung*. Schiller was not pleased with the ladies at Jena. Frau Griesbach, who was for the rest an

excellent friend, was decidedly tiresome to him because of her tendency to awkward and importunate confidences.

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1789, at six in the afternoon, he successfully passed through his first trial at the professor's desk, by delivering his inaugural address with courage and credit. As was natural when Friedrich Schiller was about to address the youth of Germany, nearly all the students of Jena were present. Reinhold's auditorium, which held but eighty, would not suffice. It was decided that they should all go over to Griesbach's hall, which would hold four hundred, but was at the other end of the town. The whole crowd ran and jostled each other down the long street, so as to be sure and get their places. Someone raised a cry of fire, and the watch turned out. Then the explanation went from one to another that the new professor was going to lecture. Schiller and Reinhold were carried along with the rest, and had to run the gauntlet, with all the town staring at them. After reaching his place with some difficulty, he became quite calm as soon as he began to speak. He spoke clearly and earnestly and made such an impression that the whole audience of five hundred came to the second lecture also. The enthusiastic young men serenaded him and gave him three cheers that evening.

He printed both lectures in the *German Mercury*, in the form of an essay, under the title,

“What is the meaning and purpose of the study of universal history?” What a glimpse this gives us of Schiller’s frame of mind!

So now, Friedrich Schiller, — he seems to say, — here you are, a professor of history. You are to lead these young men into a great department of learning that is to fit them for their future career. And what are you going to do in this curious situation? You don’t know any history. And moreover, it is not in your nature to be a specialist or to train special students, — indeed you cannot even judge what studies are required as a preparation for the external needs of a calling. Only such things and such knowledge seem important to you as have helped you to get your mental growth and to feel confidence in your attitude towards life. You are not the man to study some specialty, but to live in your own thoughts. What can these students get from you?

But just then a thought came to his rescue. Is not the idea of specializing for some practical end characteristic of inferior minds? May it not be better for these students to grow to the stature of true manhood, and for the sake of their own vital cultivation to enter into relations with a living personality that strives toward truth? May they not thus become complete men? And with a fearless change of front he comes to the only decision that he finds possible, — he will deliberately refuse to become a narrowly special professor. In address-

ing his students he determines to appeal to the man and not to the future breadwinner. With this leading idea he framed his introductory address.

Let us leave to the bread and butter scholars the task of painfully and laboriously heaping up the petty knowledge that is to fit them for the prosaic task of earning a living. Let us leave to him the scorn of all free endeavor, the envy of all better attainments, the spiritual narrowness of view, that utterly refuses to be led aside from the narrow path that leads to money and position. A philosophical man learns for the sake of understanding. He is thankful to every co-worker and delights in every advance in knowledge, if only it tends toward that higher unity which is to include all branches of investigation.

Schiller intends to lecture to philosophic minds. In spite of everything, he has hit upon the spirit that makes a great university lecturer. For the greatest lecturer is he who views his own work from the highest point of view and who sets the highest ideals of work before his listeners. A man's goodwill can always be aroused by treating it as a real and sacred thing. And young students at all times hunger and thirst for ideas. It is always the teachers' fault if they make a purely external impression, devoid of real ideas.

Therefore Schiller speaks of universal history as a fitting object for philosophic study. He presents

the picture of the primitive man in his stupid degradation, as contrasted with the bright picture of the present and the future. One would almost think he was transcribing the opening strophes of his "Artists." With the true instinct of a teacher he seizes hold upon his hearers' minds by impressing upon them the significance of what lies before their eyes. The events of all past history had been needed in order that those very students should be assembled in that lecture hall. Everything belongs to universal history that in the course of time has had its effect in the development of the present state of things. We can indeed see only separate waves of that history which really was a steady stream. We have no knowledge of the ages that preceded speech or even of those that preceded the invention of writing. Our earliest records are fabulous and the later ones are full of gaps. And now begins the historian's task of filling these gaps, a work for which he must be a bit of a poet (as we might add after the manner of Schiller). He seeks to establish the connection of cause and effect in one united structure. In so doing he is supported by the unalterable unity of natural laws and of human nature, and in the light of these laws he seeks to explain past events by analogy with his own or with later experiences. Earlier events can be explained in the same manner as those experienced later. History should have a psychological meaning for us. Schiller

thus points out the method in which his own strength lay.

The final goal, indeed, ought to be the actual understanding of events. This we should have if there were only revealed to us the ultimate necessity that connects means and ends — if we could know the purpose of Providence, for the sake of which it has determined the earlier stages so as to make the outcome possible. But this thought would seriously confuse our investigation if introduced too early. It is the final ideal to which we approach. But even the approach to this idea of the divine ordering of the world gives a high value to the efforts of the student of history. In the effort to comprehend this highest object of all knowledge there is a great moral uplift, and with the mention of this Schiller closes his lecture. This arrangement of his address showed that he understood young men and earnest listeners. They want to grow to true manhood through the eager activity of their own minds. They long, if only it were possible, to give themselves up completely to studying and learning. The endless progress of history outlasts men and races. It sees egotistical self-will pass over into greater results. It sees “that the self-seeking man can indeed pursue ignoble ends, but even in so doing he is unconsciously furthering good ends.” All epochs have contributed towards our human life in the present century. Therefore we too should feel that we are

working for ages yet to come. "We should glow with the noble desire to add something by our own exertions to the rich legacy of truth, morality, and freedom, which we have received from the past and are to pass on, greatly increased, to the future. And thus our fleeting life ought to form a part of the endless chain that connects all the races of the earth. However various may be the destiny that awaits you as citizens, you can all of you contribute something to that legacy. Every service opens up a path to immortality! I mean the true immortality, in which the deed lives and goes on, even after the name of the doer is lost in the past."

After this brilliant opening Schiller had to settle down to the laborious life of a teacher (Dozent). He never quite shook off the feeling that he did not really belong in a university. His nature was too different from those about him, and he could not help regarding his position merely as a transition stage leading towards the development of his true inborn vocation. He never could be truly absorbed by the rather special interests of the academic world, and in this sense he always remained a stranger among the professors. At the very outset Schiller met with a striking example of the characteristic pettiness and jealousy of his colleagues. The history professor, Heinrich — whose only claim to immortality resulted from this heroic deed — had the placard announcing Schiller's opening lecture torn

down from the book shops by the proctor because Schiller was called in the notice a professor of history instead of philosophy. "Isn't that contemptible!" "I am obliged to deal with such people as that!" His very soul longed for his Rudolstadt friends, Karoline and Lotte. During their brief visit to Jena he saw a little of them, — just enough to make him wish for more.

He took the work of his new position as seriously as he could in his state of mind. During the first term, however, he only read on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, from six to seven in the afternoon, a public course called an "Introduction to Universal History." In each of the following terms (Semester) he gave a five-hour private course and in each term he discussed some great epoch of history. In these courses he actually treated of every epoch from the beginning of human history up to the seventeenth century. He also lectured publicly once a week on Roman history, again once on the Crusades, and afterwards on the art of tragedy. As he read from manuscript during the first part of his stay in Jena, a whole lecture had to be written every day. Later he spoke extempore from mere notes, and thus produced a more striking impression, as well as saving some hours' time for his former literary work.

Not without some disappointment, he found, as was quite natural, that his audience noticeably diminished, — from five hundred in the first term to

thirty-two in the second. He had, however, delayed the announcement of the second course for a fortnight. Besides all this, extensive work was required for the *German Mercury* and the "Thalia." He also published a great historical compilation, with the collaboration of a number of scholars. He introduced the separate parts by general historical reviews. The work was entitled a "General collection of historical memoirs, from the twelfth century up to modern times, translated by several authors, with suitable comments, each part being accompanied by a general historical review. Edited by Friedrich Schiller, Professor of Philosophy at Jena." The first volume appeared in November, 1789. Schiller had formerly begun another compilation, the "History of the Most Noteworthy Rebellions and Conspiracies," but at the end of 1788 he only published the first volume, and even in this he was only responsible for the introduction.

Still Schiller saw something of the best side of academic life. A small circle of young men gathered about him, most of whom lunched in company with him, and to them he was rather a friend than a teacher. As the years went on, these relations grew warmer and more intimate. Lotte had her place among the rest. In times of illness and trouble these friendships were manifested in a really touching way. And the bright and enthusiastic circle would also gather again around the convalescent. There

was Frau von Stein's son, Goethe's former pupil Fritz, and Fischenich from Bonn, a fine earnest fellow, who was afterwards a professor of law in his native place. He used to call Lotte mother and she called him son. Behaghel, from Adlerskron, a Livonian, had left the Russian military service and was studying in Germany. Karl Grass, also from Livonia, became an artist. Dr. Erhard, from Nuremberg, a physician who was fond of philosophy, enlivened the circle. Fichard, who was from Frankfort on the Main, and the Swabians Göritz and Niethammer also belonged to the group. Friedrich von Hardenberg, later known as the poet Novalis, added to the circle the wealth of his nature and his enthusiastic love and reverence for Schiller. One can imagine the eager mental life of all these variously gifted men. Schiller was just coming out of the mood during which he had written "Carlos" and had viewed the world through the medium of a young man's sensibilities. He was now entering upon the earnest labors of his maturer years. Thus he was able to sympathize with these young men, and yet he was serious enough to be their leader. The greatest crises of Schiller's own development were still before him. He could also learn something from his friends, for their frequent and enthusiastic talk about the philosophy of Kant aroused an interest which proved to be a very decisive one. And Schiller contributed to the circle his

extraordinary gift for dialectics and his skill in grasping a thought and bringing out its deeper meaning. He contributed the energy of his personality, given over as it was to the things of the spirit. He led his friends in his earnest striving toward eternal, final, and truly philosophical certainty. But beyond this goal lay the yet higher one, of developing within himself, by means of this truth, a complete man. Such a relation as this between teachers and students is the best thing that university life can give. While all are earnestly striving together towards truth, their different minds come into close connection and truth comes forth from books and comes to life in the discussions of the older minds with the younger. In such a relation we see once more the oldest and truest idea of an academy, such as Plato formed by bringing the Socratic love of young men into the form of a society. In this way Schiller was an "academic" teacher in a higher sense than many a specialist. He sent his young friends into life with what is more important than studies that give training for some bread-winning avocation. And as experience proved, he gave them the only thing that people remember with gratitude, — their intercourse with a man whose nature was full and pure and great.

The term came to an end. Schiller hastened to Lauchstädt, a health resort where Karoline and Lotte were then staying. And now Karoline cleverly

brought Schiller to a decision. She confided to him that Lotte loved him. He went on to Leipzig, where on August third he wrote, proposing marriage to Lotte. In her quiet and gentle way Lotte wrote back, giving her consent. At the Körner's house in Leipzig they first saw each other as a betrothed couple. Unfortunately their old friend showed but little sympathy with their happiness. But Schiller felt relieved from all his long doubt and unrest. The temporary concealment of their engagement made their happiness all the greater. And the poet could now regard the fulfillment of all his hopes as sure. He looked forward to a domestic life with a woman whom he loved and who had given to him, the exile, a home among men to whose circle he wished to belong, though he had thus far been a stranger to them. And even if these people still lived as if they were walled in, each in his own world, he would hardly need them, for he had now a world of his own.

Schiller expresses his love in an individual, pure, and lofty way. He is sure that his best days will return to him. "I feel that there is a spirit within me that is capable of everything good and beautiful. I have found myself once more." All his thoughts take a bolder flight, and then they all return to his love. In the presence of nature's glories he discovers that we only lend her our own spiritual wealth, and after all our passionate restlessness we gain our

repose once more through nature's uniformity and permanence. "But I am letting myself be carried away by my dreams. . . . The thought of you guides me everywhere, because everything reminds me of you." "I know where I can always find my true self." He has the feeling that a great love brings, — that it is his whole life, that it is life itself, and that it must have been from the beginning, — and he expresses this feeling in soulful and impassioned words. He read over their letters of the previous year, which now seemed so cold. "They made me feel sad, for while I was reading them I felt as if I had just received them, and as if we still stood on the old footing. Even the thought that we ever were less to each other than now saddens me, for *love needs to see eternity in the past as well as in the future.*" Some of the letters speak of parting and of the necessity of consenting to live apart from each other. "How is it possible that your good angel did not stay your hand when you wrote those words? Parting — I neither know nor recognize any other than that which separates us from everything — and even from all remembrance. My whole earthly and eternal life hangs by this single hair, and if that breaks, then I have no more to lose." His feeling makes him happier every day. "Love is the only thing in nature in which even the imagination can find no bottom and no limits." They were to live wholly in each other. The people about

them would not indeed comprehend this, and their heavenly existence would always remain a secret.

This is the language of a true and great love only, of a love that permeates a whole life and becomes its central point, of a love that completely changes the former life. In these confessions there is, however, one very peculiar thing. They never use the "thou" of intimate address to one person, but always "you" and are almost throughout addressed to both sisters. Even when Schiller, after the fashion of lovers, painted glowing pictures of their future life together, he always conceived this as a life with both sisters. "Would that you were already mine! Would that this moment of waiting were but the pause before our eternal union! My soul is lost in this dream. Even while I am thinking of you I feel that my soul grows richer, purer, and more divine. . . . What will it be when you have really given yourself to me, my angel, when I can breathe life and love from your lips!" He speaks of their meeting in the near future. "How I long to see you! How I long for one embrace, for one kiss, for the sight of your dear face." When Karoline first gave these letters to the public in her biography of her brother-in-law, she changed "you" (which in German is plural) into "thou," as if they were addressed to Lotte only. The fact that Schiller's daughter seems to have destroyed Karoline's answers to the letters says much more. They are not in

existence. And yet in genuine meaning there is nothing unworthy, scarcely even a weakness in the letters. Schiller, we might say, was in love with love, as a feeling in which at first there was room for both sisters, although he surely thought of only one of them as his wife. At first the purely passionate impulse did not exist, which sees no meaning in anything but the possession of one woman out of all the world. Karoline von Dacheröden thought the earlier relation very lofty and noble. "Your relation is the only beautiful one, and the freer it is, the more completely it rises above all passion, the nobler it is." We seem to find in this relation with the sisters a peculiarity which is bound up with Schiller's greatness, but which also points out a curious limitation of his emotional life, — a limitation which appears very plainly, for instance, in the difference between his poetical works and Goethe's.

Lotte's gentle and lovely heart soon began to suffer from this triple relation. But Schiller did not in the least suspect that he had anything to do with the cause of her grief. "It is not only illness, but grief that troubles you, my dear Lotte. Your letter makes me anxious. What is the matter? Your heart is troubled, and you have forebodings as to the future." And how Schiller needed that his relation with Lotte should remain undisturbed! "Oh keep your contentment, your gentle evenness

of spirit for my sake. . . . Let me always see into the very depths of your thoughts — and even if everything else is dark and clouded, keep your spirit bright for me.” As was natural for a girl who was in love, Lotte understood the impersonal expression of Schiller’s love to mean that he cared more for Karoline than for her, and she was ready to make a sacrifice that would have meant death to her. She was willing to give him up to Karoline, whose marriage could have been easily dissolved. In her distress she appealed to her clever and sympathetic friend, Karoline von Dacheröden, who gave her the excellent advice to have a frank explanation with Schiller. Lotte valiantly brought about this explanation and contented herself with Schiller’s answers, however unsatisfactory they actually were. But the fact that Schiller really could not understand her suffering shows how sure he was of his love for her, for Lotte, so that he had not the slightest idea that he was robbing their love in any way.

The real explanation of the matter is this. From the beginning he had really loved Lotte only, but he had become so accustomed to think of her and Karoline together that he could not now begin to think of the two separately. Indeed it was for Schiller the highest pleasure of love that he could talk of intellectual matters with the more mature and lively Karoline, while his beloved Lotte’s presence gave him a deep and quiet joy. It was also

natural to the poet to think first of the spiritual beauty of marriage. And so he wanted to continue this extremely satisfying life of the three together. But whatever happened, any passionate feeling for Karoline was far from him. The separation from her took place early and without any difficulty. The ill-regulated nature of her life displeased Schiller and made him grow cold towards her. And then, too, the long story of his happy marriage shows how good and well founded his relation to Lotte was from the beginning.

New plans constantly appear in the letters from the lovers — for going to Mainz, Berlin, Vienna, Mannheim. Schiller is heartily sick of university life, bound up as it is with troublesome conditions that are inseparable from the position of a professor. He does not want to bring his wife into these circumstances. But finally they had to make their beginning in a small way. The Duke was to give them a small fixed stipend, and did so, making rather timid excuses for his inability to grant them more than two hundred thalers. Schiller undertook to live in Jena on eight hundred thalers. Six hundred were to be obtained from lecture fees and from literary work, and perhaps there would also be a little something from his mother-in-law.

And so at last the news of the engagement was told to Lotte's mother on the eighteenth of December, 1789. It came to her as a cloud out of a clear

sky. Schiller's two letters to her, dated December eighteenth and twenty-second, deserve a high place in the history of diplomacy. He well understood how to touch her heart, and also to allay her anxieties by explaining his worldly position. Finally, as it was difficult to conceive this bourgeois professor as the son-in-law of a lady belonging to the old nobility and connected with the court, Schiller asked and obtained from the Duke of Meiningen the title of Privy Councilor (Hofrath), which might partially equalize the difference of rank.

The betrothal was declared and aroused much comment among all the nobility of Thuringia as well as at the University and in society. It was a terrible blow to Charlotte von Kalb, who became almost frenzied, so that Lotte thought that the aggrieved woman might stab her if they were in Italy. She had wanted to separate from her husband in order to marry Schiller. Her life was completely broken. When Lotte met her in company she looked like a demented woman after a paroxysm. She could not bear to speak, and sat there like a departed spirit. But the great rejoicing of Schiller's old parents in Swabia was in striking contrast with such a ghostly impression.

The twenty-second of February, 1790, was Schiller's wedding day. On the eighteenth he went to Erfurt, where his bride and his sister-in-law were visiting Karoline von Dacheröden. On the twenty-first, in

the evening, they returned to Jena. On the twenty-second they met the "chère mère" in Kahla. From there they went, toward two o'clock, directly to the little village of Wenigenjena. Only the chère mère and Karoline were present when the "Kantian theologian," assistant pastor Schmidt, performed the marriage ceremony, at about five o'clock, in the village church. To his great satisfaction, Schiller succeeded in avoiding all gayeties or surprises in which his friends might have indulged, as well as any designs of the students or professors. Lotte records in her journal: "We spent the evening quietly and peacefully together over our tea." After a week Lotte's mother left the Seegners' house, where Schiller had arranged to live, and after six weeks Karoline too took her departure, leaving the young couple to themselves.

5. MARRIAGE, HISTORICAL STUDIES, SCHILLER'S ILLNESS

The Schillers did not keep house for themselves. They hired only some rooms in the "Schrammei." They even took dinner with the Misses Schramm. Lotte entered into all Schiller's friendships with young people.

But the poet's life really bloomed afresh in the new happiness that his marriage brought. He speaks of it constantly, to everyone. "How beautiful my life is now. I look about me happily, and my heart constantly finds a gentle contentment that comes

from without, and my mind is quickened and refreshed. My nature has reached harmony and unity, and my days pass quietly and cheerfully and without passionate excitement. I am attending to my business as before, and am much more contented with myself." He means to date his true life from this time. How his old father's heart must have rejoiced when Schiller wrote to him: "I am so happy, and I have never been so contented as I now am in my domestic circle." Even his past life now appeared to him in a softer light. "Now that I have reached my goal, I am astonished to see how everything has surpassed my expectations. Fate has conquered my difficulties for me and seems to have borne me along to my goal."

For this was indeed the goal toward which he had struggled so ardently, almost despairingly. He now belonged among those who have a home life and a secure and well-respected social position. He was done with the pariah life of his stormy youth. But he still had faith in his youthful powers, which had now been proven. He was confident that he should produce more and better poetical works in the future. "In a few years I shall be fully in the possession of my mental powers; indeed I hope to return to my youth, for my inner poetical life will give it back to me. Fate made me a poet, and even if I would, I could not escape my destiny."

The best thing that we can say in praise of Schiller's marriage is that it was a marriage in the fullest sense of the word. That is, it was a relation of unchangeable stability and mutual confidence. Lotte wrote in her journal: "It was a spring day, like this one in 1806, when I am now writing this with sorrow." And again: "Thus passed the day that was to be followed by so many joys and sorrows." For the young wife was certainly to pass through the school of experience. Scarcely a year of untroubled happiness had passed when Lotte's steady anxieties for her husband's life began. But because all Schiller's wishes and desires were satisfied in his own home, and he cared for nothing outside it, she lived in the tranquil steadfastness of their love. The poet was spared all the discussions of the deepest interests of life, that sap the forces of the mind more than any other thing. Since the life of the little household was so simple and so secure, as is the case with every true marriage, Schiller could give his undisturbed attention to his lifework. Thus only was it possible for a sick man to accomplish his great task. Thus only could his failing strength be sustained as long as he had any life left. If we owe gratitude to anyone but Schiller himself, it is to Lotte, for her loving kindness. Keeping modestly in the background, she smoothed his path, and during the years that followed his death she lived only in her memories of him. She lived twenty-one

years after his death and died on the ninth of July, 1826, in Bonn, where she rests in the beautiful churchyard, so remote from him. The letter that she wrote, a few years before, to her old friend and "son" Fischenich, about Bonn and the Rhein, is still full of the delicate play of her thoughtful and loving spirit. Lotte's youngest daughter Emilia, the only one of the children who was present, wrote a beautiful letter to her elder sister Karoline, telling her about her mother's death. This letter is a beautiful memorial to Lotte, and at the same time shows how fine the educational influence in the Schillers' home must have been.

It would not do for the young husband to interrupt his work. His memoirs, his lectures, and the "Thalia" took up all his time. During the summer semester he gave, besides his main lecture course, an open lecture course on tragic art, without the use of any book, merely from his own reminiscences and experiences, and with the use of models of tragedy.

Probably Lotte often listened in an adjoining room. Throughout June Schiller worked over his "Thirty Years War," which was to be finished in August. He read or wrote fourteen hours a day. The first two books—as far as the battle of Breitenfeld—actually appeared in September, 1791, in Göschen's "Historical Calendar for Ladies." The third book was finished with great difficulty by the autumn of 1791. In the autumn of 1792 he hastily completed the

fourth book for the Historical Calendar of the year 1793. After this very busy term he went to Rudolstadt in October, to recuperate at last. "I spent twelve days at Rudolstadt, eating and drinking and playing chess or blindman's buff."

During the first two years of his marriage Schiller substantially completed his historical studies. Near the beginning of the year 1792 he began his philosophical tasks. Thus this period was devoted to the definite improvement of his education. In his own way he assimilated the highest culture of the times and of the nation, and thus fitted himself to become a national poet in the fullest sense. For in our times a whole people will only listen to those who have reached the forefront of human knowledge.

In order to judge his historical works justly, one must select those that are really representative. The professional historians regard his history of the "Revolt of the Netherlands" as his most serious work. The "History of the Thirty Years War" was intended more as a popular work, and its poetic and literary interest outweighed the historical. And the lesser works are not all such as would establish Schiller's claim to the respect of historians. At times he merely hastily worked over other peoples' materials. Kant's essay on the "Probable Beginning of Human History" led him to attempt in a somewhat original way "Some Account of the Earliest Human Society." In writing of the mission of Moses he was

doubly indebted, first to Reinhold's book about the Hebrew mysteries as a basis of the signs and ceremonies of the freemasons. Reinhold's work, again, was founded upon a book of Warburton's. The essay on Lysurgus, like that on Solon, does not seem, as people used to suppose, to belong to his old teacher Nast, of the Karlsakademie. It is, on the contrary, Schiller's own work, and, in its turn, was afterwards used by Nast. The description of St. Bartholomew's night is scarcely more than a somewhat abbreviated translation of Anquetil's "*Esprit de la Ligue*." The "General historical review of the most noteworthy national events at the epoch of Kaiser Friedrich I"—which, however, only extended as far as the beginning of the reign of Friedrich I—was based upon Schmidt's "*History of the German People*." The most brilliant of Schiller's lesser works is the treatise now entitled "*An Account of the Migrations, the Crusades, and the Middle Ages*." This was wholly Schiller's own independent work. In order to accomplish this task properly, he dropped two courses of lectures. He wrote enthusiastically of the work to Karoline von Beulwitz, and was evidently vexed that Körner did not prize the work as highly as it deserved. He did not fail to inform his friend of Herder's lively appreciation of the treatise.

Although these writings cannot all be regarded as Schiller's own independent work, yet they all have a certain importance for the question, What did

historical studies mean for Schiller? For here the important thing is the range of the historical insight that he gained. This range was wide, as we can easily see. Schiller dealt with universal history from the earliest times onward. His poetical intuition undertook to picture the earliest conditions of the human race by following the clew of the old Mosaic lore and by using ethnological material. He thus attempted, following Herder's footsteps and going beyond Kant, to produce something of his own, in the spirit of a poet. In fact we see in such studies the effort of a sort of historical intuition or imagination to deduce the fundamental principles of civilization. The essay on Moses represents a decidedly rationalistic interpretation of his mission. Moses appears as a crafty and clever leader of the people to freedom and reason. In his utterances about Lycurgus and Solon it is very noticeable how thoroughly acquainted the poet became with the legal institutions of the early peoples. Then we come upon a great gap. After this the essay on the Middle Ages presents the forms of life and government with masterly clearness. But it goes still further. Schiller is almost too audacious in trying to trace the design of Providence and to find out the meaning of the great historical movement of the Middle Ages. He comes to the conclusion that a strong, manly, warlike race was produced at that time, to accomplish the great intellectual movement

of the renaissance period and as a necessary condition for a vigorous new civilization. Schiller's special province of study begins with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In this epoch he found the subjects of his greater works, and many of his lesser treatises belong to the same period. This is not surprising in the case of so modern a man, for whom universal history was to be the means of understanding the present. For in that epoch were to be found the rudiments of the life of to-day. Nor was it to be wondered at in view of the drift of Schiller's thought and imagination. For in this war about the highest ideas and religious interests, the society of our present Europe was in the making. All the powers of the men and the peoples were tested by the greatest issues. But although even in his youthful dramas Schiller had attempted to deal with the great social issues, which he really did not then understand, in these historical studies he made up for that lack and gained an understanding of men and of great human events.

One might be inclined to think that Schiller would bring into his historical works the same spirit that pervades his youthful dramas. That is, that with ardent partisanship he would extol those heroes who had espoused the cause of humanity and of freedom and that he would let history take its bloodthirsty revenge on the opponents of this cause. He actually does nothing of the sort. And moreover, it is not

fair to say that in this case he stops halfway, and that the moralizing tone of his own personal judgments here and there creeps in. If he sometimes depicts the heroes of freedom in warmer terms and brighter colors, yet this does not make his characterization of the facts any less clear cut. It means only that he emphasizes the point of view from which he writes. And this is, after all, the important thing. No historian ever has written or ever will write without some such point of view. It would be either an empty phrase or a thoughtless self-deception to expect one simply to tell "how it really was." For the rest, Schiller was thoroughly convinced that the greatest progress of human civilization has been accomplished by unworthy instruments, — one might be tempted to say, not through the pure goodwill of men, but in spite of their selfish and evil will. Schiller had already said in his inaugural address "that self-seeking men can indeed pursue ignoble ends, but yet they unconsciously forward higher ends." In just this respect he wanted, through historical study, to advance in his own knowledge, in his view and understanding of life. One notices that, quite against his natural inclinations, he now tries to do justice to actual events and conditions by fully and adequately understanding them. He strives to attain a calm view of actualities. His nature is too large to remain bound by his preconceived notions. For the spirit of the most complete objectivity, the

love of truth, is what characterizes the large natures. From this side one can see that the study of history was an important aid to Schiller in growing to his full stature.

The artist, with his clear and calm view of things, was developing at the same time. We can say in a word what attracted Schiller to historical studies and what he was trying to understand. It is the play of the great forces on the stage of history. In this interest we can recognize the born historian as well as the poet and dramatist. Now everything is subordinated to the principal idea of his research, that the history of the world must be understood as the evolution of the epoch of human life in which we live, and that the hand of Providence is felt and is sometimes even to be seen in the marvelous guidance of the steps of that evolution. But the various events are never twisted so as to make them fit in with this idea. The latter is merely added to throw a final light in which the manifold pictures of historical events are to be viewed. Schiller delights in his ability to display to us the great historical forces. In this spirit he sympathetically enters into the conditions under which the leading minds worked, — the people, place, and time, the state of society, the forms of religion and whatever else may have had its influence. Against this background he depicts those heroes in whom great powers lead to action, and he glories in observing the

endlessly manifold play of human individuality. In all this we find no signs of a preconceived scheme, for that would mean the loss of the whole result of his labor. What he wanted was to appreciate the fullness of human life. Thus turning to the actual events of history, he draws his pictures, sometimes with the art of the genre painter bringing out single details and then, with bolder grouping, lighting up whole epochs at once. He actually studied, grasped, and represented a wealth of striking historical motives from the earliest human society up to St. Bartholomew's night, to the trial and execution of Egmont, and the murder of Wallenstein. All forms of life that have a place in history are gathered together in his writings: wars and battles, peace, treaties and councils, kings, powerful lords, faithful chancellors, insolent nobles, industrious citizens, inquisitors and fanatics — all the material of an historical drama. And since Schiller is a thorough master of psychological analysis and exposition and delights in entering into the very spirit of the personages, his historical works are full of living portraits. The lighter his touch becomes, the more do these portraits occupy the foreground. How many of them there are in the "Thirty Years War," a work whose strong point is, for that matter, the finished grouping of large bodies of men. What a portrait gallery we have in Kaiser Matthias, Ferdinand II, Friedrich V of the Palatinate, Johann

Georg of Saxony and Maximilian of Bavaria, Count Mansfield and the Margrave of Baden, the Bishop of Halberstadt, Tilly, Bernhard of Weimar, Oxenstirn and all the Swedish generals. And finally the whole is impressively grouped around the two principal figures, Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus. One might regret that Schiller never took up the subject which would most fully have exhibited his special talents; namely, the beginning of Christianity and of the Christian world. In the downfall of the great ancient types of men, about whom he had been so enthusiastic in his youth, he would have contemplated the struggles of great powers, a struggle such as his artistic soul delighted in, and through all the confusion of human pettiness and baseness he would have seen the triumph of truth and the rise of a better humanity.

It was with hard work that Schiller mastered such historical material as would give him breadth of view, and in so doing he did not spare himself nor scorn the comprehensive study of all attainable sources. By means of this great detour he made up the last deficiencies that had stood in his way ever since his Academy days. He had actually been forced to draw solely upon his own fancy. And now, although his means are still intellectual, he had found access to the actualities of life. He sees men of exalted station, with all their strength and their limitations. He sees the destiny of the world, and the events

that mean most for mankind accomplished often in spite of the great men rather than through them. And yet, while he observes all the pettiness of human affairs, he still keeps his faith in the final victory of ideals, in the victory of the divine moral order in this world. Even here his idealism is modest and does not, through false emotionalism, foist upon reality what it happens to long for. No, such idealism keeps a steadfast faith in its own beliefs, together with the clearest knowledge of reality.

Nothing could be more unjust or unfruitful than to judge Schiller's historical writings merely from the point of view of special or professional scholarship. As works of special scholarship they would pass muster very poorly. But there is scarcely another historian of that epoch who still belongs in the same sense to the land of the living and who is still read. A student of history will not turn to an author of the eighteenth century. Every great achievement contains within itself the standard by which it should be judged. It is not as an historian, but as a poet, that Schiller belongs to the vital forces of our national life. Therefore the real question is, What effect had his historical studies upon his development as a poet? But in so far as they are to be viewed by themselves, we must consider their significance as a literary and poetical style of historical writing, rather than look for the trademarks of special scholarship. From this point of view they are still

valuable to-day. Many historians may know more than Schiller, and many may vie with him in their actual comprehension of human affairs. But scarcely anyone can equal the grand style which makes these books unique. In this respect they belong wholly to the realm of great literature. And we have so few such works that this fact has not a little weight. This whole literary attitude shows an artistic and imaginative temperament and the lofty style is but the necessary expression of the vividness of the historical portraiture. It is a great pleasure to read his historical writings continuously, one after another. It is only since Schiller's time that we have expected the works of great historians in Germany to be constructed like works of art and to produce a certain poetical effect. Ranke and Treitschke have gone further in this same direction.

The first result of this eager working over his historical writings was a peculiar hesitation as to the nature of his own talents. Schiller felt moved to attempt a great epic poem and thought that Frederick the Great would be a worthy subject. But the subject seemed too modern and he could not feel much enthusiasm about it, and so he soon gave up the idea. He thought of choosing Gustavus Adolphus for his hero. He even asked his friends in what direction they thought his special talents lay. The Coadjutor Dalberg decidedly advised him to go back to the drama.

At this time he laid aside sketches of dramas on which he had worked a good deal and on which he had founded great expectations. In the eleventh number of the "Thalia," November, 1790, appeared the fragment called "The Enemy of Mankind Reconciled" (*Der versöhnte Menschenfeind*). Schiller correctly decided that this sort of hatred of mankind was far too abstract and philosophical for dramatic treatment. Since his mind was all the time maturing, he constantly came to expect more from his own art. He had steadily in mind the grandeur of the Greek classics. He was unwilling to enter into any dramatic work until he had mastered Greek tragedy and had clarified his dim notions of rules and art. His free metrical translations from the third and fourth books of Virgil's "Æneid" ("New Thalia" for April and October, 1791 and 1792) should be considered as practice pieces preparatory to his attempt at an epic poem, while they also brought him into touch with antique poetry. Schiller was led to this undertaking by competition with Bürger. In a review of Bürger's poems he gave utterance to that lofty ideal of a poet's calling which was now taking form in his mind. (See *Jenaische Literaturzeitung*, January 15 and 17, 1791).

We must not regard this essay as a fair characterization of Bürger; for what it says of him is too harsh and unjust. The view is rather a document showing a stage of Schiller's own development. It

is one more version of the thought expressed in the "Artists." Poetry, he says, and poetry alone, or almost alone, calls forth the whole of our nature, while, were it not for poetry, the enlarged realm of knowledge and the specializing of bread-winning pursuits would make us one-sided and tend to isolate our mental powers. Poetry brings about an harmonious activity of the head and the heart, of insight and wit, of imagination and reason. But in order to accomplish this, poetry must be, so to speak, "in the foremost ranks of time." Whatever treasures experience and reason may have heaped up for mankind must become living and fruitful through the touch of the creative hand of poetry. But this can only happen if poetry embodies the mature wisdom of the times.

The poet can give us nothing but his own individuality. In these absolutely true words Schiller issues his proclamation, at the very moment when he is struggling to complete his own mental training, in order that he may have the right to feel that he himself is in touch with the highest cultivation of the age. He is striving to give to his own personality a universal human worth. For as Schiller himself truthfully remarks, "No degree of talent can give to a work of art what the author himself lacks."

Since Bürger wants to be regarded as a poet of the people, Schiller goes on to define, with the same bold

touch, his conception of the popular in poetic creation. That unity of the people that Homer saw all about him no longer exists. Between the classes and the masses of the nation there is a great gulf; in the first place because of the difference in education which enlightened ideas and refined customs bring about, and also because conventions make the different social groups unlike in the character and expression of the emotions. Only truly great art can bridge this chasm. The poet of the people should not descend to the level of the crowd, yet while he satisfies the most refined taste, he should be accessible to all who are of healthy and simple feeling. Thus he unites the whole people in the common enjoyment of his work. But this can only come to pass in case he uses such situations and emotions as all men, simply as human beings, can understand. He must leave all artificial social distinctions behind. The greatness of his art lies in the return to the simple, the eternal, and therefore to the universal. In this sense popularity is really "the seal of perfection." Each of these sayings belongs to the program of Schiller's lifework.

It was at this time too that he first stated that fundamental principle of art which was to become so fateful for the view of his poetry that the Germans have taken. "Idealization is one of the first requisites of a poet." Idealization Schiller interprets at once as synonymous with moral exaltation. A confusion still

exists here, and it is precisely this confusion which leads to the injustice toward Bürger. Schiller later acknowledged this injustice. The requirements of art are not as yet quite distinct in his mind from the requirements of morality. He does not understand by idealization what he later saw so clearly; namely, that it is a pure artistic activity, a working out of the whole necessary nature of the subject matter. In this passage he means rather a certain transformation into a more exalted form, which the moral judgment can approve. However, such an adjustment and accommodation of the feelings, according to an accepted standard of what is morally worthy, results in a work of art which produces mere shadow pictures. Schiller fully realized this later. It is curious that the maltreatment of the unhappy Bürger was due to that very region of Schiller's thought which had not as yet come to full clearness with regard to the business of the artist.

But, after all, even this is the personal confession of a man who is striving manfully and honestly toward his own perfection. We can see this in the passage: "Despondency and the struggle with outward circumstances, which so commonly paralyze the mental powers, ought to weigh upon the poet's mind least of all, because he should disentangle himself from the present and soar freely and fearlessly in the realm of ideals. Whatever storms may be raging in his breast, his brow should be bathed in

pure sunlight." Thus in Schiller's mind the consciousness of his vocation as a poet came to be an ever greater task and duty.

Nothing is more precious to a young couple than such a promise of the future as exists when the husband, by his mental growth and his unwearying industry, is striving towards a worthy goal, the attainment of which is not only to give him the joy of his own success, but also recognition, honor, and happiness for his home. And evidently Schiller was now on the right path, for which he had so longed. He thought that he had quite outlived the past with all its mental and moral dearth. In the midst of his eager activity he was awakened from this fair dream. As if from an ambush the past aimed one last treacherous blow at him. This assault was directed at his body, now that his mind could no longer be assailed. During all these years his tremendous power of work had been sapping his bodily strength. We must now tell of the beginning of Schiller's fatal illness.

The happiness of his married life had lasted scarcely a year. On the third of January, 1791, he was at Erfurt, taking part with Dalberg in a festival meeting of the "Electoral Academy of Useful Sciences," of which he was received as a member, when he was taken ill with a catarrhal fever. He was carried home on a litter. The clever physician did more to conceal the illness than to cure it. However,

Schiller soon felt so much better that on his homeward journey he left Lotte behind at Weimar. On the eleventh of January he got back to Jena. But on the fifteenth he had another attack. He wrote to Lotte as gently as he could, begging her to come to him at once. It was seventeen days before he was again able to write even a short letter. His convalescence during February was slow. Even if the illness had been, as he thought, "rather a pain in the side than an inflammation of the lungs," still the pain remained constantly in a certain part of his chest. And so March and April passed away. On the seventh of May, in Rudolstadt, he had a third attack, a terrible convulsive seizure, with difficulty of breathing. He thought the end was coming. The following evening was still worse, and he actually bade his family farewell. Every day the attacks recurred, though more feebly. The acute pain in the right side of his chest still remained unchanged. Although the attacks became less violent, they still recurred, daily, throughout the year. Later he grew accustomed to expecting the return of these distressing attacks, especially during the earliest months of the year. He was never free from the danger of pain in the chest or abdomen. Sleepless nights, which ruined the following morning, were the regular thing. An unwelcome guest had come to dwell with him as a permanent inmate. For fourteen years Schiller worked on, with this ever-present

guest peering over his shoulder. This guest was death.

The first onslaught upon his powers was fearful. The already weakened organism was still further reduced by the bleeding which was then in vogue. Hemorrhages set in. For three days Schiller's weakened stomach could not even retain medicine. For the first six days his deadly weakness prevented him from taking any nourishment. He fainted away at the slightest movement, such as being raised up in bed. From the seventh to the eleventh day he was obliged to drink wine during the night, in order to keep him alive. On the ninth and eleventh days he had paroxysms with violent delirium. The fever then moderated and his mind became clearer. A week after the cessation of the fever he was able for the first time to be out of bed for a few hours, and it was a long time before he could take a few feeble steps, leaning on a stick.

The second attack was still worse. His breathing was so difficult that, as he struggled for air, it seemed as if every breath might burst a blood vessel in his lungs. A severe fever chill set in and his pulse disappeared. His hands grew cold even when plunged in hot water. Only the most vigorous rubbing brought the life back into his limbs. Sometimes these paroxysms lasted five hours. The sick man constantly feared that the terrible struggle for breath would kill him. His voice was already

gone. He could barely write with a trembling hand what he still wanted to say. Among these notes were a few words to Körner, which he afterwards kept as a memento of that sad time.

But after he had looked death in the face time and again, his courage grew. "In any case," he wrote, "this frightful attack has done me a great deal of deeper good." "My spirit was cheerful and the only pain I felt at the time came from the thought of my good Lotte, who could never have endured her loss had my illness resulted fatally."

The most defiant thought in Schiller's doctrine of life came to him in these hours. He had proved his right to this thought, and he now had also won the right to require it of others. He had found that the spirit of a man has the power to overcome even death. He can look death cheerfully in the face. Here lies the secret of Schiller's doctrine regarding the conquest of life and of death. And so even while he was struggling with death, the great man within him came to his full stature.

With touching sympathy his friends and listeners crowded around him. They disputed for the privilege of watching with him, and some of them sat up with him as much as three times a week. Karoline came from Rudolstadt to help poor dear Lotte. The "*chère mère*," too, would not be denied, but came and stayed a week to give what aid she could.

For those who loved Schiller these were sacred hours, never to be forgotten. In a letter that he wrote to Lotte from Naples, on hearing the news of Schiller's death, Karl Grass of Livonia recalled this time, more than fourteen years afterward. "Do you remember that time that I can never forget, when Schiller was so ill in Rudolstadt? I was in his room, and while I stood at the window reading, the picture of his form and features, so great and noble through all the suffering, was deeply impressed on my mind. As I seem to remember, he had taken some opium, to quiet his severe suffering, and lay there in a light slumber, looking like a marble statue. You were in the next room, where I had been reading you Schiller's translation of the fourth book of the 'Æneid,' and you came to the door from time to time to see how he was. You saw him lying there like that, and came quietly, without shoes, and knelt silently by his bedside with folded hands. Your dark hair was flowing loose over your shoulders and you were weeping. Probably you hardly noticed that there was anyone in the room. Meanwhile the unconscious sick man opened his eyes a little. He saw you and threw his arms around your neck, and while he rested there on your shoulder, he swooned again. Pardon me for daring to picture for you this scene which was so heavenly, so sacred, that only the immortals ought to witness it. Can you understand now that I can never forget you and Schiller?"

Schiller's courses of lectures had to be broken off. Even in the summer semester his work as a teacher was out of the question. From this time on it was always doubtful whether he could undertake such work. A journey to Karlsbad became indispensable. Karl August did indeed advance one supplementary payment, but felt obliged to refuse a permanent increase of salary. Schiller's literary work thus became his only source of income. After his first recovery he worked diligently on his "Thirty Years War" by dictation. But what was to become of this work when his strength was so broken? What was to become of that final goal for which he lived, that goal to which he had found the way, toward which he aimed with such studious toil, with such eager use of all his talents? "How eagerly I wish that I might still reach that goal toward which a dim presentiment of my powers sometimes encourages me. . . . At least I feel that I am on the right path, and that if my evil fate had already called me away, the opinion of the world might have done me great injustice." The important thing was the completion of his inner life, of his inborn task, of his life-work. It was during his illness that he became aware that the study of Kant was what he most needed. And now care and want, his well-known companions, reappeared.

And then came help, as if by a miracle. Among the guests who had from time to time come to Jena

and dined with Schiller were the Danish poet Baggesen and his young wife Sophia. "Like two bright visions they floated before our eyes, once only, and yet we can never forget them. Their forms have long since disappeared, but we are still gazing after them," Schiller afterwards wrote. Like so many others, Baggesen was tremendously impressed by the dignity and greatness of Schiller's personality. In Denmark he won for the poet a whole circle of admirers. At that time people understood emotions and enthusiasm. In June or July, 1791, Baggesen himself, the Danish Minister of State, Count Schimmelmann and Schubert, the Minister to The Hague, with their wives, went to Hellebäck, a seaside resort north of Copenhagen, on the sound, by the "roaring sea," to hold a celebration in honor of Schiller. They meant to sing the "Hymn to Joy," read and enact scenes from Schiller's works, drink and be gay, and rejoice in great thoughts and in majestic natural scenery and dance the peasant dances of old. Just as they were starting, Baggesen received the false report of Schiller's death, which was so widely circulated at that time. In his deep sorrow he fell into his wife's arms. The festa could not be postponed. Just as a storm was passing off they went forth into the beautiful country, so refreshed by the shower. The joyous celebration was changed into a memorial meeting. By adding a closing strophe Baggesen turned the "Hymn of Joy"

into a memorial poem in Schiller's honor. And with all this exalted feeling the tears of these friends flowed freely.

The warm-hearted poet gave an account of all this in a letter to Schiller's companion, Reinhold. On the poet's return from Karlsbad to Jena Reinhold gave him this letter, as the best of medicine. For nothing was more helpful to him than the feeling that he was loved and appreciated by worthy men. Thus his image and his personality already lived in the hearts of appreciative friends. But Reinhold did still more. He told Baggesen that Schiller was still living, though he was near death, and that he did not know what was to become of him. On learning this the distant friends proved that their esteem was something more than a mere pretext for a pleasure trip. That very year Prince Friedrich Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Augustenburg (the great grandfather of our Empress) had been in Weimar and Jena and had met Wieland and Reinhold. Baggesen succeeded in winning him over to Schiller's cause.

On the twenty-seventh of November, 1791, the Prince of Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann wrote Schiller a letter in which they offered him a yearly stipend of one thousand thalers for three years, in order that he might have the rest and freedom from care which should enable him to recover his health. Thus death was the means of bringing life to Schiller. On the thirteenth of December, 1791,

he received this letter. Trembling with joy, he told the news to Körner. His life was saved. He could now work with a free mind and develop as God and nature had intended.

“I shall be free from care for a long time, perhaps always. At last I have that spiritual independence for which I have so longed.” Thus at last Schiller’s business matters were all in order. His debts could be paid and he had no further anxiety about his livelihood. He could now live wholly for the sake of his productive work. “Now at last I have leisure to learn and to collect material, and I can work for eternity.” He showed his gratitude to his benefactors by collecting his forces and using them for creative work. The overstrain of years, indeed of the whole period since his flight from Stuttgart, was relieved, and even while Schiller was drawing a deep breath, one seemed to hear the cry of despair that he had so long repressed. How he had been obliged to struggle for every crumb of bread, month by month and year by year to toil for an insecure, precarious existence. He had even been forced to think of his good wife and his happy home as a new and heavy burden. And now that he was sick unto death he could see his goal before him, but with no possibility of living for it or for himself. He had been obliged to write and write merely to live, while his ideals of what his work should be grew and grew, and he longed for peace, that he might have leisure

to develop. Oh if he could only have rest and time for his own life and for the work of a man. And now he suddenly has his wish! "Now at last I have leisure to learn and to collect material, and I can work for eternity." The burden of time was left behind, and eternity seemed to open before him.

The letters in which these noblemen announced their gift to Schiller, together with his answers to them and to Baggesen, have their place not only in a biography of Schiller and in German literature, but still more in the story of true and noble humanity. They write to him as "citizens of the world in union."

They had fallen into the habit of regarding Schiller as a member of their fraternity. They grieved over the news of his death. "Their tears were not the least abundant among the many men who knew and loved him." This was to be their excuse, if they seemed to Schiller too urgent or officious. They offered their gift in order that he might rest and reëstablish his health. "Do not let our titles [of nobility] move you to refuse our gift." "We know no pride but the pride of manhood, of being citizens of that great republic whose boundaries extend beyond the lives of one generation, beyond the limits of this earth." They made their offer as brothers, not as persons vain of place and power, "who through such a use of their wealth might only be indulging a slightly nobler form of pride." It would give them much pleasure if Schiller would enjoy his period of

rest among them in Denmark. "However, we are not so self-seeking as to make this change of dwelling place a binding condition." "Our wish is to preserve to humanity one of its teachers, and this wish must take precedence of every other consideration."

Schiller received the gift in the same generous spirit in which it was given. A bright light of cheer and of large-mindedness shines through his letter to Baggesen, as if therein were reflected a gleam of the sun that in Hellebäck shone through the dark clouds above the sea. He accepts, not because the lovely spirit of the donors conquers all resistance, but because a duty above all thought of refusal commands his acceptance. His highest duty is to produce and to be all that is possible for his powers. The true sorrow of all the poverty, persecution, and illness of years had been that Schiller had to despair of fulfilling this duty. And now the tangled skein of his destiny was so beautifully smoothed out. "From the beginning of my life until now, when I write these lines, my spirit has had to struggle, and from the time that I knew how to prize the freedom of the mind, I have had to do without it. A hasty step taken ten years ago cut me off forever from all other than literary means of earning a livelihood. I had dedicated my life to this calling before I understood its demands or comprehended the difficulties that it entailed. The need of pursuing a literary career overcame me, before my knowledge and

maturity of mind were sufficiently developed." Well was it for Schiller that he at least grasped the loftiness of his ideal. But to his great distress he was obliged to publish works with which he himself was not satisfied. "I who so much needed to be taught had to set myself up against my own will as a teacher of men." "The masterpieces of other authors made me sad, because I gave up the hope of being able to share their happy leisure, in which alone the works of genius can ripen. What would I not have given for two or three quiet years, free from the necessary work of writing, in which I could have devoted myself to studying, to ripening my ideas, and to the maturing of my soul. To fulfill the stern demands of art and to gain the barest subsistence through writing are two irreconcilable things in the German literary world of to-day, as I now know but too well. For ten years have I struggled to reconcile these two demands, but to make the slightest approach to this end has cost me my health. My interest in what I was accomplishing, and some few of the lovely blossoms of life that fate has strown in my path, hid my great loss from me, until at the opening of this year I was awakened from my dream — you know how. Just when I began to realize the full value of life, just when I had almost succeeded in uniting my reason and my fancy in a close and lasting bond, and just when I was girding myself for a new undertaking in the service of art

[he referred to "Wallenstein"], I felt the approach of death. This danger indeed passed by, but I awoke to a new life, only to begin my old struggle with fate with weakened powers and diminished hopes. Such was my state when I received the letters from Denmark."

And so at last Schiller could undertake the work which he had lost all hope of accomplishing. "And even supposing that it should prove that what I have expected of myself had been only a pleasing self-deception, whereby my wounded pride avenged itself on fate, at least I shall not fail in my persevering efforts to justify the hopes that two noble citizens of our century have placed in me." He also gives thanks for the letters which told him of the celebration at Hellebäck. "They were as ambrosial flowers offered by some heavenly spirit to one who was barely recovering." And then the event itself that took place at Hellebäck! "It was meant for the dead, and the living may never be allowed to refer to it." This letter is a confession which cannot be omitted from an account which seeks to represent Schiller both as a poet and as a man.

Though Schiller has scarcely recovered from his severe illness, he thinks of everything in relation to his inborn vocation. He conceives that this vocation requires him to produce the best work that his talents permit and to use all his mental powers

in such deeds as befit the universally human personality that he feels should be his own. We are so easily tempted to speak with lofty scorn of the broadly universal mood—the humanitarian enthusiasm of that time. Such letters as these should give us a better point of view. He who should form his idea of the great leaders and heroes of that epoch from the sentimental emotionality that may have characterized the lesser spirits would be like a man who should form his idea of Bismarck from the sharpness of some young lawyer or lieutenant of the present day. In estimating the values of moods the real question is whether they increase our power and give us worthy human life. The broad and universal spirit and the belief in humanity, as shown in these letters, are in the true sense a creative thing. We are simply obliged to acknowledge that these men really belonged to a more high-minded race. We should rather take pattern by them than feel ourselves above them. The spirit of universal citizenship, such as the Danish prince expresses, merely means that we ought to rise above all distinctions of class and of nationality and to give practical aid to all who seek to further the mental and moral interests of mankind. In a similar way Schiller's belief in the worth of mankind implied simply the highest duty connected with our life—the duty, namely, of developing within ourselves the noblest of human virtues.

The conflict that we habitually read into these matters is really trivial. For all this is in no wise inconsistent with national feeling. The spirit of universal citizenship does not imply any lack of loyalty to our own people.

Each people signifies a special kind of human beings with their appointed tasks. And the man that Schiller conceived to be hidden within himself, as a statue is hidden in the marble, was undoubtedly a German. The common notion that our ideals have changed, and that the national has taken the place of the universal, is but a superficial impression. The nineteenth century has merely taught us, as its greatest lesson in Germany, that the nation must needs become a state and must win the chance to live its own life through the power of the state. As is self-evident, our work during the past decades has been along these lines. But the highest significance of a people united in one state is the humane culture that is thus produced. We wish, as did Schiller's brothers in the spirit, that German work and character might prove to be the finest flower of humanity. Schiller conceived his own duty in relation to this lofty goal. In this idea there is nothing vague or weak or hostile to his own people. Whoever views his life as a duty can only honor the earnest conviction that led Schiller to subordinate all else to the single duty of shaping his whole life for the purpose of completely developing his own

humanity. And what a sacred thing the spiritual development of mankind then appeared to be. The great in worldly power thought nothing more important than to preserve for mankind one of its teachers. How beautiful is the human relation between giver and receiver when both feel quite free and unembarrassed. The desire to be simply a man has its good side, if it implies such a breaking down of all social barriers, such free coöperation in the service of the highest duties. The intellectual efforts of the present day must be directed toward this same goal. Schiller's efforts for his own development did not mean mere dreams or gloating over fine feelings. No, he was exercising the whole force of his will in actual deeds.

6. SCHILLER'S PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES; HIS VISIT TO SWABIA, HIS NATIVE PLACE

Schiller immediately began "to study and to collect material and to work for eternity." In carrying out this plan he undertook to master the philosophy of Kant. Through this study he won those leading thoughts of his own view of the universe which are indeed indestructible and of unchanging value. One of the greatest testimonies to the importance of the high-water mark of human philosophizing reached by Kant lies in the fact that a strong man and a great poet should find it indispensable to appeal to Kant in order to find himself and his own life.

Seldom has philosophy appeared as such a directly vital force. But we also learn how, in such a man's work, poetic productions that keep their value amid the changes of time do not come into existence by mere chance. He was thoroughly in earnest about the deepest knowledge of the time. If his maturer poems are based upon his hardly won ideas of human affairs, they are also based upon the deepest principles of knowledge. Herein they meet the requirement that Goethe applied when he defined the grand style in art.

Schiller's philosophical studies were far more important for him than his historical researches. One can conceive that he could have got on without the historical tasks. Maturity and experience would then, perhaps, have been sufficient to bring him a sure sense of the actual. The study of philosophy was quite another thing. Only through philosophy could Schiller have become what he is. His philosophical studies are as the keystone of his life. One who wishes in his works to be just to the principles of the moral order, who wants to throw light into the utmost depths of man's moral nature, — such an one needs a sure knowledge of these subjects. This knowledge Schiller found in his philosophical studies. The unfailing instinct of a large nature was shown in this preference. We have the proof of the fact! His historical studies always served, by the way, the practical purpose of bringing him some income and of

winning him respect as a solid citizen. But now that he was free and need only obey the dictates of his own mind, he gave himself over entirely to philosophical studies. Almost immediately after the word written to Körner, saying that he was now mustering his forces to work for eternity, follows another note of January 1, 1792—Schiller's New Year's present to himself. "I am now diligently studying Kant's philosophy. I have irrevocably decided not to give it up until I have thoroughly mastered it, even if I should have to spend three years on the subject." This has a different sound from the incidental interest he had formerly shown in Kant's lesser essays. In those days he had said, somewhat indifferently, that he had heard the new philosophy praised in Jena until he was tired of it, or that he was carried away by the thought contained in Kant's work on *Æsthetics*, the "Critique of Judgment."

Then, too, Schiller's place in the history of philosophy is quite different from his place among historians. He counts as one of the great figures among philosophers, although in a somewhat narrow field of influence. Even to-day his philosophical writings have their value as genuine contributions to knowledge. Their position is quite unique. His works are at once original and also the writings of a true disciple of Kant. Schiller has found his way into the profoundest depths of Kant's thought. With the cer-

tainty of genius he grasps the leading thought in every field. And therefore his own originality is founded upon the solid basis of Kant's system. But none the less his own doctrine ranks as a complete and independent development. The case has perhaps hardly a parallel. One might say of his writings that they are wholly Kant, for there is not a thought that does not belong to the pure development of Kant's principles. But one might also say that they are wholly and purely Schiller. Everything is the working out of ideas that already existed in Schiller's mind, and his writings were only made possible as a gift of Schiller's unique personality. If we consider the different temperaments of the two men the riddle is solved. Schiller's relation to Kant is as that of a prophet to a critic. Kant develops for us those concepts upon which thinking and our knowledge are based. Schiller's whole work is related to life. He gives us those ideas that make life valuable. He shapes out that form of life that shall allow humanity its full development. His thoughts are not merely insight, but moral conviction, indeed faith. They are the pure expression of his great nature. Therefore they are really his own, and he takes only the conceptual forms from Kant. And in so far as the development of a new faith is in question, Schiller adds a religious gospel, in the truest sense of the word, to Kant's purely philosophical creation, but with the essentially deci-

sive feature that this belief and this gospel are also, in the fullest sense, sober and accurate knowledge. This is the peculiar character and the permanent significance of that German idealism which Schiller brings into connection with the questions of morals and of art. Only because this idealism attains the profoundest knowledge of human life does it frame a new ideal for life. No one can comprehend this idealism if he thinks that it is a mere product of subjective enthusiasm. No one can understand Schiller if he thinks that he merely narrates with enthusiasm what seems to him good and beautiful, making exaggerated emotional demands which we, as maturer men, could judge differently. No, this idealism is a matter of profound and clearly proven philosophical knowledge. Schiller's doctrines are the philosophy of human life and should be understood as such.

In January, 1792, an essay on "The Basis of our Pleasure in Tragedy" appeared in the "New Thalia." This was followed in March by a second article "On Tragic Art." Both of these are to be considered as results of the public lecture on the "Æsthetics of Tragedy." But neither as studies of Kant nor as theories of tragedy can they bear severe criticism. Schiller's serious philosophical studies did not begin until later. They were doubtless much aided by the course on Æsthetics (*Privatissimum*) given to twenty-four listeners in his own home during the winter

term of 1792. In a dialogue "Kallias, or Thoughts Concerning Beauty" he intended to express his whole philosophy of art. He did not finish the dialogue, but his long letters to Körner dated February 8, 18, 23, and 28, 1793, are obviously preparatory studies. These letters contain the basis of Schiller's philosophy. Then followed his more important writings, the first of which was the essay "On Grace and Dignity," which appeared in June, 1793. The letters "On the Æsthetic Education of Man" constitute the principal systematic work. The conclusion of the essay "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" (which appeared in the *Horen* of January, 1796) served as Schiller's farewell to his philosophical activities. For his essay "On the Sublime," which served as a sort of pendant to the chief work, was really written in 1795, although it did not appear until 1801. A number of lesser essays cluster about the nucleus of these important works. Schiller's philosophical work extends over a period of four years. It had already begun as a part of his service as a professor at Jena. This first epoch ends with the essay "On Grace and Dignity." The process continued during the year that he spent at home in Swabia. At that time everything centered around the thought of artistic culture and its significance for the totality of human life—a thought which Schiller first stated in his letters to the Prince von Augustenburg. This line of thought was completed

after his return to Jena, during the early days of his friendship with Goethe. And now his important studies on the kinds and significance of poetry soon become prominent. Starting from the most universal principles, he devotes himself more and more to the requirements of his own artistic vocation. Indeed the whole development of his philosophy is determined by the needs of the artist who is trying to find himself. He is striving for clearness as to the significance of art and as to the mission of the artist. And from this point he proceeds to a profound deduction of his own character as a poet, which he contrasts with that of Goethe. Thus philosophy becomes for him what it has been for the human race ever since Socrates—the great means of attaining self-knowledge. It is a sign of those great natures that are in the truest sense philosophical that they cannot be satisfied as to themselves until they comprehend the world, until they understand themselves through the world and the world through themselves.

Schiller had now leisure for all these far-reaching studies. His whole life acquired a tone of greater security. The fact that the impulse to write more poetry awoke in him, together with his determination to study philosophy, says much. The conception of "Wallenstein" was formed at about the time when his philosophical study began. He is always the poet, even when devoting himself to other work.

With his new leisure came new confidence. He feels indeed that critical studies impede his creative power and narrow the range of his poetic intuition. Yet still he says proudly, "I am and always shall be wholly a poet, and I shall die a poet."

To be sure the attacks of illness still recurred, but he was now able to afford many comforts. He seems to have given up the idea of having a horse and carriage which he had intended to buy. But he purchased a saddle horse of his own, and the motion at first seemed to do him good. He enjoyed the affectionate relations of former times. He visited Körner for four weeks in April, 1792, and with great delight he enjoyed a month's visit from his mother, who had just recovered from an illness and now came to Jena with his youngest sister Nanette. On the seventh of April, 1793, he moved into a country house, outside of the town. He always cherished the thought of revisiting his old home to see his parents and sisters once more. Home love was strong in the Swabian.

In August, 1793, he left Jena. He went first through Nüremberg to Heilbronn, which as a free city on the boundary of Würtemberg would afford him a place of safety in case the Duke still retained his old grudge. This would have been a brilliant opportunity for the old Herod to make amends for his former harshness. But a man of his stamp will neither learn nor forget anything. He merely said

that he would ignore Schiller's visit. The poet visited Ludwigsburg and the "Solitude" and afterwards the Karl's Academy in Stuttgart, where he was greeted with thunderous applause in the auditorium. From Heilbronn he went on the eighth of September to Ludwigsburg, so as to be nearer to his parents. Here on the fourteenth of September his first son Karl was born, and he and Lotte rejoiced greatly over this long-desired child. Schiller found his old father as fresh and vigorous at seventy years as if he were but sixty. His constant activity kept him well and young. His mother was fairly well. At first she cried a good deal because she thought that they must soon part again. His eldest sister Luise was a good housekeeper and attended to his comfort. Nanette, the youngest, had grown to be quite a pretty girl. She was talented and enthusiastic and took great delight in reciting her famous brother's verses. She would have been glad to become an artist. She died young.

How varied must Schiller's feelings have been on seeing the friends of his youth once more. Many had remained stationary, and were like peasants in their narrow Philistinism. His old love still continued for his friend Hoven, with whom he had passed through almost all his mental phases from thirteen to twenty-one years of age. But nothing was left of Hoven's literary ambitions. He had, however, become an excellent physician. And with

what pride mingled with sorrow the poet's friends must have welcomed him! Hoven has given us a description. "His youthful fire glowed more gently and his manners were much more gracious, while instead of being careless of his appearance, as of old, he now dressed with a certain elegance. His thin figure and his pale and delicate looking face added to his charm." He was ill most of the time, but in his better hours, "What a wealthy mind it was, how lovable was his tender and sympathetic heart, and how plainly his noble character showed in all his words and deeds! His former all too jovial mirth was now within the limits of good taste, so that even his jokes had a certain dignity. In short, he had become a complete man." Schiller's bust by Dannecker is a memorial of this renewal of early friendships, and it is the only portrait in which we can have any faith. Dannecker portrayed him as he saw and loved him, and even the look of suffering is redeemed by the spiritual expression of the face. We feel that in this man, in this face, the whole life has become mind, and the mind, will.

The old Duke Karl Eugene died on the twenty-fourth of October, 1793. In March, 1794, Schiller moved to Stuttgart and was very much pleased with the change. "It will do me good, after eight months of drought, to be with thinking men once more." He planned to enjoy social intercourse for

a month or two, without doing much literary work. His æsthetic correspondence with the Prince and some incidental work on the plan of "Wallenstein" represents the whole product of this period. On the sixth of May the Schillers left Stuttgart, and after passing through Meiningen, where they visited the Reinwalds, they reached Jena on the fifteenth. Schiller was longing for a quiet and well-ordered life, with regular work.

Plans had been under consideration for keeping him in his native land, and indeed for making him a professor in Tübingen. But nothing came of these plans. Especially important events were transpiring at this time. Once more there was an imperceptible though influential change in Schiller's life. Events of world-wide significance—namely, the development of the French Revolution—had made a tremendous impression upon Schiller in Jena. He intended to speak out in favor of the King while the trial was in progress by writing a lengthy memorial, in which he could have given utterance to some weighty and important truths. He was already looking about for someone to translate it into French. It was his intention as an historian and philosopher to turn his attention in this notable way to public and political affairs. And now, while Schiller was engaged in his researches as to "the beautiful," the King was executed. Schiller wrote: "For the last two weeks I have been unable to bear the

sight of a French newspaper, these contemptible butchers disgust me so." Instead of his political screed he kept on writing to the Prince on æsthetic culture. In these letters the great event of the French Revolution appears merely as a starting point and a background. In Swabia Schiller had made the acquaintance of Cotta, who became his true friend as well as his helpful and appreciative publisher. Cotta offered him a position as editor of a great political journal. Schiller afterwards succeeded in persuading him to start a monthly literary magazine called the *Horen*. This shows once more how the poet turned away from political to literary interests. Thus near he came at one time to going over to political activities. But it would be a great mistake to say that he fled from public life to the land of dreams. His æsthetic writings also were intended to have their effect on public life as an influence in the training of live and active men. It was with clear insight that Schiller chose this way of influencing the public, because he could thus promise to give, according to his circumstances and his strength, his best and most fruitful work. He could have viewed the political world only from without. In his chosen realm he could independently frame new forms of life.

With full consciousness Schiller conceived that to deal thus with political problems is the peculiarly

German task of the time. His endeavor was to develop full and complete men by means of artistic cultivation or, as he finely states his thought, through beauty to show the way to freedom.

Through his philosophical studies Schiller entered into the great movement of human thought that Kant had inaugurated. The second great epoch of philosophy began with Kant. Through him philosophy ceased to be a mere knowledge of the world, a metaphysic which, after the manner of Faust, should grasp the final elements of reality. It came to be the science of the reason—that is, a doctrine of the means whereby thinking accomplishes its task. It is not given us to understand the divine mystery of nature. But those concepts that we require in order to form an idea of the world, those concepts which are the basis of our actual notions of things, it is indeed possible for us to untangle. Schiller felt, as much as anyone, the effect of the new lore, which was at once disenchanting and inspiring. For that very reason he was fitted to be its disciple and prophet. This philosophy robbed him of his old belief in a cosmos permeated by the divine love. But on the other hand it led him away from a merely imaginative philosophy to the firm ground of science. In an inspiring fashion Kant illuminated for him the inner relation of nature and mind. There are certain concepts without which we cannot conceive of nature. They form our

thoughts about nature, our understanding, and they are also valid as universal laws of things. As Schiller impressively states the matter: Nature is subject to the laws of the understanding. And thus the understanding becomes aware of its creative might in the very moment in which it appears to have lost its highest goal, which had been the metaphysical comprehension of the world.

The conception of causality, for instance, governs all nature. All phenomena are linked by the necessary connection of cause and effect. Throughout all these phenomena, as Schiller also says, nature is dependent upon necessary conditions ("is needy"). Only the totality of nature is unconditioned, that totality which is the final idea and task of human reason.

But more than all else it was Kant's doctrine of freedom which, through a certain inner affinity, decided Schiller to become Kant's disciple. Only to man is it granted consciously to plan his life in the service of a task, to govern his whole existence for the service of that task, and thus to be a law unto himself. But he who makes his own laws is free. It was to Schiller as if the inmost necessity of his own being were now explained to him. Thus had he felt his whole life to be but the service of his inborn task, so that even when illness and approaching death were preying upon his strength he had never abandoned the ideal that his life stood for.

He believed in nothing more firmly than in the law which was within him. We can feel what it meant to him when he wrote: "No mortal man has ever spoken a grander word than that of Kant when he says, what is, moreover, the chief content of his whole philosophy: 'Be self-determined.'"

The nobility of man, which elevates him above mere nature, consists entirely of the fact that man, who for any investigator of nature is, like all actual things, merely a case of natural laws, yet stands in this other relation also, and contains and determines within himself the law of his own life. It is the world of history that thus opens up before us. And the only significant thing in history is the making of humanity — that is, of the realm in which the true union of mankind is brought about by those personalities who are self-determined by their consciousness of the moral law. It is the value of humanity that decides the historical significance of different personalities, races, and types of culture. A character like Jesus Christ shows us the model of a perfect man, whose life has become wholly one with the higher life of mankind — that is, with that life in which each one regulates his own life according to the eternal laws of human kind. Therefore does Jesus still live in the memory of men — that is, in history — as no other man does. He is still the polestar of the centuries. He is the love and inspiration of all to whom life is a serious thing,

while even the imaginations of children are filled with his image.

This juxtaposition and interweaving of freedom and the necessary laws of nature, of the self-determination of man in the midst of all the rigidity of nature's laws, is so great a marvel that Kant never wearied of defining its boundaries and watching over the purity of moral self-determination. The essential trait of all moral life is devotion. In this connection we must not indulge in any flattering pictures nor bring the lofty nature of our task down to the level of our own convenience. We all have by nature an inborn desire for happiness and contentment. But only in case the consciousness of duty or of law, and nothing else, controls our conduct do we reach that wonderful self-determination, for the sake of an ideal, which alone constitutes moral freedom and the genuine deed. Our inclinations have nothing to do with all this. To make the matter clearer, Kant chooses the expression, that in reaching moral decisions respect for the law alone, against our inclinations and even by overcoming all inclinations, must determine our will.

It is at this point in the discussion that the essentially new features of Schiller's interpretation begin. In the main he wholly agrees with Kant, though his relation to him has often been falsely represented. But he cannot approve such a statement of the doctrine as seems to him calculated for a stupid and

servile spirit, as if the moral law were something that merely threatened mankind, like a stern school-master. That is precisely contrary to Kant's actual meaning. For he is the prophet of human freedom. Schiller's aim is to preserve Kant's profoundest thoughts and gain him a better hearing amongst all free and thoughtful minds. This is the real reason for his opposition to Kant's phraseology. "What have the children of the house done that only the servants should be provided for?" Schiller's goal is morality and the moral perfection of mankind. And he who does not weary in well-doing, he who joyfully obeys the dictates of reason, he whose moral convictions have become a second nature, is a complete moral being. To him duty itself therefore becomes a source of joy and contentment. Even if it is true that self-guidance through the consciousness of the law is necessary to constitute moral conduct, yet one only becomes a perfect man when all strife between duty and inclination, moral law and desire have ceased. With uninterrupted cheerfulness such a man lives out the great task of his life. Indeed this life of toil is the very source of his rejoicing. Such a self-poised character is the true type of a complete man.

Kant's critical thought thus develops in Schiller's mind into an ideal of humanity, but without losing any of the depth and clearness that makes it a critical thought. Thus what was, in Kant, a theory

is transformed into an appreciation of the value of life and becomes a gospel. Schiller later calls this ideal by the name "Totality." It is the ideal of a complete and perfect man, the ideal of a personality in the fullest sense of the word. None of us can find any other ideal of personality. To have deduced this ideal so simply and convincingly from the necessary elements of all human life, as the one way to perfection, this is Schiller's great achievement. Life constantly tends to fritter away our powers. The burden of external duties weighs upon us unduly. We then strive in vain to recover by means of pleasures that shall serve as a distraction. There are so few who can find their pleasure in devotion and their joy in duty. But this is what the perfect human character does. Such an one lives out the law of his own being and thus in himself becomes the founder of a new form of human personality. Secure in true self-poise, such an one finds the joy of life only in the performance of his own innate duties. His whole industrious and creative life is his joy. This is form and fullness, law and life, at one and the same time.

Thus does Schiller state the highest goal of education and culture in so far as they refer to life. This goal includes the highest culture, together with the most complete spontaneity. It joins incessant creativeness with boundless power to receive. It unites the highest culture of eternal thoughts with

the wealth of original life and gives to all the form of real and permanent thoughts. Truly all the sorrow and despair of life ought to fall away from us in the pursuit of such a goal. For all those who have felt their better nature struggling to life within them have sought no other goal than this, with all their bitter toil and heavy sighs. At this point we are able to measure the whole depth of Schiller's idealism. He does not intoxicate either himself or us with beautiful, emotional, or youthful feelings, but he does give us a firm and steadfast view of life.

We ought to understand that Schiller's philosophy is the philosophy of life. It is also a philosophy for life. Schiller keeps in mind, while he works, the ideal of complete human culture. The latter is based upon the thought of the complete man, the true personality. And the longing to shape ourselves to such personality, to such true manhood, underlies all life. It is a strange symptom of our times that the German people have allowed themselves to be so carried away by the weirdly fantastic thoughts of Nietzsche, without ever suspecting that these ideas were fully developed and reasoned out in our classical philosophy. For the valuable thing in Nietzsche's thoughts, even with all their romantic caricature, is the ideal of a personality living up to its own laws. In Schiller's writings, as well as in those of other classic philoso-

phers, just these ideas were expressed, in all their purity and greatness, but with far more depth and without the addition of any needless moralizing. From an artistic point of view, Schiller's philosophical writings stand far above those of Nietzsche. Yet, in the latter, people readily accept all the self-deception and fantastic notions of which Schiller has been unjustly accused. In fact, nothing could be more sober, clear, and manly than Schiller's philosophy.

No freakishness in the arrangement of his thoughts indicates that we have here a poet who has taken to philosophy. Their strict accuracy of development gives to Schiller's philosophical writings the value of contributions to science. The chief signs of the poet are seen in the class of things that interest him and in that intimate acquaintance with the whole wealth of artistic life which he brings into the new field with him and which he interprets scientifically. In his essay on "Grace and Dignity" Schiller is already considering dramatic material and deals with the artistic portrayal of men as we see them in action, claimed by duty or smitten by fate. In the beautiful soul, duty and inclination are blended in a perfect union. Such a soul obeys the mandates of duty as if such obedience were the spontaneous outcome of its own nature. In the sublime character the moral will maintains its superiority in spite of the assaults of sorrow or of fate. Grace

and dignity express the manifestation of both these forms of life. Thus, in considering the goal of human life, Schiller gains an understanding of its manifestations. This essay is full of the most skillful interpretations. And here, for the first time, he places side by side the fundamental ideas of the beautiful and of the sublime. The latter gains importance for Schiller because of the heroic trait in his own nature. The idea of the beautiful type of humanity came to him because of the revolt of his brighter spirit against Kant's somewhat too depressing expression.

The idea of the place of art in human culture is Schiller's most valuable thought. The goal that he here has in view is life itself, so ennobled as to become a work of art. The glowing picture of Greek life, as Schiller conceived it, gave to his thoughts their bent. With the Greeks the form and the fullness of life, work and the joy of life were one. Every manifestation of life bore the stamp of the unbroken completeness of human existence. And Schiller's leading thought was to win once more this wholeness of life. In the most impressive way the poet describes the frittering away of our powers, the harassing cares with which we are condemned to live. Our tasks have become so manifold, and each one requires an elaborate training of special faculties. The plodding scholar, the harassed business man, the over-acute thinker, or whatever the spe-

cialists may be called — these are the expressive types of our modern civilization. Part of them are completely bound and enslaved by rules, and part of them — especially among the masses — being still wholly under the power of blind impulses, pass their days in the hardest kind of work, which they strive to forget in the evening through any sort of pleasure that may dull the thoughts by appealing to the senses. Our life is passed between overwork and foolish pleasure. But now beauty comes to our aid. For beauty arouses our feelings in a way that gives both joy and peace. But at the same time it shows to our awakened sight the underlying depths of life and of things. And now comprehension and enjoyment, sense and understanding, work and recreation, form and fullness of life are indeed united. Thus beauty gives to men the fullness of their powers and inner unity, and to the slave of culture she gives back his humanity. Beauty it is that restores the original unity of nature. And so in the midst of all the confusion of circumstance that distracts us, the way is opened that leads to our completion, to our inner unity. Through the influence of art we attain that fullness of human life which is our goal.

In Schiller's sense we could say: In the genius the perfect man lives once more among us. The basis of all genius is that peculiar union of powers which is most clearly seen in great artistic creators. Genius has a true feeling for things. But this feeling really

is the deepest understanding. Genius has inspirations, but they are the inspirations of a God—that is, of truth itself. Genius receives, but in receiving it creates. It does not ponder in darkness, but when its feelings are awake it receives revelations which show the most essential laws of the universe. Therefore a life of artistic creation is in itself joy enough. Therefore is genius freed from the narrowness of merely literal understanding, as well as from the anxiety caused by that morality that is bound by icy rules. It is also freed from the coarseness of dull sensual pleasures. Genius is done with pedantry and Philistinism. In place of the routine of business and of convention we have the complete man. Thus did Schiller preach the gospel of a life that should be led in the spirit of genius. The breath of genius, the artistic spirit in the full sense of the word, brings a truer humanity into our sad and fragmentary human existence, into the one-sided and harassing activities of life. For in the intuitive understanding of genius, concepts arise with the direct vitality of actual perceptions. And genius changes the grosser pleasures into spiritual enjoyment, and dutiful acts into a free manifestation of beautiful humanity. This thought of Schiller's is an eternal truth. It distinguishes those men who let their narrow practical work wear them down from those who, even with the one-sided character of their work,

still preserve their complete humanity. We cannot all be geniuses, but our work can be inspired by a breath of the spirit of genius. This is always true of those whose work, conduct, and life are a work of art. And this comes to pass by the aid of the artistic temperament and gifts. And this spirit when it permeates a whole life, always produces an inner unity. As a result of this spirit we always find a thoroughly live man. And only such a man can affect life and kindle it with the divine fire. This philosophy of Schiller's is confirmed every day.

Probably no other artist has ever so clearly and fully perceived the significance of the artistic ingredient in human life. For the great thing in his philosophy is that he conceives art and beauty in their significance for general cultivation. But he never brings art down to the level of a mere means of serving foreign ends. Beauty is beauty and art is art, and that is enough. Whoever makes them means for spreading knowledge or for improving conduct is degrading them and turning mistresses into maids. This is an important point, because the notion has been quite widely spread that Schiller himself regarded his art as an instrument for producing moral effects and that he appeared in his poems as somewhat of a preacher. This idea is absolutely contrary to his actual intention. He wants to be an artist, pure and simple. More than any of his predecessors, he regarded art as

a self-sufficient and self-enclosed realm. Indeed Schiller is the first who, going even further than Kant, really understood the artist's attitude toward things. Art is the world of beautiful seemings. It must neither pretend nor seek to be actuality. Whenever art does either of those two things, it becomes false and ceases to be pure art. It ought to give us in all its wealth and truth that image of the fancy which is art itself. That is its rightful and only task. The more simply art devotes itself to that task, the more fully does it give men the blessing which is its very essence; for it thus helps them to enjoy, through pure contemplation, the fullness of life. A love song is not an intoxicating drink and a poem about the Messiah is not a sermon. If people understand them so, it is because they do not yet grasp the truly artistic point of view. And so they miss the salvation that goes with the really artistic view of things.

Just as Schiller's doctrines are quite free from moralizing, so also are they free from crude enthusiasm over beauty. He does indeed treat of the life of beauty, and he attributes to it an almost religious significance. But only those who fail to comprehend could accuse him of the one-sided æsthetic tendency of that period. He means that the merely æsthetic conception of life should not be brought in where it does not belong. The very peculiarity of Schiller's point of view is that he maintains, in

the province of knowledge as well as in that of duty, the absolute seriousness and strenuousness of our human tasks. No one is more impatient than he of any tendency towards over-indulgence of "lovely" sentiments. The element of greatness in the idealistic philosophy of Schiller and of his times was its clear view of the various tasks and forces of human culture. Through the very fact that he does full justice to the province of morality and to that of knowledge, Schiller gains his insight into the significance of æsthetic culture. Through it alone do we remain complete human beings in spite of all our narrowing claims and one-sided development. For together with all the seriousness that knowledge and morality imply, it is always possible to lead our human life in the spirit of genius, in creative activity.

Although Schiller says so much about æsthetic training, he does not intend to lead us into mere emotionality, into an idealizing of art that is quite apart from life. He is actually trying to teach us not to lose our freshness and wealth of feeling, our true human quality, in the midst of the serious tasks that life gives us, in the midst of our strenuous efforts and enjoyments. This is to be accomplished by the development of our æsthetic nature. Thus he regarded the connection of æsthetic development with the general tasks of culture. We know of no way of treating these difficult

problems that could be in the best sense more modern or more helpful to us than Schiller's.

He is the philosopher of the soul that is seeking itself. He is the wise expert in the wounds and toil that this work of cultivation must bring us. These hardships have since that time only grown heavier, but their nature has remained the same. This is why such a philosophy is still as true as when it first was made. Schiller even answered the more obvious objections, which dealt with the ill effects of æsthetic over-refinements. He distinguishes between the weakening and the strengthening, the "melting" and the stimulating effects of beauty, according to whether it gives back to the one-sided or overwrought soul its native wealth, or to the weary spirit its rightful strength of feeling. A detrimental result follows in case beauty accomplishes one of these effects in the wrong place. In every case the standard of judgment must be the healthy completeness of the man and his fitness for the whole business of life. Thus Schiller's philosophy is the true expression of the greatest epoch of mental life in Germany. At that time great German poetry, as Goethe incidentally remarked, gave men a fuller consciousness of themselves and of human interests, and thus made possible a higher degree of human development. Schiller perceived and declared that this was the great message of art for human culture. He thus interpreted

for both Goethe and himself what both of them were doing.

Thus Schiller's thoughts are full of his own individual life and awaken others to a fuller life. He has actually given us very much. But endless wealth lies along the road he pointed out; indeed the whole range of artistic knowledge is to be found there. Our philosophy still has indeed much to do to garner the harvest. The life of a real man is expressed in this philosophy, and not that of an emotional youth, whose message is for youth alone. Only a man could penetrate those depths, to which most Germans are still unable to follow. The more one approaches Schiller's ideas about himself and his own calling, the more one realizes the rugged manliness of this poet and his unerring and realistic sense for the actualities of life, together with a full conviction of its eternal goal. All this is quite different from what we should infer from the commonly accepted ideas about Schiller. Let us hope that the man's Schiller may soon part company with the boy's Schiller.

Through such studies Schiller could not fail to gain a new sort of consciousness of his own artistic vocation. His own work also meant for him a service of æsthetic education. Tragedy, however, could not belong to the realm of the beautiful in the narrower sense, but rather to the realm of the sublime. Tragedy means, for men, a way of expressing their

consciousness of the relations of life as they experience it, and thus it gives them the whole joy and sorrow of their own existence. Let tragedy show us all the terrible dangers of life with its unavoidable necessities and its inexorable fate. Let it show us life as it really is, — as a dreadful thing, yet sublimely dreadful. Thus it will give us with the tragic shock of the emotions the feeling of the greatness of human nature, since we feel ourselves worthy of this titanic struggle with an infinitely superior opponent. And through the sight of continual turmoil, tragedy brings us back to that invincible freedom and steadfastness that escapes all turmoil. We are helped to an acquaintance with the dangers that surround us “by the grand and terrible portrayal of vicissitudes that destroy, and recreate, and again destroy — of ruin that now brings its victims to slow destruction, or again swiftly overwhelms them. We are helped by the pathetic picture of mankind struggling with fate, of the inexorable flight of happiness, of confidence betrayed, of injustice triumphant, and innocence abused, which history again and again narrates and tragedy, in the form of artistic imitation, sets before our eyes.” When Schiller returns to tragedy he will be the poet of life in its tragic and fateful aspect and will try to represent it in all its terrible reality. He hated no artistic treatment worse than that of which he himself was sometimes accused, — that form of art which presents men and things in

an "idealized" and "beautified" shape, in the baser sense of those words. Such a treatment of art, which by means of glittering illusions blinds us to the seriousness of things, Schiller hated like actual falsehood. "Away with that false mercy and with that weak and shrinking tastefulness that throws a veil over the serious face of the inevitable and in order to curry favor with the senses invents a harmony between well-being and well-doing, of which no trace is to be found in the actual world. Let us stand face to face with stern fate." Schiller it was who demanded that the misleading word beauty should be replaced, in speaking of art, by truth in the full sense of the word. By "idealizing" he simply means endowing the object with the character of inner necessity. The inevitable necessity of the development of fate should appeal to us in tragedy with terrible truthfulness. In artistic matters Schiller admits no other laws than truth, necessity, and continuity. Thus, for him, the inner truthfulness of the picture of life is everything. As we gain a sense of life as a great and terrible struggle, in the midst of which we are placed, we come to realize what a mighty and serious thing our human existence is, and all the force and energy of our being—that is to say, our true being—is aroused. "For man is the being who wills." In this sense Schiller's tragedies are permeated by the power of the will, but only in a

way that gives color to the purely artistic point of view.

With the same full knowledge and penetration Schiller explained his own character as a poet and his own position in the history of poetry. His great essay "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" is essentially a dialogue between himself and Goethe. This essay shows how great men define their own work in terms of their place in history. By surveying the historical growth of mankind Schiller gains an insight into the nature of his own poetical task.

In every human development we find repeated those stages of education which Schiller here distinguishes. In the beginning there is the happy innocence and simplicity of childhood, or of the naïve man, then come all the efforts and discomforts of civilization, and so of the inner discord of the life that has lost its unity, and finally, when the goal is reached, the new unity of a full and complete culture of the self-poised personality that can rightly be a law unto itself. Poetry gives to humanity its complete expression. For the poet expresses what he has felt in his own life, either the youthful naturalness and originality of the heart that is still at one with itself, or the struggles of the soul that is striving for its own completion. Thus arises the difference between the tone of modern poetry and the beautiful simplicity of ancient poetry. In satire the poet sings of the

painful contrast between the real and the ideal. In elegy he laments the irrevocably lost happiness of childhood and innocence. In the idyl he delights in the picture of an innocent and happy race of men. The distinction between the different types of poets depends upon whether their greatness consists in the direct presentation of a wealth of life or in the ideal strength of the personal feelings embodied in their poetry.

One may doubt whether Schiller's distinction completely corresponds to the difference between ancient and modern poetry. In any case he was the first to find a general philosophical way of classifying poetical talents. By means of a large generalization, poetry appears in this account as an expression that corresponds to the ruling moods of the various periods of human culture. It would be quite false to say that Schiller tried to smuggle in reflective poetry and to secure the name of poet to those who give us thoughts instead of pictures. Only pure poetry is in question, but in speaking of poetical representation he points out the different kinds of feeling that underlie poetic creation. One can easily recognize these kinds of feeling in the works of those whom we regard as especially "modern" poets. Christianity, with the new seriousness that it brings to the soul and to life, makes the most striking change in literary development. Dante appears, as the great satirist of the last judgment, melodiously sorrowing

over his lost lady love, while in idyllic fashion he gazes upward to the fields of the blessed. Milton writes the idyl of paradise, colored with sorrow for all that is forever lost, while his Satan stands opposed to God as a living contrast of present misery with infinite goodness. The modern distraction of spirit rings through a thousand varieties of satire, elegy, and idyl in Byron, Heine, or Musset, whose poetical qualities Schiller seems to have prophetically foreseen. Grillparzer would belong to this group, and even to-day we have fresh illustrations. All these men were undoubtedly true poets.

And above all, Schiller correctly estimated his own place in this development. As the poet of satire, elegy, and idyl, he represented in his youthful dramas the painful events of actual life, the sorrow over what was lost, together with fleeting glimpses of joy. If the feeling about life, that struggling humanity really possesses, finds its true and necessary expression in Schiller's writings, then he has absolutely a right to his own style. The inner necessity and truth of his portrayal always mark the great artist. Thus Schiller's style has its rightful place side by side with the naïve wealth of life and of nature that are to be found in Goethe. Schiller regards himself as the poet of the humanity that is seeking its way. The more fully he enters into the sincerity and the painfulness of this struggle, the greater poet will he become.

His whole view of life depends upon this idea of the stages of cultivation. This view is full of rugged manliness. In this respect the Germans ought thoroughly to unlearn their false notion of Schiller's idealism. His idealism does not consist of an auto-intoxication produced by wishes and dreams, nor does he conjure up the dream picture of a beautiful humanity and put it in the place of real men, so as to deceive us with false and glittering images of delight. Precisely because he is so clearly aware of our ideal aim, the completeness of human life, does he see actual life exactly as it is, in all its narrowness and baseness. He sees it with the unrelenting clearness of a realist who has passed through the severe test of life. But he keeps that broad-mindedness, that understands all these things merely as one aspect of life. We must simply struggle all the harder for perfection. Before us lies our goal, in the unity of a new nature. It does not lie behind us, as Rousseau thought. We must not weakly lament, but harden ourselves for our task. The more varied are the purposes that develop with civilization, the more will people's interests conflict, the more will there be of self-seeking, mistrust, envy, slander, persecution, and all that makes life hateful. No one knew better than Schiller that all this is inevitable. There is a passage in the essay "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" that shows plainly what a clear and manly view he took of all these

things. "You must make no moan over the difficulties of life, over the inequalities of position, over the burden of circumstances, over the insecurity of possessions, over ingratitude, oppression, persecution. You must submit to all the evils of civilization with voluntary resignation, and you must respect them as the natural conditions of the only real good. Only evil itself must you deplore, and that not merely with cowardly tears."

During this epoch Schiller quite outgrew the youthfulness of his former views. But he retained a firm conviction of the need of working toward one final and necessary goal. And he also got rid of the last trace of his youthful embarrassment in judging men. It is rather curious that his last essay closes with the chapter on the variations of human character. It thus seems to lead naturally over to the drama. As late as "Don Carlos" it remained true that Schiller directly understood only his idealists. And now he describes the idealists and the realists in contrast, as the two possible types of men. And he characterizes them with the greatest accuracy, carefully and circumstantially exhausting almost all their traits, and calmly weighing them. He does not give the preference to either. Both are equally right and equally wrong. Both together are required to make a complete man. From now on, Schiller is just to the larger half of humanity, and with judgment thus matured he now returns to the drama.

The picture of civilization that he gives us has become more and more true. It still appeals strongly to everyone who in the midst of care and toil retains some sense of what he needs. To-day more than ever we need Schiller's watchword. We need whatever will give us back our full human personality and our enjoyment of that better self; we need æsthetic education. In many ways we are trying to get it. Schiller shows us its intimate connection with the whole task of civilization. But we need to see once for all that however fully he understood the sorrow of our manhood, still he never lost his faith. Because he recognizes no other goal than the development of a complete man, of complete men, he is an incomparable guide for the nation. The present day needs a new idealism of Schiller's sort.

Well might the poet be thankful for the turn the events of his life had taken. He had visibly approached the goal of his own perfection. He had won an assured point of view for the judgment of human affairs. He had come to a full and clear understanding of his vocation as an artist. He had proved his right to his own poetical type. He had clarified his own views of life and his knowledge of men had become both surer and broader. He had come to a full knowledge of himself. Thus he had taken a great step forward. But he was not yet satisfied. The new poet must grow together with his new view of

human life. And pondering and studying could not help him here. He must simply wait. For insight and knowledge cannot make poetry. It must be received and experienced as a gift from heaven.

7. FRIENDSHIP WITH GOETHE. "DIE HOREN"

The Schiller who returned to Jena on the fifteenth of May, 1794, and took up a new abode (Unterm Markt 1) was a different man from the Schiller who had gone to Swabia. His desires now went far beyond his former goal of the life of a family man and a well-respected citizen. In uniting the Kantian message of freedom with his own great nature and with the wealth of his personal experience, he had discovered a new gospel, and he came back as the prophet of artistic culture and education. The aim of this education was to teach men to lead their lives in a free and noble spirit. This doctrine stated the requirements of a complete humanity. He came back as a devoted prophet of life.

Though the doctrine had thus once for all been gained and established, yet it contained nothing static and fixed. Everything was still growing — not from immaturity into maturity, but within the realm of maturity and of sure conviction there was still a progress toward perfection. Hence the impression of unwearying and unceasing progress which, for those who lived with him, was the essential

feature of their idea of Schiller. This same impression it was that soon aroused Goethe's admiration and wonder.

He had the spirit of a born conqueror. Therefore he courageously chose the vocation of arousing an indifferent age, of bringing it through his influence to a high and worthy conception of human destiny, and of arousing men to a fuller sense of life. This was his new mission. He came back with the determination to take his rightful place as a leader of the intellectual life of Germany. The organ through which he meant to exert this influence was the *Horen*, an indispensable means of drawing together the few kindred spirits, the few equally earnest writers and mature artists, into a group whose activities should be unceasing. As in the sixteenth century there had been a religious Reformation, so there must now be one in literature. But it was not a question of a polished literature, an intellectually beautiful thing that had nothing to do with life. This reform meant that by means of literature we should come to know the human soul, with all its narrowness and its breadth, its baseness and nobility. Thus we should find the means to fill the soul itself with a new wealth. Therefore this reformation was bound by no narrow limits of creed. It dealt with that universal human betterment in which we can all agree. In this special sense Schiller became the teacher of Germany.

At this time he gained in Wilhelm von Humboldt a true companion in his work. Humboldt had moved to Jena chiefly on Schiller's account and lived very near him. Like Schiller, he was at home in Kant's world and was devoted to the questions of artistic culture in the fullest and deepest sense of the word, and thus he was fitted to enter easily into the new thoughts. In his knowledge of history and languages he was far beyond Schiller. He shared with the most enlightened men of the day the poet's new belief in the grandeur of Greek civilization and saw in Greek culture that unity of form and fullness, of vitality and strictness which marks the perfection of human accomplishment. And he added to all this the thoroughness and certainty of knowledge that Schiller lacked. The strongest tie between them was that their purpose in education was the same. Like Schiller, Humboldt considered self-culture, the upbuilding of the complete human personality, to be the essential content of human life. Moreover, he agreed with Schiller as to the importance of artistic and literary training. When he later, as secretary of state, had to exert himself in this direction, he was still essentially concerned with his own cultivation.

In contrast with Schiller's creative type Humboldt appeared as a virtuoso, appreciating and enjoying the achievements of others. Schiller found his happiness in creation. Humboldt's greatest joy was to live in a

time when he could get into touch with great creators and understand them. His chief concern came to be the comprehension of the creative mind. For thus he could win the understanding of those delicate questions of art that are connected with the work of such minds, and at the same time he gained an immediate perception of how mental life in general grows. He learned to understand the historical deeds of mankind from their very source, in creative genius. Thus during Schiller's most strenuous period of toil this highly educated friend came to him, with no other wish than to enter into his work and his life and to follow him in all the little steps and details of every piece of work. We can at once see the value of such a relation for Schiller in the completion of his philosophical writings, also in the transition to his new style of poetry, and above all in that ardent effort for self-knowledge which is the essential feature of this period. He needed the wisdom, the taste, and the loyal devotion of his friend. This sympathy was freely given and as freely received. Schiller could not reward his friend better than by following his own path and developing himself through diligent work aided by Humboldt's sympathy.

We are indebted to Humboldt for a sketch of the new Schiller. He wrote to him on the thirty-first of August, 1795: "Your type of mind is surely settled now, once for all. I know of no one upon

whose unchangeableness I could so fully reckon as upon yours. But there is something more. With most people, times and circumstances produce a similar result. In your own case, your own will has played its part in the process. And that is why this appearance of the unchangeable in your case grows so completely out of your own character and reacts upon it. I have always seemed to see the change to your present state since your return to Jena. All that was best in you before, I found, even improved. But more than this, your whole nature had gained an equable repose and gentleness which, besides giving you more inner contentment, spread an indescribably happy influence around you. For what I prize so highly is that your earnest love of truth does not interfere with your gentleness, nor is that gentleness incompatible with the love of truth."

The great event of these first weeks was Schiller's friendship with Goethe, which was won finally and forever. The *Horen* furnished the direct cause that drew the two men together. And being invited by Schiller, Goethe declared himself willing to take part in the enterprise and to join the smaller committee who were to judge the contributions. Shortly before the two had been thrown together in a significant way. They had simultaneously left a meeting of the Jena Society of Natural History. Schiller's philosophic spirit, which was always striving for unity and continuity, led him to remark that such

a fragmentary way of viewing nature could scarcely attract a layman. This remark appealed strongly to Goethe, whose studies of nature were in search of unifying and universal thoughts. Being pleasantly impressed, he replied that some other method might indeed be possible. The conversation led him on. He escorted Schiller home, and there to his attentive listener he described his "primitive plant," *die Urpflanze*, a type in which the underlying laws of all plant growth and development are portrayed, as it were, in visible form, — a type endlessly repeated and transformed in all the developments of plant life. While he was speaking he seemed to see an inner vision of his primitive plant, as if he were penetrating the creative thought of nature herself when she was shaping plants and causing a world of possible developments to issue from a single conception. It is his pride that he says all this after contemplating to the full the facts as they are.

Schiller answered: "That is no experience. That is an idea." Or, as he might well have said, "You never saw that with your eyes, nor could your eyes discover it. That is a thought, invented by the intellect, to give unity and continuity to the endless material that sense and experience bring to it." But Goethe will not assent. In his thoughts about nature he himself wishes to grasp the whole wealth of reality, and not merely to sketch out the ideas of the understanding. Schiller's objection, therefore,

made him a little uncomfortable. He answered, somewhat irritably, that he was perfectly willing to have "ideas" without knowing that they were mere ideas, so long as he could in fact see them.

The difference between the mental qualities and styles of thought of the two men could not be more clearly shown. The one begins with external reality, the other with the mind. The one lives in the fullness of nature and experience, the other is absorbed in contemplating the power of the human reason and its instruments. Goethe's first reaction to Schiller's statement was a feeling of mental remoteness. But in truth one could already see that they were meeting halfway between their opposite starting points. For beyond all question, Schiller was right. At that time Goethe still understood the word "idea" in the sense of a construction that was merely voluntarily formed in the mind. Therefore he felt irritated. Schiller's meaning was far from this. He was only quite correctly pointing out the boundary between what we actually observe and what the investigating mind must add to the observations in order, through and beyond them, to perceive the unity of nature's creative laws. His remark shows his surprisingly quick grasp of Goethe's method of investigation. Goethe himself fully acknowledged this later. "Primitive plant" and "primitive animal," he admitted, are simply the idea of the plant and of the animal. Thus the way was opened for a

better acquaintance. In a long conversation about art and the theory of art their agreement was found to be still more complete and was confirmed with mutual surprise and satisfaction.

But now Schiller established the relation between himself and Goethe more firmly by a letter that he wrote on the twenty-third of August, 1794, which in a way that is still a model summed up the whole of Goethe's activities. So close had he still kept to life, in the midst of all his philosophical work. For he owed the fact that he was so thoroughly able to understand Goethe to the inner illumination that had come to him during these years. He saw in him the fullest expression of that type of genius that was the final thought of his philosophy. Unquestionably this is what he refers to in a passage of his letter: "What I have seen of your mind (for that is what I must call the total impression your ideas have made upon me) has thrown an unexpected light upon many things about which I could not come to any inner agreement with myself."

He sees in Goethe the mind characterized by æsthetic intuition. He sees also the great task which such a mind has to fulfill in the world. In Goethe thought is not sundered from objects and from observation. Closely scrutinizing each detail of natural objects, he still means to read nature's creative secret, — her way of developing and of varying "primitive types" (we should say "cells")

until she has produced her vast world of living creatures. He attempts to follow this progress up to the level of man and to understand man in relation to all the creative work of nature. Thus he views the whole in order to throw light on the separate details. He seeks the necessary in nature, the eternally uniform law of creation. But he chooses the hardest way. "A great idea, truly heroic in its proportions," only it is far too great an idea for one lifetime. "Like Achilles in the Iliad, you have chosen between Phthia and immortality."

If Goethe had been born in Greece or Italy and had grown up from childhood in a world of true beauty, in the midst of wonderful scenery and the art that idealizes, he would have found his task easier. The more majestic forms of life would have suited his inner needs. But as he was surrounded by the more poverty-stricken life of the north, the wildness of the northern temperament took hold of him and he felt impelled to master and overcome this defect when he discovered it. He had to attempt "to bring forth a Greece of his own, as it were, by pure reason, proceeding outward from within." Or as we might say, consciously turning away from the actual world, he had to build up in his mind a world in which the deeper meaning of things could be expressed with Greek simplicity and majesty, by means of noble forms, as for instance in "Iphigenia" or later in "Hermann and Dorothea." That which

was freely given to the Greeks became, in Goethe's case, the heroic achievement of a spirit struggling for freedom and finding its way back to artistic necessity and grandeur. In any case Goethe had, for this reason, one more task to perform. For he had deliberately freed himself from observation, from his surroundings, and had risen to the realm of pure thought. But in a poetical work these thoughts must once more become shapes and intuitions and must be transformed into emotions, "because only through these can genius create."

In these remarks Schiller expressed with the insight of a seer the whole vast undertaking of Goethe's life, as it had been revealed to Goethe himself in Italy. Goethe found in Schiller the first real appreciation of his purposes, in the same Schiller whom he had formerly decided to avoid as a stumbling-block in his path. In Italy he had made an effort to form his own kind of intuitive apprehension of the world's unity. He had found in the ruins and monuments of antiquity the expression of a great type of past life. He had found his way back to his own especial lifework as an artist, and he now wanted through his works to spread the message of a higher conception of human affairs.

Thus these two different minds came together. With the same clearness Schiller contrasts his own temperament with Goethe's. In Goethe the climax has been reached in a certain sense. He can safely

trust his creative fancy as the ruling power of his mind. For his feeling for things is sure enough to grasp always the essential point, and the great fundamental forms and laws of life are disclosed in the figures invented by his fancy. "Your mind works in an extraordinarily intuitive way, and all your thinking faculties appear to have agreed on the imagination as their common representative. This is actually the highest degree of development that a man can reach, in case he succeeds in generalizing his observations and in making his emotions furnish him with laws." Schiller has not yet succeeded in reaching this degree of mental unity. With him there is still a gap between the thought and the creation, the understanding and the emotions, "and thus I waver, like a sort of nondescript, between thinking and seeing and between rules and emotions, between technique and genius. It was this that in former years made me seem so awkward, in the field of speculative thought as well as in the art of poetry. For the poet usually got the upper hand of me when I ought to have been philosophizing, and the philosopher when I ought to have been writing poetry. Even now it frequently happens that my imagination interferes with abstract thought, and cold reason with my poetry." Thus Schiller has come to a clear understanding of that dangerous mixture of his different powers. He has already driven the disturbing spirit of poetry out of his philosophy,

which has now become a pure science, — a change that has only made it all the more a belief and an expression of his great nature. His poetry too must now be freed from the disturbing element of philosophy. The more completely his poetry is founded upon his view of life, the more fully should it appear and affect us as real life. The true maturity of Schiller's mind, the union of philosophical thought and pure artistic activity which made him unique, was not won by blunting either of the two powers, but by the highest development of both. "If I can gain such control of these two powers that I can at will set limits to them both, then my lot will be a happy one." Unfortunately he gained this clearness of purpose, this knowledge of his own powers, only when illness was already undermining his bodily strength. His characterization of himself ends with a note of sadness. "I shall scarcely have time to complete a great and general transformation of my mind, but I shall do what I can, and when the structure finally collapses, perhaps I shall have saved something worth keeping, as a brand from the burning."

Nothing could show more plainly how thoroughly Schiller's philosophy aimed at the complete comprehension of the artist's life than the fact that it enabled him to form for himself an idea of the most individual creative mind of recent times, a mind for which the usual standards of judgment would be

quite inadequate. It was certainly a great surprise to Goethe that the first true appreciation came to him from the realm of the new philosophy. On the other hand, this fact showed him unmistakably the fruitfulness of the work that was being done in that field. At all events the first result of this friendship was that Goethe changed his point of view toward such thought. When these two men were associated, one contributed his fuller knowledge of nature and his experience, and the other the depth and certainty of philosophical thought, and thus between them they included the whole scope of the scientific knowledge of their day.

The remarkable thing in all this was their complete agreement as to their central interest, which was artistic life and training. Without such a point of full agreement their whole association would have been impossible. How often Schiller used to say that all the mental powers of a man were united in his artistic talent, and that they thus met as at a center of gravity. His relation with Goethe furnished a fresh illustration of this thought. At this central point the different powers and temperaments of the two men met.

Both of them regarded art and beauty as the crown and highest expression of life. Whoever sees in all this any one-sided over-valuation of the æsthetic life, whoever fails to comprehend that this persuasion necessarily grows from their whole nature,

and that we can take no joy in their works unless we can share this their deepest conviction, has no understanding of them whatever. For to most people the beautiful is not play in Schiller's sense, but child's play — an ornament that could be dispensed with if necessary, a thing that they rather contemptuously contrast with the "serious" things of life. For one who holds such opinions Goethe and Schiller do not exist, even if such a man knew all their poems by heart. Their conviction is the very reverse. In artistic creation life reaches its highest form, according to Goethe's conception, because in art nature comes to self-consciousness and shows its inmost essence in visible shapes. Schiller assigns to art the same place. His reason is that man, who in the rest of life is divided and shattered, wins his unity through art, so that he may act as one power. The highest expression of past epochs of the human race is found in their works of art. Whoever can really enter into the spirit of such masterpieces — and there are always but few who can — such an one lives with those chosen spirits through whom the true meaning of things has found utterance. An artist ought always to be devoted to this highest office of art. He shows us the underlying truth of things, and by bringing us to pure and lofty contemplation, he frees us from the petty self-seeking and interested motives of ordinary life. Thus did Goethe and Schiller conceive art to be the

highest achievement of the human mind. It was for them a vocation undertaken in sacred earnest. They were also agreed as to what the artistic education of the Germans would imply. It would mean getting rid of narrow Philistinism, getting free from all narrow pedantry, and rising to the genuinely free human life of those who see and grasp unrestrictedly the great relations of life. It would mean entering into a beautiful life of free and creative individuality. All this had nothing to do with affectation, which is actually the worst and most dangerous enemy of such a form of life. It implies a lofty task for which shallow affectation would never suffice. But even to-day the pedant still shows his narrowness by scorning every effort at form and vitality of view and expression as affectation. Both Goethe and Schiller took this view of the business of education for themselves and for its effect upon the Germans. Their national significance is due to this. Their aim was to create a new nobility of true and complete culture — to create it out of the raw material furnished by Philistines and pedants and one-sided specialists and the mere creatures of sense. This nobility must not be measured by mere knowledge or training in some professional specialty, but must depend upon living insight, upon a sympathy with the highest interests of culture which unite men in something above their merely personal advantage. It must depend upon that inner freedom

of character that is calmly sure of itself in its relation to the permanent problems. However the times may change, these educational purposes remain always the same. In these aims, which might be characterized as the ideals of æsthetic culture in the deepest sense, Goethe and Schiller were at one. They understood this sort of training to be at that time the highest task of the nation. The aim of the *Horen* was to provide an organ which should disregard the political gossip of the day and promote this nobility of higher culture and human development.

Goethe and Schiller thus found themselves in agreement as to the leading idea of their work. This work came to be something that they had in common, and so their friendship gained a meaning that was inexhaustible and constantly renewed. The favored child of nature and the prophet of freedom meet in one same central idea of life.

The effect that they produced was all the greater because their talents were so different, and one might say that between them they represented the intellect in its entirety. In his personal intercourse with Goethe Schiller was now amazed at the incredible wealth of his experience, his knowledge of life and nature, his breadth of view, in which the whole world of reality was so clearly apprehended that it seemed to live again in the form of thought. For his part, Schiller contributed the precision of his

ideas as to the different provinces of human activity. Together they afforded an overwhelming proof of the unity of human endeavor, even when it is turned in opposing directions. Goethe sought truth by turning to reality, to nature; Schiller by penetrating the depths of the mind. And in spite of these opposite tendencies, both men reached a similar result. Thus philosophy and the study of reality are actually united in one whole, if both are sincerely examined and understood in their deeper significance.

The different qualities of their poetical works corresponded to their contrasting mental tendencies. It would indeed be foolish to say that Schiller always had to transform his abstract thoughts into characters or poems, while poetry came into shape of its own accord in Goethe's mind. If that were the case Schiller could never have been a poet. Still their manner of working is quite different. It is also true that Goethe seemed to have greater and more direct receptivity, while Schiller had more spontaneity. Goethe's poems were written during the course of long years. They were the concentrated expression of his life and were quite permeated with his sorrows and joys. All this takes its own time and must be waited for. His types must grow slowly, like those in nature, until they have a true life of their own, and thus they at last acquire the fullness of nature itself. This is the basis of Goethe's poetical direct-

ness, of the unity and truthfulness to nature of his poems. Schiller's men live and breathe in their great struggle for freedom. He portrays with a powerful touch the distress of those who have been sundered from nature, the pain and sorrow of souls in search of their lost unity, the fateful side of life. And with the energy of a commander he marshals his men and his scenes in that struggle of the will which is his province. But once more the two friends complete each other in the realm of poetical work, forming, as it were, one many-sided nature. In their works we have everything, from little songs and comprehensive pictures of the world in romance form, up to the province of high tragedy.

How fruitfully their personalities must have affected each other. It was as if the two halves of mankind, of the world indeed, came together again. Goethe brought Schiller into a new relation toward things, toward reality. Schiller made Goethe clearly aware of the wealth of his own ideas. But these results were produced in different ways. The effect that Goethe produced upon Schiller was the strongest that he had ever experienced through direct human intercourse, and it was due simply to the fact of Goethe's presence. The personal quality, the individual point of view with which he thus came in touch, was everything. Goethe had precisely what Schiller lacked—the calm view of things, clearness of representation, and a wealth of life and nature in

poetical portrayal. Schiller wanted to go back to poetry, but to poems of the majestic style, in which life should be expressed with tragic truthfulness. He needed to gain truth and breadth of portrayal. One might say that he needed to assimilate precisely at that moment just as much of Goethe as he could. And thus Goethe's presence, and the fact that Schiller became more and more permeated with his spirit, helped to bring about an important and useful change in Schiller. On the other hand Schiller spurred Goethe on to new life and Goethe was grateful to him. Schiller entered into all Goethe's pursuits, even to his purely scientific investigations into the "Theory of Color," with a quick and keen understanding that Goethe had found in no one else. With keen philosophic insight he could always perceive the point in question, the gaps that remained to be filled, the statements that needed to be better defined. He brought more life into all Goethe's work. Intuitive natures cannot always estimate the scope of their single thoughts. Schiller taught Goethe to rejoice in his own kingdom. Those temperaments whose nature it is to wait in tranquil passivity lack the narrower concentration which is the strength of minds that are devoted to final and decisive thoughts. Such thoughts Schiller contributed to Goethe's work and a period of great activity began. Goethe began to feel an unaccustomed joy in creation. We should not forget that to Schiller's incessant urging we owe

the completion of the first part of "Faust." Goethe kept faithfully to the end his admiring remembrance of Schiller's restlessly aspiring temperament, of his unique devotion to all that was high and great and spiritual, of his noble and Christ-like character. He fully recognized the new epoch of his life that began with his friendship with Schiller. He said that this intercourse was as a new spring, in which everything flourished and burst forth from the restraining seeds and buds.

All this implied a relation of unparalleled intimacy. For what was deepest and most essential about Goethe's personality became, so to speak, a part of Schiller's development. And his thanks consisted of constant sympathy with all that interested Goethe, and, as was his fashion, his sympathy led him to help his friend in his own especial tasks. It was much to his own advantage when he thus aided Goethe on the way to the highest. For he showed how fully he had understood Goethe and made him his own, just by the very fact that he grasped the principal features of what Goethe was doing. The deepest nature of both men was shown in their mutual relation. Schiller boldly took possession of Goethe and thus gained much self-development. Goethe submitted to the influence of this uncommonly forceful personality with the same calm receptivity that always enabled him to grow and develop through the influence of nature and of life.

Thus the love and friendship of the two great national poets, so free from envy, marked the highest point of German literature. And in the whole history of literature another such association between two great creative intellects has scarcely been known. The friendship affords the most beautiful proof of the broad-mindedness of the two poets, as well as of the spirit of that time. Creative minds so often tend to isolate themselves within the compass of their own special gifts. But because at that time people had a clear view of intellectual work as a whole, one could regard others who were working toward the same general end as supplementing one's own endeavors, and could be satisfied so to regard them. Each one had his own great kingdom in which his rule was unquestioned. There was no rivalry in which the success of the one could injure the other. Rather, each was the happier, within his own province where he exercised all his powers, for taking an interest in what the other was doing for the same end, but within his realm. The power of both together was unconquerable. In this case the highest culture for once produced the greatest purity of moral purpose. Their love for each other came to them only with full maturity. And a new bond between men always should result from an increase of enlightenment. But this result rarely occurs. Goethe and Schiller have shown us how and under what conditions such friendship is possible;

namely, in case two great natures are devoting their lives honestly and wholly to the service of the spirit, in case they understand what various powers are needed by the greatness of the task, and in case, for the sake of the cause, they welcome other powers equal to their own. This union should serve as an aim and a model for all who lead the life of reason.

By means of their union Goethe and Schiller settled many weighty questions, for themselves and for all time. These questions have since been discussed to superfluity. We ought to give up contrasting their two characteristic views of the universe, Goethe's realistic devotion to nature, Schiller's idealistic reverence for freedom. What we see is a difference in talents and in the wealth of knowledge, and no essential contrast in doctrine. It was a great experience for both men—and so for posterity—that, starting from opposite points, they reached the same view of life and its moral and artistic tasks. But truth is endless and it must be reached by different paths. Schiller's mental attitude differed from Goethe's simply because he wrote tragedy—a thing which Goethe well knew was not in accordance with his own gifts. He who conceives men in their struggle with the powers of fate must bring to light the tension of the will, the distraction of the soul that is given over to a false life, that has lost its inner poise. Thus does tragedy come to deal with eternal moral values. Goethe himself could have done no

differently in the same case. We of the present day live rather in an epoch of harassing strife than of such calm and happy contemplation. And once more, we ought to give up speaking as if we had to choose between Goethe and Schiller, for they are really quite united and each contributes the knowledge that lies within his own province.

The foundation and growth of this new relation was also of the greatest importance to Goethe. He too felt that the best reward of his toil, which had been so lonely, was his association with Schiller. He perceived "the honesty, the unusual seriousness" in all that his younger friend did, and he desired that a clear mutual understanding should serve as a basis for uninterrupted work in common. On the fourth of September he invited Schiller to visit him in Weimar. Schiller went to him on the fourteenth and stayed a fortnight, and under Goethe's influence, and with more reasonable habits, his health was far better than usual. For ten nights he slept well. They exchanged their ideas in endless conversations.

The essential result of these years was Schiller's development as a new kind of poet. All his efforts were bent toward this end. Even his erudite studies led more and more to new poetical activity. The ill success of the *Horen*, about which he felt quite bitterly, is from this side hardly to be regretted. He was destined for another sort of spiritual mastery than that which he intended to gain at that particu-

lar moment through the *Horen*. The periodical only continued for three years (1795–1797). Schiller's own work was prominent in the first two years only. At this time he completed his philosophical works, the letters "Concerning Æsthetic Education" (1795), in which he worked over his former letters to the Prince. He also published the separate parts of his long essay "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" (1795–1796), as well as his lesser essays "On the Necessary Limits of the Beautiful, especially in the Presentation of Philosophical Truths," also "On the Danger of Æsthetic Customs" (both in 1795) and "On the Moral Use of Æsthetic Customs" (1796). Schiller's new philosophical poems began to appear in the ninth number of the first year. Such a number as the sixth of the first year did indeed mean a great deal for German literature, for it contained Goethe's "Roman Elegies" and Schiller's letters on "Languishing Beauty." But one sees how the readers may have complained of monotony and incomprehensibility. Goethe did not, as a fact, contribute things of the greatest importance. His translation of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini trailed through far too many numbers. The steady contributors were too few from the beginning. It was all the more unfortunate that Schiller unintentionally offended Herder and drove him away. In discussing Herder's essay "Iduna, or the Apple of Youth" Schiller could not admit the idea that poetry must

spring directly from the life of the people, since he as an artist knew only too well that all his poetry had originated and got its growth in spite of the dull and prosaic tendencies of the times. He had also had a lively dispute with Fichte over the refusal and return of a contribution. However, the incident has given us some of the most valuable confessions of the tendencies of Schiller's mind and the direction of his efforts. (See his letters to Fichte dated June 23 and 24, 1795.) The merit of this monthly magazine actually declined throughout the later numbers. The intentional exclusion of religious and political topics prevented the periodical from dealing with current questions. It impresses us strangely that such a man as Schiller should, from the beginning, have resorted to the doubtful expedient of inserting favorable reviews of the *Horen* in the *Jena Literaturzeitung*. He had hoped that other literary periodicals would die a natural death because of the quality of his own magazine. But they remained very much alive and showed their hatred in many spiteful and belittling attacks. In 1796 Schiller began to edit the *Musen Almanach* (Almanac of the Muses), in which he printed most of his own poems, which were thus lost to the *Horen*. The *Musen Almanach* for 1796 contained for the most part his philosophical poems, that of 1797 the "Xenien," that of 1798 the ballads. That of 1799 already contained the prologue to "Wallenstein's

Camp" and that of 1800 "The Bell." Finally this sort of work also ceased and Schiller lived for his great works only. The *Horen* no longer existed. And this whole process was quite natural.

8. PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS. XENIEN. BALLADS.

From the philosophical poems, and the "Xenien," Schiller's path leads to the ballads, and at last to great tragedy. First he expresses thought, then narrates, and then dramatically portrays men and fate. He followed the progress of "Wilhelm Meister" from book to book with the greatest interest and used this opportunity to gain as much as possible of Goethe's spirit. He had Goethe and "Wilhelm Meister" in mind when he said, being still occupied with his own philosophical essays, "The poet is the only true man and a philosopher is but a caricature in comparison with him." Schiller is convinced that the fullness and completion of human life is manifested in the creative genius. He spent months of careful study on this work, and this sympathy of a creative mind, so new an experience to Goethe, affected him like a voice from another world. As to the "Mignon" songs, Schiller remarked: "Compared with Goethe, I am and always shall be a poetical dunce."

But his confidence in his own new poetical power was quietly growing. The steady evolution of the plan of "Wallenstein" was a help toward this end.

He felt that his advancing years, as well as his constant intercourse with Goethe and his study of antiquity, had greatly developed the realistic side of his mind. He was indeed impelled to vie with Goethe in the latter's own especial province, that is, natural truth and lifelikeness in the poetical portrayal of men. But he was also conscious of what his own nature brought to the new tasks. And in his most confident moments he sometimes hoped that neither of them would be regarded as of a lesser value but that both types might be considered "as equal species of a higher genus." (From a letter to Humboldt dated March 21, 1796.)

The first fruits of Schiller's new poetical style appeared in the *Horen* for 1795 and in the *Musen-almanach* for 1796. For Schiller this was a great advance into a new world. To us the marvel is that his philosophical convictions could have found so direct an expression in poetry. In his thoughts Schiller found his own life. They were a fearless self-confession of his great nature, and with all their philosophical trustworthiness they are a highly personal revelation. And so in these poems we feel a breath of truly individual life, in fact of the life of just this unique personality. It is this very quality that makes them poetry. And as the highest manifestation of philosophical poetry they are a new contribution to literature. For these poems are not dogmas disguised for the purpose of making instruc-

tion more pleasing by giving it a tasteful form. On the contrary, the thoughts receive from Schiller's hand the whole wealth and motion of life. The artist's power of thinking and his constructive talent are combined in one absolute unity.

The watchword of these poems is Schiller's new gospel, the gospel of knowing and loving the beautiful and of the life that is thus to be won. This gospel inspires "The Poetry of Life," a half-prosaic epistle, the thought-laden hymn on "The Power of Song," and the dramatic narrative "The Dividing of the Earth." The epistle explains, in a rather dry and didactic way, how poetry and fancy give life all its charm. In enthusiastic speech the hymns praise the mysterious force that dwells in poetry, its power over the human heart, and describe its fate-conquering ability to lift us into the freer air of another and a better world. It gives us back the nature we have lost. And if in the division of the earth the poet has missed the earthly treasures, perhaps his lot is the happier, since he can dwell in heaven and contemplate the eternal forms of things. In his narrative "Pegasus in Harness" Schiller represents with a certain humor the power of poetry as superior to the triviality and practicality of prose.

In the poem called "The Ideals" the poet bids farewell to his youth. From the weak sentimentality in which we would fain bring back irrevocably lost joys, we pass over to the energetic and manly com-

prehension of things as they are and learn to decide the issues of life accordingly. The poem is extremely sincere. Schiller really was in his youth what he here depicts when he longed to animate all nature with his own ardent and loving soul. Just such was his boundless anticipation of love and happiness, fame and truth. He sadly confesses that all that has fled. But some blessings still remain — friendship and, as it is called by an intentionally prosaic name, work, which moves on slowly but unweariedly. This is the farewell to that emotional idealism of youth which so many nevertheless regard as Schiller's mature view. It is the change to a manly resignation. It is the beginning of new deeds. That pensive tone pervades the whole poem with which we are apt to speak of epochs that are wholly past. Goethe was especially fond of this poem.

With a certainty of victory and success Schiller wrote a jubilant letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, sending him his new poem "The Ideal and the Actual Life" (then called "The Kingdom of Shadows" and later "The Kingdom of the Forms"). "When you receive this letter, dearest friend, get away from all profane surroundings and read this poem in sacred silence." He evidently felt that he had succeeded in expressing the whole depth of his philosophy in poetical form, and that the reawakening of his poetry was now certain. This poem is one of the most remarkable in all literature.

In the principal chapter of Schiller's chief philosophical work, the letters "On *Æsthetic Education*," one gets the impression that just as the dramatist shows us elsewhere a single human life with its necessary laws, so here the poet displays the life of humanity itself in dramatic fashion. He reveals the final forces and motives from which all human life springs and portrays the eternal struggle and the eternal discontent of the soul that is seeking. And then he points out the majestic unity of the divine life, in which we may share through our appreciation of beauty.

This poem finished what had been begun in the letters. Human life is placed before our eyes with its necessary motives, and all in actual motion. And this whole life proceeds from the unity of the divine life, into which it is once more absorbed when this earthly life is over. Between the beginning and the end, like the eternal antithesis of human life itself, there come the four pairs of strophes, in which life and its terrible seriousness are expressed each time with an "if," while the joyous message of the cure of earthly ills through beauty is always introduced by a "but." It is the happiness of Schiller's own life that is here expressed. For his life, with all its toils and struggles, finds an inner blessedness in beauty which enables him, in spite of all distracting claims, to become a complete man once more. Thus the poem is in the fullest sense the expression

of a religious experience. While we are under the spell of these strophes it is as if we felt the eternal law, not merely in one individual human life, but in all life. A philosophy has here become a poem, the new philosophy with its earnest moral idealism, a view that not only urges men on as with a call to arms, but brings them in beauty, consolation, and the rounding out of their human life. Never has a great thought found such a direct expression in the form of pure art. Schiller's gospel gets a direct verification in his own poem. In it art translated the seriousness of thought into life and action, so that it impresses us as the direct expression of a complete man, a living personality.

The divine life knows no contrast between sensual and spiritual enjoyment, between the body, which condemns us to the realm of death, and true spirituality, which grants us a share in eternal life. A man must simply turn away from the pleasures of the senses and try to rise to the ideal; that is, to the image of human perfection. This perfection stands before us as the final goal of all the mighty efforts of the will. We must never forget that our wills have a serious task. But when we are pained by our limitations, beauty is given us to soothe and comfort our distress, to make us feel as if our goal were already reached. This is the leading thought of the first five strophes, and it forms the introduction to the poem.

The first two contrasting pairs, beginning with "Wenn" and "Aber" ("If" and "But"), deal with beauty in life and art. In the beautiful and gentle soul the wild struggle of life seems to be calmed and quieted. In the finished work of art, with the self-evidence that genius imparts to it, the last trace of the hard and painful toil by which it was produced vanishes.

The next two contrasting pairs of strophes bear upon the sublime in life and in art. All our virtue is as naught before the majesty of the law. No human deed lives up to the demands of the ideal. But we may still soar upward to a purely spiritual realm, and thus bring our will into unity with the law. He who can thus soar knows no dread, no pitfall any longer.

"Let the power divine dwell in thy bosom,
Then it seems no more far off enthroned."

For the noble will, even guilt loses its dread. This sublime conception overcomes even the most terrible suffering of the natural man. Fate itself loses its shattering power. In the action of the tragedy human anguish is changed into contemplative sorrow.

The poem closes with the transfiguration of Hercules into a God. Hercules stands for a man who constantly tries his strength on endless and ever more difficult tasks. His transfiguration means his

admission to the realm of the blessed gods of Greece, to the living realm of ideal beauty, the union of the beautiful and the sublime.

The incomparable power with which this wealth of thought was transformed into definite shape and imagery was a great advance for Schiller. Some of the images indeed appear traditional and conventional, and some of the expressions are rather too strongly colored. But, on the other hand, how bold is his interpretation when he replaces the worn-out word "idea" by "Gestalt" ("shape" or the Platonic archetype). How beautiful is the structure of the strophe, with its last four lines always in contrast with the two triads of the beginning of the stanza, furnishing their complement and leading on in restless movement to new thought. Then too there is the musical effect of the language, which seems vividly symbolic. We seem to hear the waving of victorious banners in such words as these:

"The pangs, the cares, the weary toil it cost
 Leave not a trace when once the work is done —
 The Artist's human frailty merged and lost
 In Art's great victory won!"¹

With inexhaustible ingenuity he clothes his thought in these crisp, surprising, and original forms of speech. No small part of the charm of the poem comes from the fact that the reader shares the author's delight in finding new uses of words. In every strophe some

¹ From Bulwer's translation.

new expression occurs that precisely hits the mark. But the most remarkable thing is that the thought begins with unity and then develops strife and contrast, to be again united in one picture. The thought itself thus seems to create that strife which is the fate of all men in this world. And in this way the thought has become alive and concrete in form.

With this wholly unique work Schiller reëntered the realm of poetry. But he could not stop with this. With the "Walk" (formerly called "Elegy") he took the next step away from thought towards life. As early as his essay "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" his views of human life, which in his letters on æsthetic education had been entirely abstract and philosophical, widened so as to include the actual history of human culture and education. "The Walk" shows precisely the same progress when compared with "Life and the Ideal." Pictures of life seem to pass before our inner vision. When taken together they seem, however, to give us the picture of the historical progress of the whole human race. Still the philosophical conception of life's unity remains dominant in this poem. And for the first time it exemplifies Schiller's art of using life pictures to illustrate deep meanings.

While he is taking a walk these images pass before the poet. Motion, life, and connection thus come at once into the poem. It begins with the beauty of free nature, the stillness of the woods. From the

mountain height the wanderer gazes down into the happy valley. Still at one with nature, the countryman leads his life in peaceful submission to the laws that the circle of the seasons determines.

“The lowly cottage shielded from all harm
By its green tree, as with a shelt’ring arm.”

With the approach of cities comes a new spirit of rulership and of differences of class, and the life of civilization with its endless development of various purposes and interests and its play of rival forces. And now come thought and pride in one’s native land, the spirit and the virtues of the good citizen, the work of colonization, war, fame and glory, art and the industries, shipping and trade, learning, history and philosophy. But with the free play of all these forces moral certainty and inner unity are lost. All holy bonds are broken and the idea of justice becomes a dead and empty form. Then mankind arises in anger over its own misery and sin and demands again its outraged rights. The wanderer turns away from this grewsome picture and ends with pure nature, as yet untouched by human hands — nature that is always at one with itself and that treats all the races of men alike.

“The sun of Homer smiles upon us still!”¹

Thus Schiller describes the progress of mankind from their primitive simplicity through the keen

¹ Bulwer’s translation.

struggle of their powers in the development of civilization, until the final goal is reached in the new unity of complete culture. Civilization passes over to nature once more. But what an inexhaustible wealth of imagery is used to express this thought. The imaginative play of constantly changing expressions, of the most unexpected flashes of word painting, is here carried to still greater perfection. True and profound wisdom has here been clothed in the finished beauty of language.

In addition to the "Elegy" Schiller planned an idyl in the lofty style. It was to have carried on the closing strophes of "Life and the Ideal" so as to form another separate long poem, describing the marriage of Hercules and Hebe, the transformation of a man into a god. He meant to use all his powers in this supreme work, in which the very ideal of beauty should be made manifest. "My dear friend, only think of the joy of a poetical picture that shall be free from all the dross of mortal life, that shall be all light and freedom and power — no more shadows or limitations to be seen." (From a letter to Humboldt dated November 29, 1795.) The poem was never written. It was in itself impossible. As in "Wallenstein" the world of the idealists still exists uncompromisingly side by side with that of the realists, so in this poem the world of ideals, consciously complete in itself, was to stand side by side with the real world. But the ideal can only be mani-

fest as light in which the darkness of actuality disappears, and there is, in fact, no light without shadows. Schiller, still too much under the spell of theory, here misjudged the possibilities of poetry. Goethe later regretted the confusion that at this point speculation had introduced into Schiller's plans. (From a conversation with Eckermann, November 14, 1823.)

This is the range of the philosophical poems. As Schiller's powers of portrayal grew freer, his reflective poetry assumed more and more the sententious type to which the longer poems, "Dancing," "Happiness," "Nature and School," and so on belong, as well as short epigrams. The use of the distich form is here especially happy. By interweaving the rhythm, the sound of the words, and the turn of expression with consummate skill, Schiller gives to the proverb the independent life of a work of art. A fund of permanent wisdom is contained in these sayings. The poet's whole philosophy of life, which was framed in the free and truly humane fashion of genius, is now freed from the fetters of the schools and in its poetical beauty and completeness becomes accessible to any earnest and receptive mind. Such poetry is a great achievement, for it soars with easy flight to the realm of free and noble thoughts. And because it freely opens this realm to all, it is one of the best treasures of German literature.

It is essentially Schiller's great and pure personality that here utters the thoughts whereby the author had been able to give his life worth and meaning. Therefore these proverbs produce the best effect of all great art, for through them we come into close contact with a great man's mind and learn to see with his eyes. In such poems as "Nature and School" and "The Dance" we have once more the whole range of Schiller's thought — his idea of the epochs of human culture and of their repetition in the life of the individual, the laborious transit from the beautiful simplicity and certainty of feeling through the uncertainties of knowledge back to the new certainty of cultivation transformed into life and action. And on the other hand we find the great consolation of art, in which the fullness of life and the accomplishment of our eternal task seem to be reached. The whole deep sense of æsthetic culture speaks to us, though in a playful form. Through this intercourse with beauty we come to feel the need of inner form in our own lives. His later poem, "Happiness," was of equal significance to Schiller. We are so easily inclined to estimate the worth of men and of their productions according to their deserts and according to the amount of toil and trouble that they have cost. But yet

"Know that the highest of all
Is a free gift of the gods."

Beauty and genius are gifts. They appear in the chosen few as unearned favors of fortune. The

blessedness of a creative artist's life comes from the close union of work and joy. But the less gifted ones should not envy the favored few, since they can enjoy the gifts of beauty and genius. All Schiller's thoughts are directed towards this end, towards the fulfillment of human life through the joy of creative work, through the union of duty and happiness. With the same idea in mind he surveys the ages of the world, Greek life and modern life, and points out the difference between manly and womanly virtues. He distinguishes the true nobility from the common people. To the nobility belong those favored spirits who fulfill their task by living out their true character. He points out to those of different classes and callings, as for instance merchants, the true meaning of their activity. He points out to us the path that means rescue and names the true guides of life. He insists throughout upon full and vital activities as against the one-sidedness that is so overestimated. He insists upon the real meaning and intrinsic value of science and art, in contrast with the petty spirit of utilitarianism. In contrast with rigidly dogmatic systems of religion he emphasizes the free-flowing spring of religious experience. In contrast with the vain conceit of learning and philosophy he lays stress on the inexhaustible wonder of life. He speaks a helpful word to all who are in peril, who long to preserve their true selves in spite of all the demands of civilization. The ineradicable vitality of his prov-

erbs lies in the fact that he knows the difficulties of a man who is striving to educate himself, and he has and teaches us the true way of viewing the mental powers in question. But all that is said refers to the final goal; namely, a life so ennobled as to become a work of art, the life of one who freely expresses himself in happy and creative tasks.

In recent times so much of all this has been produced again as modern wisdom, in pompous phrases about a "third realm," about the highly favored man, who is the strongest because he is at one with his inborn vocation, about the lordly man, who is good because he lives after his own heart. But in none of these modern reconstructions do we find the profound consciousness of the world's history and the intimate connection of thought that Schiller possessed. These recent ideas often impress us as the disconnected fancies of people who suffer from inner distraction. What is healthy about such modern products is to be found in Schiller.

The *Musenalmanach* for 1797 gave in the "Xenien" the most striking proof of Goethe's and Schiller's unity and common interests. The more fully they came to understand these new values the more clearly the two friends became aware of their opposition to current literature and literary customs. Even the reception of the *Horen* showed the stupid effect of old routine. And there were yet other reasons why both of them had long cherished antipathies

against the leaders of public opinion. Goethe, for instance, could never forgive the experts for receiving so coldly his contributions to science.

The two friends had already formed the plan of using the *Horen* as a sort of arena of criticism. They meant to make and repel the attacks themselves. But they scarcely needed to invent any attacks, for the assaults upon the *Horen* came from every side. This gave the occasion for a general reckoning with all the periodicals of Germany and with the mediocrity and narrowness for which they stood. But even this was too petty a goal. The two close friends waged a general war against all the opponents of their common literary cause. Reviewers and journalists, the sanctimonious Stolbergs, the clever Lichtenberg with his conceited witticisms, the self-sufficient Schlegels, the vain and haughty Nikolai, and many others now got their deserts.

Goethe and Schiller conceived the idea of attacking all their opponents with courage and decision in a series of brief epigrams. They chose the playfully ironical and good-humoredly saucy name "Xenien," or exchange of presents, a name that was taken from Martial. The plan was contemporaneous with Schiller's essay on the sentimental poets, wherein he contrasted ancient and modern poetry and pronounced his great judgment on the task of the latter. In a few days twenty "Xenien" were ready — as

early as January, 1796. There were to be about a hundred in the next *Almanac*.

And now both poets were more and more fascinated by this "real poetic deviltry." No post day passed without the sending of epigrams between Jena and Weimar. They thought that in February the number would have amounted to a thousand. More than two hundred were actually finished. They did not intend to acknowledge any separate authorship and so in their collections of poems each was to include all the "Xenien." From February 16 to March 16, 1796, Goethe was in Jena, and during this time the epigrams simply gushed forth. Often one provided the idea, the other the form. One wrote the hexameter, the other the pentameter. It was in the fullest sense the work of both together. This work was meant to show, and it still shows, how completely the two men were at one. In the eighth volume of the publications of the Goethe Society, Erich Schmidt and Bernhard Suphan published these "Xenien" of 1796. There are actually nine hundred and twenty-two of them, or nine hundred and twenty-six with the supplementary ones.

The attempt to arrange them all in groups proved a failure. Schiller thought that after all the wilder and more roguish ones had appeared they ought to close with the gentler and more cheerful epigrams. Finally he took the law into

his own hands and, rather against Goethe's wishes, decided that those epigrams that contained some truly wise notions of life — "the innocent ones" — should be separated from the genuine "Xenien" — the "hostile," the destructive, the rollicking ones.

The *Musenalmanach* for 1797 closed with four hundred and fourteen "Xenien." The "Maiden from Afar," "Pompeii and Herculaneum," "Ceres' Lament," and many verses full of golden wisdom, and above all the "Votive Tablets," Schiller's most summary confession, come first. In "Pompeii and Herculaneum" and the "Maiden from Afar" Schiller meant to acknowledge the whole refining influence that his association with Goethe had exerted upon him. The opening of the number was graced by Goethe's "Alexis and Dora." Thus the *Musenalmanach* was an extraordinary piece of work, from every point of view, and met with the greatest success. As soon as his work on the *Almanac* was finished and the package dispatched Schiller went to work on "Wallenstein," on the sixth of October, 1796.

No two authors could have entered upon a more audacious undertaking than this united attack upon literature as it then was. We know the exceptional sensitiveness of all literary men. To come forward boldly, as Goethe and Schiller did, meant to arouse one great cry of protest from all those who aimed to

control public opinion through their publications. How could they but protest against this arrogance and impatience, against this unwarrantable breach of that *esprit de corps* that is always tacitly established among literary men? Even among the critics of a later date, more than one has regretted this unamiable enterprise and has pointed out its uselessness. The trivial and mediocre literature evidently remained unchanged in spite of the "Xenien," and moreover, one can never, by means of epigrams, help such scientific theories as Goethe's to win their way.

Such objections arise from a false point of view. The whole intention of Goethe and Schiller was to make it brutally clear that there was no bond of sympathy between them and those other writers. They merely meant to break up the literary union with an ear-splitting noise. The two friends surely did not hope to cause any speedy improvement. But as they formed their newer and clearer view of cultivation and of art, it was inevitable that they should emphasize the complete contrast with the old routine of the day. The boldness and sharpness of this opposition must be negatively expressed in order to bring out its positive force. Without the sophists there would have been no Socrates, without the Pharisees and Sadducees there could have been no Jesus Christ. Therefore the satire was needed, to awaken men at least to the perception of the new

vital force that was entering into German literature. Empty mediocrity is as good as done for if once robbed of the moral support of belief, of feeling itself in the right.

All this sarcasm, reproach, and contempt arose from the consciousness of what was true and great. These furious little skirmishes cleared the way for the ideal. Thus Schiller, who was the leader of the whole affair, viewed it. Over this path of his own he found the way from pure thought to life.

For posterity it is a question whether these epigrams have any real interest beyond the personal element or the circumstances of their day. There is a fascination in following out these personal relations. In any case it was well that Schiller did not devote a hundred distichs to Nikolai alone, as he had at first intended to do. As it is he has too many, although, indeed, he is a type. But what are Reichard, Manso, Dyk, and their comrades to us, even in the relation that the "Xenien" give them? What do we care for the Stolbergs and the Schlegels, Lavater, Gleim, and Jakob? Herder was untouched, while for Wieland there was a word of playful teasing.

We may well ask whether so many poor creatures were worth mentioning. But even those who do not know all the personal allusions, or who are not thinking of them, can enjoy the "Xenien" as a peculiar sort of work of art. How charming is the introduction, when the careless troop of triflers try to slip

past the toll gate and are made to pay toll as contrabands. As Schiller had now arranged things, without grouping and apparently in willful disarray, the effect was still more striking, because so many separate couplets were flying about. But still the larger groups gave an effect of repose and unity. In these, clever imaginative skill is seen—for instance in the group of “the literary zodiac,” entirely a fancy of Schiller’s own, invented to make skillful fun of the literary periodicals of Germany; in the German rivers which carry reports of the æsthetic culture that they see along their banks; in the group of philosophers whose confusing conflict of opinions well serves to show the unfruitfulness of mere theory when contrasted with the wealth of life, and finally in the “Xenien” of the lower world, with the great ending on drama and tragedy. Throughout, mediocrity and small-mindedness, obscure and empty speech and cliquishness, fruitless unproductivity and triviality are mercilessly scored. But behind all these attacks are the opinions and the art that are the new and worthy gift of these two friends to the world. There is much that rises to the plane of absolute humor and produces its own effect independently of any allusions. Above all, the epigrams of serious philosophy that precede the “Xenien” give the little book its real significance. Especially notable are Schiller’s beautiful “votive tablets.”

"If the Germans can possibly believe," Goethe wrote Schiller on the seventeenth of August, 1796, "that one can be a really good fellow without being a fool or a Philistine, your verses ought to accomplish that result, for they represent the weighty concerns of human nature with great courage, freedom, and nobility." Anyone who wanted to understand could see that here was a new gospel of life. In other poems that Schiller contributed to the *Almanac* he saw the expansion of his poetic range. "Pompeii and Herculaneum" gives us only pictures and no longer those thoughts through which his poems had hitherto sought to produce their effects. Thus, too, in the "Maiden from Afar" we see simply a figure, without interpretation. She is indeed meant to be symbolically understood — as poetry, which is an enigma and a miracle and a blessing.

Had any justification for the "Xenien" been required, the answers which they called forth would have furnished reason enough. Matthias, Claudius, and Gleim rivaled each other in stupidity, while at best Manso, Dyk, and their comrades, Voigt and above all Fulda, were coarse and rough without being witty. Even such a blow as the "Xenien" gave them could strike no spark of true wit from such men as these. They really were just such people as the "Xenien" made them out to be, or even worse. The result was suited to Schiller's large nature, for

the way was now cleared for a higher form of poetry and of life.

The publication of the *Almanac* of course did not at once put an end to the fancy for writing the "Xenien." The replies of the victims were as fresh fuel to the flame. Goethe sketched out the charming interlude called "The Golden Wedding of Oberon and Titania." But the real thought that prompted this bold undertaking was, after all, so serious that both poets came to the only correct decision, as if through natural necessity. As Goethe wrote on November 15, 1796: "After our reckless audacity in the 'Xenien' we must henceforth devote ourselves wholly to serious and worthy artistic work." Accordingly the interlude was never published in the *Almanac*, but Goethe inserted it in the first part of "Faust" as a Walpurgis Night's dream, included amongst the Walpurgis Night scenes. Goethe's "great and worthy work of art" was "Hermann and Dorothea." Together with this he was carrying on his work on the greatest scenes of "Faust." Schiller was gathering his forces for "Wallenstein."

During the spring and summer of 1797 the two friends were once more united, not indeed in a common task, but in productions of the same tendency and in the same field of poetic activity. They rivaled each other in ballad writing. Here too they learned from each other. Goethe especially gave Schiller subjects, and in artistic matters they

gave each other fruitful advice, which was especially helpful to Schiller in writing the "Cranes of Ibycus." The discussion of the distinction between the epic and the drama and the thorough study of the questions of epic poetry at once led these creative minds to put their ideas in practice. Goethe exercised his mature artistic power on this kind of poetry as well as on other styles. For Schiller too this became a necessary point of transition in his artistic progress. He now advanced from thought to plastic representation.

Here for the first time the two showed the contrast of their powers with extraordinary clearness as they worked side by side in the same field. And in their influence on the nation the same contrast appears. Goethe's ballads are the delight of the experts. Schiller's ballads are among the most popular poems in the German language. For a long while to come they will be the first introduction of many German youths to Schiller, and especially in the schools. In the works through which Schiller found the way to his new type of art he also found the best means to educate the youth of his people and to raise them toward his own level.

Thus, as Schiller expressed it, the year 1797 became the ballad year and the *Almanac of the Muses* for 1798 became the Almanac of Ballads. In it appeared Goethe's "Magician's Apprentice," "The Treasure Seeker," "The Bride of Corinth," "God and the

Bayadère," and Schiller's "Ring of Polycrates," "The Glove," "The Knight of Toggenburg," "The Diver," "The Cranes of Ibycus," and "The Message to the Forge." The two first-named works of Goethe contain graceful and charming ideas framed in expressive, humorous, and lively scenes. The profoundly symbolic figure of the bride of Corinth throws a vivid light upon the great contrasts of the age when Christianity triumphed. The bright spirits of the Greek joy in life, now that they are robbed of their own nature and rights, are turned into blood-thirsty ghosts. "God and the Bayadère" also consists of but two scenes and expresses the universally human thought of the Divine Love that for their own sake rescues the lost children of men. The Hindoo custom of burning widows on their husbands' funeral pyre furnishes only the setting. On the other hand Schiller's ballads pass over more and more to the broad narrative style, expressing deep but simple thoughts, bringing before our eyes the spirit and the customs of various ages, and really reveling in their delight in the visible fullness of life.

Even "The Divers," Schiller's first ballad (written in June, 1797), gives us a wealth of surprisingly clear pictures. The action begins with the very first word. The king challenges all to attempt the daring act. We see him with his court on the cliff high above the sea. The others shrink back in

alarm, while the brave young knight comes forward and only now, as if in warning, the sea is pictured, with the ebb and flow of its mighty surf. Just as the wave is retreating the young knight dares the fatal leap. We hear the awestruck whispers of the group upon the cliff. How thrilling is the unexpected reappearance of the hero, borne on the returning wave! What a sigh of deep suspense, what an expression of natural feeling in the words:

“Long and deep were the breaths he drew
As he greeted the heavenly light.”

We seem to see the stirring picture of the jubilant throng. And then the knight tells his experience and gives us the picture of the dark depths, the fearsome world beneath the waters. All this becomes real before our very eyes. “Let no man tempt the anger of the gods.” But the knight is urged on once more by the greatest enticement in life. The high courage of youth now becomes a defiance of the gods. The sad, swift ending is told in a truly masterly way — the last disappointed hopes. For now Love waits in vain:

“And now she bends over with love in her eyes.”

The water rushes and roars, but never brings back the youth, and we hear only the desolate moaning of the sea. All this lives in the wealth of pictures that follow one another. Against the background of

impressive natural scenery this stirring tale of knight-hood is enacted with all the familiar forms of folk poetry, while it gains force and symbolic meaning as a picture of human insatiability that brings its own punishment.

“The Glove” (June 18 and 19, 1797), “The Ring of Polycrates” (June 24, 1797), and also the “Indian Death Dirge” (July, 1797) differ from the ballads already discussed in presenting but a single scene each. These ballads belong to three different periods of civilization, each presenting in characteristic fashion the Middle Ages, Greek culture, and the primitive conditions of life. In the first and third poems the picture is the chief thing, while in the second the thought is more prominent. How very vivid is Schiller’s description of the fierce wild beasts, the lion, tiger, and leopard. In the briefest way he then tells the little anecdote of the dainty and whimsical lady and of the hero’s manly pride and courage. In addition to the description of the wild beasts, the tale is founded upon mediæval gallantry, and the knightly service of ladies. Then comes the astounding close. The “Ring of Polycrates” also narrates an anecdote, this time from the antique world — an incident a trifle too consciously developed with reference to the thought of the envy of the gods, which lurks in the background. The “Indian Death Dirge” merely attempts to make us sympathize with the feelings of a primitive race, so touch-

ing in their simplicity. So too the "Knight of Togenburg" (August, 1797) brings us into sympathy with the chivalrous love that was faithful unto death.

With his "Cranes of Ibycus" (August and September, 1797) Schiller brought the ballad form up to the level of high art. His whole power grew, as a result of the finding of this material, which seemed actually made for him. The narrative, so complete in its simplicity, moves with a ceaseless flow. The ever recurring picture of the flock of cranes, used for a significant purpose according to Goethe's advice, gives unity to the whole and brings it close to nature. The cranes were the companions of the poet on his journey and they afterwards pointed out his murderers, that his death might be avenged. Thus a God was revealed in nature. With overwhelming force the divine avenging power suddenly appears in the midst of quiet and indifferent events. Art, however, acts as a medium between the natural world and the moral world. We are as much startled as was the listener in the poem. But the gloomy chorus of Furies (Eumenides), with their account of the supernatural powers that by secret ways bring about the punishment of guilt, prepares us for the sudden manifestation of divine justice. All this is told in the most condensed form, while with a few bold touches the narrative helps us to pass over everything of minor importance, and the narration

of the actual events is as clear as the pictures are striking and impressive.

The tale begins with the happy wanderer, who is suddenly attacked by murderers in a dark wood, and just as his eyes are closing he calls upon the cranes to bear witness and to bring his murderers to justice. His body is found and all Greece weeps for him. The gathering of the people is described in plastic fashion, while a single transition brings us to the extremely impressive picture of the theatrical performance. And now the mighty chorus is heard. And then rings out a cry of surprise, that becomes a cry of self-accusation. By the flock of cranes the Greeks are put on the track of the murderer, and the people rise in accusation. The judgment is completed in four lines. Nothing could be clearer or more powerful than this condensed form, abounding in life. "The Cranes of Ibycus" is one of the greatest narrative poems in the German language.

"The Message to the Forge" (September, 1797) tells a similar story of an evil deed that brings its own punishment, but the setting this time is mediæval. Instead of the poet the hero of the tale is a pious page, instead of the murderers there is the hard-hearted and envious servant, instead of the populace there is the proud and masterful feudal lord, instead of the religious solemnity of the tragedy there is the service of the Catholic Church, and instead of the impressive judgment by the people

we have crude nature and a deed of violence arbitrarily commanded and carried out. We do not find in this ballad that peculiarly Greek connection between the simple, natural life and the highest culture. The whole effect is at once cruder and more artificial, more artful and yet more accidental. The characters and the action are not as interesting as in the other ballad. The description of the forge and of the religious service has less moral dignity than that of the theater and the judgment in "The Cranes of Ibycus." The pious page produces rather the effect of stupidity than of childlike purity. Fridolin is rescued by a sort of miracle, whereby his piety is rewarded. Once for all, we miss in this poem the spirit of the lovely mediæval legends of the Virgin. If we recall any one of Gottfried Keller's legends we shall feel that Schiller fell somewhat short in this poem.

In his ballads he takes a great step toward the real portrayal of life. Everything seems to open up before him, — the conditions of life in the past, a wealth of varied pictures, true and impressive forms of fate and divine justice. The dramas of his artistic maturity lie but a step further along the path that he has now trodden. His narrative and the clearness of his pictures are plain and simple enough for a purely receptive, unspoiled, and childlike imagination. Even when the thought is deeply significant the whole is as simple as if planned for the mind of

a child. Thus does Schiller enter upon the path to genuinely popular poetry, which, although it is the result of the highest culture, can be understood by all, because it represents the simple and essential traits that always exist in men.

During these years Schiller gained the peace that comes from a permanent and settled place in life. The only thing that troubled him was the news that came from his relatives in Swabia. They had suffered much during the war. His gifted and lovable sister Nanette died on the twenty-third of March, 1796. His good father, who had always been so robust, became fatally ill, in a way which was equally distressing to himself and to his family. Schiller gave him substantial aid, sent him reading matter, and took charge of the publication of his manuscripts. By kind and encouraging words he induced his dear Christophine, who had been his good comrade in his boyhood, to go from Meiningen to the "Solitude" for a good long visit. And Schiller also mollified her ill-natured and complaining husband. The poet's father died on the seventh of September, 1796, and Schiller became the head of the family and the support of his mother. His own sufferings troubled him constantly, and even the beautiful autumn weather scarcely gave him any relief. Still he kept right on with his work.

His friendship with Goethe was a constant source of inspiration. Goethe often visited in Jena, and in

the year 1795 alone he was there in January, April, June, and November. Schiller stayed in Weimar from March 23 until April 20, 1796, primarily to take advantage of Iffland's coming there as a visiting actor. Many new ideas of stage management were thus to be gained. Goethe had a box especially built for him in the theater, in order that he might be as comfortable as was possible in his suffering condition.

In the year 1796 Goethe was in Jena from February sixteenth to March sixteenth, and again from the eighteenth of August to the fourth of October. It was at this time that the "Xenien" were written. We can see how Schiller must have missed him and that he must have felt as if the best part of his life was gone. In the year 1797, when all the ballads were written, Goethe was in Jena from the twentieth of May to the sixteenth of June. Schiller returned his visit, staying in Weimar from the eleventh to the eighteenth of July. Thus all this new growth had the encouragement of constant personal intercourse. Each felt that the other brought him back to poetry. The tendency toward abstract thought disappeared more and more from Schiller's poetry, while it grew more and more lifelike and its pictures became more vivid.

The poet's quiet domestic happiness grew constantly greater. On the eleventh of July, 1796, Lotte's second son was born. His father named him

Ernst. On the thirteenth of April, 1795, the Schillers moved into the Griesbach house (Schlossgasse 17), which was more comfortable, and in which they lived until December 3, 1799, when they moved to Weimar. He was also able to have a summer home. On the sixteenth of March, 1797, he signed the contract of purchase for a country house and moved into it on the second of May. He wrote to Goethe: "The landscape is pleasing, the sunsets are beautiful, and the nightingales sing here. My surroundings are cheerful, and this first evening in my own home seems in every way propitious." Before May was over Goethe came to visit him here, and he spent the summer months in his new home working on "Wallenstein."

CHAPTER II

"WALLENSTEIN," THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF ITS ORIGIN

IT is often said that the first work of a really gifted man is always, in a certain sense, his best. Schiller's case is peculiar in that he wrote two first works, "The Robbers" and "Wallenstein." For in the latter he appears as a new poet, — a newer poet, rightly considered, than in "The Robbers," which, to the thoughtful observer, seems like the close of a long development, almost as ancient as history itself. With "Wallenstein" begins a new type. One can hardly find, in all the history of dramatic literature, a mature work that is so completely as "Wallenstein" the original work of the author, a fresh beginning in itself. Moreover, it is a new type of drama, not only in Schiller's development, but in the general history of dramatic literature. It is especially clear that it cannot possibly be compared with anything that had previously appeared in the poetic literature of Germany. With this work Schiller became the undisputed master of the German stage. Indeed it was only now that a German stage that could take equal rank with its

illustrious predecessors came into existence. When "Wallenstein" appeared it was undoubtedly the greatest of German dramas, and it still holds the same rank. What Goethe said to Eckermann on the twenty-third of July, 1827, is still true: "Schiller's 'Wallenstein' is so great that no second piece of the kind exists."

It is especially fortunate that we have a fuller account of the origin and growth of this notable work than of almost any other. We can follow its growth from month to month, from week to week, sometimes even from day to day. Let us bring together the principal results thus to be obtained. Nothing less is in question than the origin of the German style in tragedy.

Schiller's first mention of the new work is dated January 12, 1791.¹ How much had happened since the completion of "Don Carlos"! He had gone to Weimar, had stayed in Rudolstadt, and had turned his attention to history. He had finished his first important historical work, and had begun the second. He had carried on the work of a professor and had also married. He had formed his new plan at the time when the study of Kant began to attract him (as we learn from a letter to Körner dated March 3, 1791) and just when that fatal illness was beginning which never again relaxed its hold upon him.

¹ January 12, 1791, to Körner.

He told Körner how glad he was that the plan of a tragedy was forming in his mind. "I have now a topic which can utilize desultory poetic endeavors. I have long sought a subject from which I might draw inspiration, and at last I have found it. This subject is historical." He is further considering the plan (February 22),¹ but at long intervals. Only on the twenty-fifth of May, 1792,² did he record that his pen was eager to be at "Wallenstein." And this is the first mention of the name.

These words tell us much. This is once more an historical subject, as "Don Carlos" was, and also, as in his youthful drama, the poet seeks for an inspiring subject. We can scarcely doubt that he thought of Wallenstein as a hero of liberty who fails in the attempt to bring into existence a new and peaceful Germany. He is shattered by the might of tradition.

But it now became clear to Schiller that he was expected to be a new kind of poet and that he ought to have a different idea of art from that of a naïve and enthusiastic youth. Criticism must now increase his powers as it had but recently impaired them. Now that he has learned to reflect on his enthusiasms he lacks the boldness, the warm glow that were his before he knew a rule. His imagination flows less freely now that it feels itself under watch.

¹ February 22, 1791, to Körner.

² May 25, 1792, to Körner.

Once again there is a long pause. Not until March, 1794,¹ was he able to write from Stuttgart that he had laid aside, two months ago, his æsthetic correspondence with the Duke of Augustenburg so that he could devote himself to the plan of "Wallenstein." If only he had the plan ready, he thought he could finish the work in three weeks. On the fourth of September, however, he had progressed no further. Once more he laid aside a philosophical work, his essay "On the Naïve," in order to give more thought to the plan of "Wallenstein." Indeed it was only in March, 1796,² that he had fully decided on this subject and had begun his new way of life "with great pleasure and pretty good courage."

Henceforth he is clearly conscious that he is beginning a new kind of work. He can use but little of his old style of art. But he thinks that he has reached such a stage of development that he may well undertake the new venture, and he feels that he is in a good way with it. He has a high ideal before him and he is certain to produce a better drama than he has ever written yet, even if he cannot wholly fulfill his expectation. Not until October 22, 1796, did he record in his diary: "Begun work on 'Wallenstein.'"

This, then, is the account of the conditions preceding the work: A year and a half passed from the

¹ March 17, 1794, to Körner.

² March 21, 1796, to Körner.

first dawn of the idea until it came into notice again. Two years more passed before the plan was brought into shape, and another two years before a full decision was reached and the drama actually undertaken. Therefore five years and a half passed from the first trace of the idea until the work was actually under way. And if the four years before 1791 were of great importance, how much more significant were these latter years! We have already heard how Schiller laid aside his work on the "Æsthetic" letters in order to consider the plan of "Wallenstein," and how he toiled over this plan side by side with his essay on "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry." These, then, were the years when Schiller gained his whole philosophical development and grew in knowledge and independent achievement. And during these years, too, he won the friendship of Humboldt and of Goethe. And finally, during the same years he made the transition to his new style of poetry by the way of his philosophic lyrics. And it is this very transition that resulted in "Wallenstein."

We can plainly distinguish three epochs in the further development of the drama.¹ The first of these belongs wholly to the great task of getting control of the material. Since a new style of poetical writing was required for an unwonted task we can readily understand that Schiller could make but

¹ November 13, 1796, to Goethe.

little use of his old materials for "Wallenstein." He was earnestly studying the history and sources of the time, as he more fully realized the requirements and difficulties of the subject. He was so overwhelmed by the wealth of material that without a certain firm faith in himself he could scarcely have gone on with the tragedy.

Let us too begin by getting some impression of this mass of material, this shapeless bulk. One thing only is absolutely unpoetical, and that is the bare, bald fact. But Schiller had to narrate a whole host of facts. He was dealing with an affair of state with all its accompanying misdeeds, and purely political concerns have, in themselves, no universal human interest. Moreover, the topic is abstract, being Wallenstein's position as a commander. The means used are manifold and petty, in widely separated transactions. The main action progresses slowly. How many men are following their own different aims: Illo, Questenberg, Octavio, Butler, and many others, all acting separately, and how secretly the action progresses. Surely there are very serious difficulties in all this. A spirit of dry, cold expediency is the prevailing motive. Without a trace of impulsive enthusiasm, all these men must plan out their road, using their intellect only, like the politicians that they are. And finally, the one thing is lacking which alone can make the man of the world imposing, — success. The undertaking,

which is morally wrong, practically fails, and that because of Wallenstein's own blunders.

All this, as it seems, must deprive the work of impressive poetical life. And there is added the question of handling large bodies of men. The army is the basis of the whole enterprise, — an unwieldy object that cannot be brought before our eyes and scarcely before our imagination. Still further, Wallenstein's downfall is due to the army, which must, therefore, suddenly change its rôle. And then too there is the Court and the Emperor, these being effective powers in the background, so that we hardly come to any full and direct understanding of them. And there is much more that Schiller scarcely mentions, the Swedes and the Saxons, the law regarding legitimacy, and dark intrigues. The poet also clearly felt the incomprehensibility of the chief character, who remains so long in the background. Then too the enemies Octavio and Wallenstein move about side by side for a length of time, without sharply defined dramatic contrast. And again the hero's motives are of the coldest sort, being merely ambition and revenge — motives which arouse no human sympathy. The hero never seems noble. He is a cold and selfish man, who is never great, and at most is only to be dreaded. Finally he is suddenly killed, and the story is immediately brought to a close, as untragically as possible, by a mere brutal catastrophe. Looking at the matter from all sides, Schiller was

entering a realm of chaos, and his proposed task was especially new and remote for one who had thus far claimed our interest through the nobility and moral beauty of his hero.

We must now try to see how Schiller learned to master these difficulties.¹ It sounds like an echo of his philosophical period when he remarks to Goethe that the first thing in preparing for such a complicated work is to discover the right method, so as not to be stumbling about in the dark. The story must be brought into such a shape that the actions of the characters will suffice to make it plain. Therefore Schiller found the true guiding thought for his composition in his fundamental conception of human character. "I have discovered, in this connection, some extremely striking corroborations of my ideas about realism and idealism, which will be an excellent guide for me in this poetical composition also."² Thus the poet's path leads directly over from his theoretical work to composition, which appears as the final word and the fullest corroboration of his philosophy, since thought is now translated into life. He sees in Wallenstein a complete realist. But herein lies a notable progress over against the dramatic art of his youth. Even in "Carlos" the idealists wholly preponderated. But now Schiller has reached real maturity and truth in portraying life. For the world belongs to the realists. His

¹ March 18, 1796, to Goethe.

² March 21, 1796, to Humboldt.

task now is to produce dramatic power and truth to life in this new way.

The next thing that helped Schiller on was the analysis and poetical transformation of *Wallenstein*.¹ He is never to appear really noble, in no act is he to be truly great, and he is to have little dignity. All these characteristics are such as belong to the realist, who solely from the force of necessity uses his cleverness for self-advancement, but never sacrifices himself for the sake of high ideals. Schiller's chief task must be to make his hero the center of interest and in spite of all difficulties to make him a tragic figure. Thus nothing less than a complete change in his poetic manner is required of the poet. Formerly he had sought to produce his effects by means of single poetic and impressive moments, such as the scene in which Posa appears before Philip, or even by means of many such powerful scenes. He now devotes himself to the totality of a picture of a human life, to the whole result instead of to separate moments. It was, indeed, the beautiful ideal spirit of the youths that delighted us in "Carlos." Now that this ideality is lacking, the pure truthfulness of the picture of life must recompense us for the loss. Inner necessity, continuity, and definiteness are to be the only law. The intoxication of ideal enthusiasm need no longer be feared, but perhaps there is a danger of coldness.

¹ March 21, 1796, to Humboldt.

And only thus can one understand the decisive word in Schiller's letter to Goethe dated November 28, 1796—that thus far fate itself harms the hero too little and his own mistake too much. This does not refer to the fact that the hero brings about his own ruin through his own moral guilt. That would not be a defect, but rather a merit of the subject matter. The difficulty is rather that through his own unskillfulness the hero causes the catastrophe, and we are unwilling to sympathize with a clumsy hero.¹ Therefore we should not use this passage as a basis for declaiming against Schiller's supposed bigotry about the idea of Fate. Instead of a chance misfortune we need in the play the great, essential, and unavoidable necessity of life, which Schiller calls Fate. The consciousness of his artistic task speaks in the regretful words just quoted. It means no theoretic bigotry about fate. The artistic task lies in producing complete unity of form and in composing a true picture of life that shall be developed before us with real inner necessity.

The artist's personal attitude toward his work is also changed. In his earlier years he gave us himself—the longing, the impulses, the brilliancy of his own soul. He now deals with the actual reality of the object for its own sake. He thinks that he is succeeding in keeping the subject matter quite apart from himself and portraying things as they

¹ November 28, 1790, to Körner.

are; that is to say, that he is not expressing his own feeling about things, but simply making the picture itself as clear as possible.¹ Never before, he says, has he combined such coolness of feeling about his material with such ardor in his work. He has the pure love of the artist for all his characters alike. By his own natural inclination, he says, he is only interested in the young Piccolomini, the hero who stands nearest to the principal character in the play.

And why did he make this last exception? Here was once more a man after his own heart, a hero resembling those of his youth. Max Piccolomini is an idealist among the realists. His decisions are not made for selfish motives, but solely because of the laws of justice, not because of external considerations, but from within, of his own free will. Because of Wallenstein's acts, Max Piccolomini's love for him becomes a tragic fatality. Thus one may say that the terrible catastrophe which is the chief event in the tragedy of "Wallenstein," although it is brought about by the realists, becomes the tragic experience of an idealist. It is as if all the human interests, realistic as well as idealistic, were involved in this catastrophe. And these interests are expressed in such wise as Schiller's ideas of poetry require. Here again the poet's theories are fulfilled and verified in his creative work. Hence we can understand how he regarded the episode of

¹ November 23, 1796, to Goethe.

Max and Thekla, which has so often been scornfully called superfluous, as "the most important thing in the piece, from the poetical point of view."¹ Only through this episode does the tragedy of "Wallenstein" become a complete picture of life.

We have now reached the decisive point in Schiller's artistic development. Nothing can be more significant than the admission that Max Piccolomini stands out as the successor of his youthful heroes amidst the wholly different world of "Wallenstein." Schiller is now seeking to produce a convincing picture of life instead of arousing enthusiasm by the dazzling glamour of details. Instead of intoxicating himself with striking and high-flown language, he now attempts modest truth and reality. We find throughout the very reverse of his former style. Possibly he was not wholly successful in making this change. We shall presently consider that point. But it is quite certain that the reproaches of those who do not like his dramas apply, according to his own idea, only to the methods of his youth. His mature dramas not only avoid these objectionable traits, but result from a positive effort to escape from them. The higher wisdom that his judges would teach him was really his own goal, which he had long ago recognized.

Thus, as the nature of his task became clearer to him, fresh difficulties constantly appeared.² The

¹ November 9, 1798, to Goethe.

² November 13, 1796, to Goethe.

more distinct his ideas of form or of connection grew, the more immeasurably did his material seem to expand. For here, for example, comes in the whole episode of Max and Thekla. The more plainly the poet sees that his chief task lies in realistic truth and distinctness, the more necessary does a thorough study of the historical sources become. He has to deal with the truth, the actuality of a world that has hitherto been practically closed to him.¹ He is like an animal who because of the lack of certain organs must learn to do more with those that he has and must try to make his feet serve for hands. But if a man has such will power as Schiller had, his strength and confidence grow with his insight into the nature of his task. "It shall be a complete whole, I promise you, and every part of it shall be really alive."² Insensibly comes the moment when Schiller proceeds to compose, but it was evidently the result of an irresistible impulse, which is a sure sign that he had become clear as to the chief features of the piece.

He did, indeed, greatly underestimate the time that would be required to finish the work. In October, 1796,³ he calculated that he should require three months more to master his material. The actual writing would then take but a few months. But as soon as he begins his sketches, he is led to

¹ November 18, 1796, to Goethe.

³ October 28, 1796, to Körner.

² January 23, 1797, to Körner.

work out the first scenes. By the middle of December¹ many scenes of the first act were written, in prose, according to Humboldt's advice, because prose seemed more suited to this material and — a weighty argument with Schiller — made it more suitable for the stage. While he was writing, everything became more vivid to him, one thing led on to another, and the plan became definite because it was actually living.² And now his courage grows, he feels that he is succeeding, and his material yields more and more to treatment. And thus all goes on smoothly until — suddenly — there comes a difficult crisis, to conquer which he must gather together his very highest powers.³ The love scenes in the second act (which is now the third) are in question. How much this tells us! Youth and maturity now meet, the present and the former Schiller. The realistic and the idealistic tendencies must be brought into unity. "To be or not to be, that is the question" for Schiller's new style. The poet wanted to become perfectly clear in his own mind before he confided in Goethe.

Each time the real difficulty came to light only in the very act of creation. He had comforted himself beforehand with the idea that as the first act was to be the longest, it would also be the most difficult.⁴

¹ December 16, 1796, to Goethe.

² November 28, 1796, to Körner; December 16, 1796, to Goethe; December 27, 1796, to Körner; January 23, 1797, to Körner; January, 1797, to Goethe.

³ January 24 and February 7, 1797, to Goethe.

⁴ December 27, 1796, to Körner.

Then he saw that only in the second act could the exposition be finished and the characters introduced, but he hoped that, from the third act onward, it would be merely a question of organic development. He was, indeed, obliged to postpone the completion of the drama. But at the end of February, 1797, he still hoped that in eight weeks more he could know with certainty how much time "Wallenstein" would yet require.¹

All this, we may say, relates to the first conception of the subject matter,—to giving the piece its original form. But with all this the work was not yet accomplished. The increase of the material called for fresh endeavor. And then, too, devices must be discovered for portraying and controlling the mass of material. In his letters to Goethe and Körner we find wonderful glimpses of Schiller's artistic workshop.

The astrological motive gave him special trouble. He begged for information from Körner, who gave it. And then the poet studied with satisfaction a Latin dialogue about love which treats of astrology in connection with mythology. He becomes fascinated with the task of giving poetic value to this material.² And we now find what his skill contrived to make out of this confused tangle, in the speech of Max (now in "The Piccolomini," in the third act of the fourth scene).

¹ February 24, 1797, to Körner.

² April 7, 1797, to Körner.

In order to be sure that he has quite mastered his material he sketches a complete scenarium, as Streicher tells us that he did for "Fiesko" and "Love and Intrigue."¹ We have the known early plan of "Carlos." He now means to force himself to take account of everything in "Wallenstein," so as to be sure that there is no gap anywhere and that all is clearly arranged throughout. The important letter to Goethe, dated April 4, 1797, in which he tells about this, gives us still more valuable knowledge. His deepest convictions as an artist cause him to regard the poetic rearrangement of the story as the central point of the whole. For by this means he brings out the underlying truth that he is seeking, and the essentially poetical need not agree with the literally historical. And thus Schiller comes so to create as a poet that the concepts of the poetical and of the genuinely true are made equivalent. In actual life accidental circumstances conceal from us the inner and necessary connections of things, the deep truths of life, which are set forth in serious poetry.

But the question is, how to make these truths and connections clear. Everything must be so treated as to form a complete and convincing picture of life. Artistic devices must be made to serve this purpose. But these do not grow under Schiller's hand, as a free gift of fortune. He had to gain command of

¹ April 4 and 18, 1797, to Goethe.

the tools of his art by diligent work. And now the study of the great masters proves an aid. Goethe, the Greeks, or rather Sophocles and Shakespeare, become his teachers. How differently he went to work in the days of "Carlos," when he became intoxicated over "Hamlet" and "Julius von Tarent," in order to fall into the same mood and intoxicate others in turn. Schiller is now trying to understand the great poets in their method of procedure, that he may learn from them his own way of working. When the creative spirit is really active it turns everything to account, to further its own work, and puts all instruction into practice. In those letters in which Schiller discusses this matter we have the clearest testimony of the way in which he formed his new style from his study of the best literature of the world, such as the writings of Goethe, of the Greeks, and of Shakespeare.

At the very time when Schiller was first thinking out the "method" of his drama he was called upon to rearrange Goethe's "Egmont" for Iffland to play, as a visiting actor in Weimar.¹ "This was no insignificant preparation for my 'Wallenstein,'" he confesses. In this work, too, a remarkable historical event was put into dramatic form. Here too the figure of the hero stood out against the background of the life of the people, just as it is his camp alone that makes us understand Wallenstein. Schiller

¹ April 10, 1796, to Körner.

probably gained his inspiration from this representation of the people. During this time Goethe finished "Hermann and Dorothea," a work which Schiller regarded as the crown of the new poetry. It is planned with astonishing sagacity, he declares.¹ Goethe's insight into the composition of the whole is especially keen, and that is what Schiller now cares most for. The lucidity and naturalness of this work, so full of life, may have made Schiller feel mildly envious. Goethe and Schiller united in an investigation of the epic and the drama, which expressed the convictions that had been won and verified by both during their actual poetical work. Thus Schiller came to contrast the special necessities of the drama with the methods of epic poetry. Each of the friends became surer of his own peculiar power and of the way that lay before him.

Through intercourse with the principal dramatists Schiller reaches clearness as to the great principles of character portrayal. In discussing these principles he uses as his examples Sophocles' "Philoctetes" and "Trachiniæ" and Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," especially the treatment of the populace, as for instance, in the scene of Mark Antony's oration.² Shakespeare, as Schiller said, would choose out a couple of figures, a couple of voices, and let them represent the whole people, and they really would represent them. Thus Shakespeare would proceed

¹ October 28, 1796, to Körner.

² April 4 and 7, 1797, to Goethe.

with uncommon boldness, without distressing himself about literal reality; for it was rather a poetic abstract than an individual that he had in mind. In spite of the difference in their methods of portrayal, Schiller finds in this quality a likeness between Shakespeare and the Greeks. Quite in the manner of Shakespeare, Sophocles gives in the "*Trachiniæ*" a deeply human representation of Deianira, an eternally true and general picture, and yet as the wife of Hercules he makes her seem truly individual. In "*Philoctetes*" too the individual details of the situation are fully exhausted, but again the whole seems to be founded upon the eternal laws of human nature. Schiller says that the characters of Greek tragedy are more or less ideal masks rather than actual individuals, but yet they do not become less vivid. For they still remain men and do not fade into mere abstractions.

We can see in all this how the requirements of his own task led Schiller to work and to make what he learned his own. In his youth he had always wanted to make his characters stand for general conditions and struggles. In "*Wallenstein*" the army with its generals must stand before us. No other way is possible but to select some representative men who, both individually and ideally, shall make the army visible to us and who shall also be actual characters. Thus the discouraging wealth of material is made clearer.

What a synthesis of æsthetic ideas! And how Goethe's visit of six weeks may have increased the collection. This visit did indeed interrupt the work, but the foundations of the piece were not at all disturbed.¹ During the pause required by the preparation for the *Almanac* there was added to this study of works of art a reading of the Poetics of Aristotle — of Aristotle, that great judge of art, who, in Lessing's opinion, has the same significance for tragedy as Euclid for geometry.² Schiller was surprised and rejoiced to find in Aristotle no such rigid and illiberal lawmaker as the French would have him, but rather one well versed in artistic matters and speaking from the wealth of his dramatic experience. And he read Aristotle also with reference to the thoughts that were of most importance to himself.³ "That in his tragedies he chiefly emphasizes the connection of events, means that he hits the nail on the head." Thus the great critic does not discourage Schiller, but rather cheers and helps him. Apart from the inevitable difference between ancient and modern tragedy, he thinks that he has met Aristotle's requirements, or will be able to do so. And so what Lessing pointed out in the case of Shakespeare might also apply to Schiller's form of the Germanic tragedy; namely, that in its essential nature it agrees with the laws

¹ April 7, 1797, to Körner.

³ May 5, 1797, to Goethe.

² June 3, 1797, to Körner.

that Aristotle deduced from the masterpieces of Greek tragedy.

In October, 1797, Schiller began work once more—on his drama, which he hoped to finish by June. And now, just when he had looked over what he had already written, he wrote Goethe a letter on October second, which is as precious a record of the moment when the piece was taking on its final form as one of his earlier letters had been of the beginning of the task which had then seemed wellnigh hopeless. He is struck with a certain dryness, the result of his former rhetorical style and of an over-anxious effort to stick closely to the subject matter. But the material is poetically organized and has been shaped into a really tragic story. So significant a moment has been chosen for the action that it contains, in visible form, all that is necessary to make the piece complete. Nothing seems blind; that is, everything is translated into simple, poetically human life, and the whole seems to be opened up on every side, so that its full significance, both real and ideal, is lighted up.

And now Schiller's letter passes to the technical principles regarding the course of the action. From the beginning, he says, the whole action is arranged on such a precipitous incline that it hastens toward the end with accelerated motion, the chief character acting as a check, while the circumstances alone are decisive. This, as we know, was that type of fate

that Schiller sought in order to lessen the impression of his hero's clumsiness. We can then understand his saying that the tragic impression was thus greatly enhanced. These statements, taken together, express the poet's conviction that he had really conquered his difficulties and that his program would work.

Just at this time, when the inner form of the play had become quite clear to him, he received an impulse from without, and once more this came from Greek art.¹ Once again Schiller gives us the typical judgment of an artist who studies the methods of other poets in the interest of his own creative development. He simply marvels at Sophocles' "Ædipus." In a tragedy that is so prepared beforehand, he thinks, the most complicated action can meet with no difficulties. For the action, in a sense, has happened before the beginning of the play. Everything is already present and only needs to be developed. To express this idea Schiller coins the apt phrase "tragic analysis." This is the best means to produce that pitiless type of tragedy that leaves no hope of escape. The artistic device used by Sophocles is indeed the oracle, a being who was in ancient times regarded as terrible, while to us such a representation would be absurd and in modern tragedy impossible. But in "Wallenstein," too, Schiller found everything so prepared that, at least from the climax onward,

¹ October 2, 1797, to Goethe.

the mere working out of the situation was sufficient. And just as the study of the portrayal of character in Sophocles and Shakespeare had taught him how to overcome the unwieldiness of his material, so now he doubtless learned the lesson that in its form his own drama must become a "tragic analysis." He too made use of portents, as far as modern history would permit.

On October 4, 1797, Schiller laconically noted in his diary: "Went to work on 'Wallenstein.'" We recognize in this note a milestone on his road. He felt sure that he had gained control of his material. He saw that his task was to be the inner, necessary development of the poem, as representing a tremendous fate that overtakes both realists and idealists, and thus completes a picture of human life. The superstition of astrology plays an important part in the tale. The aim is to make the whole one picture. His new work stands over against Goethe, Shakespeare, and the Greeks as a genuine rival.

We are now entering upon the third epoch of the work. It begins with the transferring of the poem into another atmosphere — if we may be allowed the expression — with the decision to write "Wallenstein" in verse. The entry of November fourth in the diary reads: "Began to write 'Wallenstein' in iambics." Here too Schiller's conception of dramatic poetry was only formed after he was actually at work. He proceeds to rewrite his scenes in verse,

“so as to fulfill the last requirement that could be made for a complete tragedy.”¹ This change was of the utmost consequence. It was only now that the work really gained its own peculiar life. Only now did the poet feel that he was on the right track, and indeed he began to wonder how he could ever have thought of using any other form.² All must be written afresh. So intimate is the connection of the subject matter and the outward form. A whole list of motives that would answer in prose became impossible in verse, which “positively demands a close relation with the imagination.” Because of the somewhat loftier form, all the characters and situations must be subjected to one law. “Everything shall be united under the one genus of the poetical, and the law of the poetical has rhythm both for its representative and its instrument. For rhythm controls everything. Rhythm thus gives an atmosphere for a poetical creation, the coarser elements fall out, and only the more spiritual can float in this rarer medium.”

Thus only when the verse form has been adopted does Schiller's poetical world gain its full expression, as a picture, as a life in itself, with laws of its own, and with an independent unity. A dabbler may be quite indifferent in his choice of prose or verse. He merely cloaks his subject matter with a garment of

¹ November 14, 1797, to Cotta.

² November 20, 1797, to Körner; November 24, to Goethe.

verse, or in any case of language. Perhaps he may even find verse more convenient, because it contains a hoard of poetical convention, and thus the intelligence with which we usually view things is, as it were, put out of commission from the beginning. For a true artist, however, all things are closely connected. If all the personages speak a language that is different from everyday speech, then they must all belong in a world that is not that of every day. The literal falls away. In their own true and universally human characters the personages live their own powerful life, that is raised above the mere accidents of circumstance. Through the language of the iambic meter a really poetical world is opened up — a world that has its own laws and its own truth.

It is remarkable how all Schiller's studies reflect the new interest that now fills his mind. He no longer troubles himself about particular artistic devices or methods of representation, but considers instead the general laws of poetry, the general impression produced by tragedy. He now reads Shakespeare's historical plays. He is full of amazement on finishing "Richard III."¹ He considers it the noblest tragedy that he knows. "The great threads of fate that have been spun during the foregoing plays are here brought to a truly impressive finish, — everything in the piece is great and full of energy, nothing

¹ November 28, 1797, to Goethe.

commonplace disturbs the purely æsthetic impression, and we seem to be enjoying the pure form of the tragically terrible."

In "Wallenstein," too, the actual tragedy lies in the consequences of what has happened before, and because it is a tragedy of war the note of energy pervades the whole. The shock of tragic feeling does not in the end depend upon our sympathy with the hero, but rather upon our perception of the terrible nature of human fate.

"An exalted Nemesis," Schiller continues in his letter about "Richard III," "pervades the whole piece, affecting all the characters, and we feel this presence from one end of the piece to the other." "Wallenstein," too, is one single judgment of fate, as Butler incidentally expresses it, almost too consciously. Schiller marvels at Shakespeare's skill in indicating what cannot be actually brought before our eyes, at his manner "of using artistic symbols when nature cannot really be represented." "No other work of Shakespeare's reminds me so strongly of the Greek tragedies."

We have already spoken of the relation of the poet of "The Robbers" to Shakespeare, and especially to "Richard III." We have referred to the "chorus of women" and to the consciously artistic fashion in which Shakespeare, even in this tragedy of men, gives expression to womanly feeling also. The fact that the subject of the piece is the downfall of an

entire social order gives the whole a certain antique quality. But in the great complexity of the material and of the effect produced the piece is modern, and in this point too it resembles "Wallenstein." In this instance also, we perceive in Schiller's efforts to form a style of his own, the struggle for a higher unity of Shakespeare and the Greeks.

The verse form caused a considerable expansion, resulting from a certain pleasure in the writing of verse, a certain fluency of speech that verse imparts to nearly every one.¹ Schiller really seems to become possessed by the epic spirit. He comforts himself, indeed, by saying that his prosaic material will be thus won over to the poetic spirit. He thinks that this form will be especially valuable for the first act, which is an exposition, representing a world not yet in action, and dealing with general interests. The perceptions and the mood of the listeners are by this means to be prepared.

But his earlier difficulties now return in a new form.² This is especially the case with the love scenes, which for theatrical purposes are fraught with danger, because, as Schiller thinks, by their completeness in themselves and their freedom from ulterior motives they are opposed to the action of the piece, which consists of a restless striving towards a goal. Thus in its new linguistic form the drama easily outgrows its limits. And in every part of it the new conditions

¹ December 1, 1797, to Goethe.

² December 12, 1797, to Goethe.

make new demands, while new dangers arise for the work as a whole. For a time Schiller let the love scenes alone. Even without them the piece seemed to him to be a little universe, very unlike the Greek tragedy.

But he had now gained confidence, almost certainty.¹ He thought that he could keep the fire and fervor of his best period and get rid only of the crudity of youth. He had gained the power of repose, of force under control. The hindrances to his work are from now on of a merely external nature.

At the beginning of January, 1798, he had as yet written none of the third act.² He was longing to get at the second half of his work. The first part is wholly exposition, and so far a complete whole, while the rest is to be simply the development of what has been already prepared. He longs to reach the moment when in the heat of action everything shall begin to move.³ With restless hopes always anticipating the future task, he promises himself to finish in June, then in July. We have a note referring to an exact date (February 27, 1798): "I am particularly glad to have got past a situation in which my task was to put into words the ordinary moral judgment as to Wallenstein's transgression and to treat this matter, so trivial and unpoetic in itself, in a poetic

¹ January 8, 1798, to Körner.

² January 5, 1798, to Goethe; December 25, 1797, to Körner.

³ January 12, 1798, to Goethe; January 30, 1798, to Goethe; March 16, 1798, to Körner.

and artistic spirit, and yet with due regard to moral truth. I am now satisfied with my solution of the problem and I hope that I shall please the moralizing public just as well as if I had made a sermon out of it. But in this connection I have been feeling the emptiness of the merely moralistic and how much the interpreter must do in order to give his topic true poetic dignity." He is referring to the scene between Max and Wallenstein (now in the "Death of Wallenstein," second act, second scene). He was now in the very thickest of the action, his worst difficulties lay behind him, and three-quarters of his work was done.¹ The passage quoted serves as a valuable proof of the predominance of the artistic spirit in Schiller and of his freedom from the over-estimation of ordinary morality — a proof that controverts those who think that he is so much of a moralizer.

If only illness did not come again and again! Between October, 1797, and April, 1798, Schiller had four attacks. And in April he received a visit from Goethe, so that he surely lost five weeks. But yet in May he had reached, or almost reached, the fifth act. And still he kept discovering new requirements, gaps, necessary expansions, which were always sure to affect the total impression.² He has quite lost sight of his expectations of finishing the

¹ March 9, 1798, to Goethe.

² May 11, 1798, to Goethe; June 15, 1798, to Körner; May 25, 1798, to Körner; June 27, 1798, to Humboldt.

piece soon. It may be finished in October, January, at Easter, or during the early months of 1799. On June twenty-fifth¹ he laid "Wallenstein" aside for the sake of the *Almanac* and was only able to devote a few days to his drama toward the end of July.² But a noteworthy experience came to him when, on August 15, 1798,³ he read the two last acts to Goethe. They made a strong impression on him, not through the pathetic character of the subject — for pathos was not likely to appeal much to Goethe — but through the excellence of their form; that is, through the purity, force, and truth of their poetic presentation.

Evidently the drama was now completed in its first form. And thus ends another epoch of the work, the chief result of which was that the verse form had spontaneously made its way as the natural language of the play, and only through this form does the world in which Wallenstein moves find its true life, so that in the first draft everything was done except for some gaps.

The fourth and last period of the work was also indicated by a note in Schiller's diary dated September 8, 1798: "Went to work once more on 'Wallenstein.'" The chief interest is now different. The deeper questions of form and presentation are no longer at issue, but rather the external arrangement

¹ September 5, 1798, to Cotta.

³ August 15, 1798, to Körner.

² June 25, 1798, to Goethe.

and completeness of the piece. Many causes here coöperate.

The period begins with an external alteration of a decisive sort.¹ "Wallenstein" becomes a trilogy. Some time after the introductory part had been divided off Schiller subdivided the drama itself into two separate plays, as Goethe had already advised him to do.² A special occasion, the opening of a new auditorium, led to the completion of this introductory piece, under the title "Wallenstein's Camp," and to the addition of a prologue.³ Schiller clearly explains what his artistic purpose was in the first play of the trilogy. It must be quite a full and complete picture of people and customs in order to make Wallenstein's environment comprehensible.⁴ Because of the wealth of personages and of separate events the spectator is not expected to follow one single thread and so form an idea of the action that is taking place.⁵ Thus this first piece may stand by itself as a lively picture of an historical moment and of the military life of the time. And so still more characters are added, the Capucin among them, and many more, perhaps half of all the characters, until the picture of "Wallenstein's Camp," with its abounding life, is done. Since

¹ February 1, 1797, to Cotta.

² December 2, 1797, from Goethe to Schiller.

³ September 21, 1798, to Cotta.

⁴ September 18, and 21, 1798, to Goethe.

⁵ September 30, 1798, to Körner.

Goethe himself could not help he sent Schiller "Pater Abraham of Santa Clara" for the sake of the sermon, and himself added a soldiers' song.¹ His portion, however, is limited to two verses. On the fifth and even on the sixth of October Schiller sent in some lesser alterations, which Goethe, however, declined; and only on the eighth was the sermon of the Capucin ready, having been three times rewritten by the poet. A note of October twelfth in Schiller's diary reads: "'Wallenstein's Camp' produced in Weimar." It was a full and complete success. In order not to lose control of the fortunes of the play the poets themselves wrote a review of it for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of October twelfth, "The Newly Decorated Theatre in Weimar," and on the seventh of November, "Opening of the Weimar Theater." They knew well that they were fighting the battle for a new art. How changed Schiller appears at this moment. He is once more under the pressure of stage requirements. He must interest himself in rehearsals. He must feel with the actors and realize the effect of the whole on the audience. All this was expressed in the noble prologue, which was declaimed by Vohs in the costume of Max Piccolomini. With full consciousness of his new artistic convictions Schiller now claims for the stage a novel and higher significance, while at the same time, as a dramatist who really under-

¹ October 5, 1798, Goethe to Schiller.

stands stage effects, he counts upon the response of the audience.

And now the main body of the work was to be finished.¹ Schiller rejoiced over the three important plays that his division of the drama produced. Each part was complete in itself and the second and third parts contained five acts each. The second, showing the relations of the Piccolomini to Wallenstein — the father against him, the son for him — contains the exposition and ends just where the threads of the action are all gathered together. The last part gives the tragedy itself. Comedy, drama, and tragedy follow one after another. Schiller's earlier habit appears once more and he only produces the actual tragedy in the second half. But now that his powers have matured he fills each part with its own interest. From a letter to Iffland we can make out what was finished at that time.² Schiller explains to him that in both the five-act pieces the scenery will only have to be changed between the acts. At that time "The Piccolomini" closed at just the same place as at present. In this part there is actually no changing of scenery. "The Death of Wallenstein" was probably so arranged that the first act ended with the scene between Max and Wallenstein. The second act, with the scenes between Octavio and the Generals, as well as the third, which still lacked Max' farewell, were

¹ September 30, 1798, to Körner.

² October 15, 1798, to Iffland.

played without change of scene. In the fourth act Thekla's scenes were lacking, and in the fifth act those of Macdonald and Deveroux. This statement shows what gaps remained to be filled, what additions were yet to be made.

On the eighth of November Schiller began to work on the "part that is the most important poetically"—the love scenes—and as many of the difficulties already discussed appeared once more, he had to exert all his powers.¹ It was like the transition to another world, for this part, with its free play of human nature, was opposed to the complicated political life of the rest of the play. And so he had to forget the other parts of the story in order to find room in his mind for this romance. The love story seemed to him to be so wholly the soul of the piece that he feared its interest would overbalance the rest. Once more he works with full consciousness, with full artistic control of his resources. And he uses all the motives in the piece in relation to this part, so that the right mood may ripen in him, however slowly. And even during this last stage of his work he is still considering the effect of the tragedy as a whole, so that he did not want to send away "The Piccolomini" until "The Death of Wallenstein" was also finished, except for the very last touches.

Still another task was the astrological part. Schiller had decided on a new division, according to which

¹ November 9, 1798, to Goethe.

the first two acts of "The Death of Wallenstein" should belong to "The Piccolomini," which should thus end with the farewell of the father and son.¹ According to this plan the astrological motive with which "Wallenstein's Death" now opens was to be arranged for the beginning of the fourth act. Everything must be done quickly. Iffland was urgent. We can now fully realize the benefit of Goethe's and Schiller's consultations.

Their purpose was to arouse in Wallenstein a courageous belief in his own success. Schiller had decided on divination by means of the alphabet and Goethe had provisionally approved of the excellent carrying out of the idea.² In sending the manuscript Schiller himself spoke of the caricature that he had used, which was supposed to stop just short of the ridiculous. But Goethe now weighed the matter once more and advised against employing this plan, and again recommended the astrological motive. "The superstition of astrology is founded upon a feeling of how the great world hangs together."³ Since the nearest heavenly bodies have a decided influence on the weather and on vegetation, "so it is natural for man, with a sort of premonition, to go a step further and extend this influence to the realm of duty, of happiness, and unhappiness." Such an erroneous belief as this is so close to our

¹ December 4, 1798, to Goethe.

² December 4, 1798, to Goethe; December 5, 1798, Goethe to Schiller.

³ December 8, 1798, Goethe to Schiller.

own feeling that it should scarcely be called a superstition. On the other hand oracular alphabets belong to the distasteful and pedantic kindred of anagrams, magic rhymes, etc, and their unpoetic dryness is quite incurable.

It is remarkable how Goethe emphasized by this suggestion the feeling that was suitable for "Wallenstein." It is remarkable also how every external influence always brings Schiller back to the very soul of his tragedy, and is therefore made to serve him in the best way. Astrology points out the hidden connection and unison of all things, the inner necessity of the world. And this very necessity of things is Wallenstein's first and last thought. His belief in astrology is, as it were, the mystic keystone of his whole nature. We can well understand Schiller's remark in his reply to Goethe: "A wise and pains-taking friend is a real gift of God."¹ Through the symbolic language of the stars the poetic interest of "Wallenstein" is greatly enhanced. Thus this problem, too, is solved. All the hero's manifold qualities gain truth and unity.²

Some polishing and filling of gaps are still needed before all is done. Once more Schiller is obliged to work under new conditions. The necessities of the stage are again urgent. With the help of three copyists he succeeds in having "The Piccolomini" ready to send to Iffland on the twenty-fourth of

¹ December 11, 1798, to Goethe.

² December 7, 1798, to Goethe.

December, 1798, but still without the astrological scene in what was then the fourth act or the reference to this scene in Thekla's words in the second. He is already preparing Iffland for the third piece, in which Max has but one scene, although the most significant one, while Gordon has a new and important rôle, and Butler's rôle becomes very weighty. He was able to send the missing scenes on the twenty-eighth of December. On reading the piece over again, however, he found it far too long, struck out four hundred lines, and then sent it to Goethe on the thirty-first of December. On January first he sent the abridgments to Iffland.

Only by a final demand did Goethe get the manuscript. "The bearer of this represents a detachment of hussars. His orders are to get hold of the Piccolominis, father and son, by any possible means, and if he cannot take them whole, he is to deliver them piecemeal. I pray your excellency to forward this matter with all possible dispatch. We bind ourselves in return to every helpful service. Weimar, December 27, 1798. The Melpomenean commission graciously put in charge of the Wallenstein mischief by Goethe, and Kirms."

If Schiller now thought, for the last time, that the tragedy could be quickly finished, he was no longer deceiving himself.¹ The whole action was settled and the emotional interest was keen. On the sixth

¹ January 1, 1799, to Goethe.

of March he finished the first and second acts (now from the third act to the end of "The Death of Wallenstein"). Partly in order to fill out his five acts in this case too, he gave more scope and theatrical significance to the preparations for the murder¹ and put in the two captains, thus making the preparations seem more dreadful and giving Butler more prominence. This was the last of his many reconsiderations and changes. On the fifteenth of March Wallenstein was really dead, and on the seventeenth Schiller sent the whole piece to Goethe and Iffland.²

We can imagine how Schiller must have felt when he entered in his diary the supplement to the old note of the twenty-second of October, 1796. "On October 22, 1796, began work on 'Wallenstein' and finished it for the theater on March 17, 1799. In all, twenty months spent on the three pieces together."

Soon after he had finished the part demanded by Iffland, Goethe sent him his good wishes on the twenty-fifth of December: "I will not deny that I had lately begun to lose all hopes. From the way in which you have handled 'Wallenstein' during these years there seemed to be no real reason why it should ever be finished, any more than wax can harden while it is still on the fire. Only now that you have finished the whole, can you yourself realize

¹ March 7, 1799, to Goethe.

² March 15, 1799, to Goethe.

what you have gained from it. I regard the thing as something infinite." Schiller's new style of dramatic writing had been acquired with a really mighty effort. For him the finishing of this work was as the relief from a great weight, but he also felt a terrible emptiness, as if he could never again produce anything.¹ He wrote to Goethe: "I shall never be contented until my mind is occupied, hopefully and happily, on some definite subject. If I can once make up my mind, I shall be rid of this restlessness, which now hinders me even from lesser undertakings." The transition to the new style had succeeded. From this time forth Schiller only found peace in going on from one work to another, in the fresh exercise of his powers in his new style of German tragedy.²

¹ March 19, 1799, to Goethe.

² On January 30, 1799, "The Piccolomini" was produced alone, on April fifteenth the "Camp," on the seventeenth "The Piccolomini," on the twentieth "Wallenstein's Death." Then the whole appeared as "Wallenstein, a Dramatic Poem by Schiller." First part. Second part. Tübingen 1800—published by Cotta, who had so often been put off with promises. A final revision was required for the press. Just at this time Schiller had an especially severe illness. By September 5, 1800, most of the 3500 copies were sold. For the history of the text see Vollmer's introduction to his edition. Cotta, 1800.

CHAPTER III

“WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP”

THE masterpiece that resulted from all this arduous toil, in itself a cosmos of dramatic form, comedy, drama, and tragedy in one, already shows in “Wallenstein's Camp” the wholly altered character of Schiller's new artistic style. But it is fascinating to observe how even in this new style the talents of his youth find their fulfillment.

Step by step we can follow the process of creation. The hero of this introductory play is the army itself which ebbs and flows through the scenes. Again and again, even in his youth, Schiller's fancy had dwelt upon large groups of characters. Even in the general plan of his plays this tendency appeared, in the two great social orders of “The Robbers,” in the three or four different actions in “Fiesko,” and so on through his works. In his first drama the band of robbers give emphasis and coloring as a background, but he lacks the means to endow them with real life. A few sensational effects are all that result. We are similarly impressed in “Fiesko” by the colorless troop of courtiers, who scarcely appear as individual characters. In “Carlos” we have

the same feeling about the large group of people who serve as a background for the principal characters in the intrigue. But what distinguishes "Wallenstein's Camp" from these other dramas is that in it the great group of people have a true significance of their own, all the figures having a certain unity. And yet a whole wealth of characters rise above the level of the mass. And this is a new feature. Upon this basis, from which all grows, a kind of epic breadth of portrayal becomes possible. The tendency that Schiller had always shown to conceive his characters, his pictures of life, in large relations has now become an independent imaginative power. Only the largest relation is in question, the setting provided by the army. Although this only carries on the poet's development, still it is really a new accomplishment.

But the army as a whole is an abstraction, a mere idea. How does he represent this totality? He accomplishes this by a wealth of real, minute, plainly characteristic traits, through which the thought becomes an image. In every figure that appears before us we see the soldier, even the regiment, far more than the individual man, — and all this with an almost historical realism of presentation. Each one expresses his own nature with naïve self-assurance. This peculiar life appears in every word that he utters. And this very quality changes mere description into poetry. But the statement still holds good that general characteristics — of soldiers

and of regiments — find expression here, and through them all human nature, with its widely differentiated types. In this way, too, the methods of Schiller's youth are still developing. From the beginning his manner of writing had never laid stress on sharply defined individuals. He had always wanted to present some universal type. Humanity itself, in good and in evil, must revolt, suffer, and sigh in Schiller's characters. This quality had never before been expressed by means of such an abounding wealth of living forms as in this play. For here a whole army becomes human. And now what had so often before been in danger of becoming a mere abstraction expands as a rich and joyous picture of life. This is the decisive step toward the objectivity of the artist, a step of the greatest importance for the history of Schiller's whole art. He now rejoices in artistic portrayal for its own sake.

These large groups, in all their reality, can only be displayed successively. With great skill Schiller has now gained full control of the sequence of time, which is the only means the poet, and especially the dramatic poet, has of exhibiting his pictures. Opportunities must be found for the display of all these different types. And now we see a third trait, which dates indeed from Schiller's youth, but is rarely found in such assurance; namely, his clear artistic thought. As instances of this skillful arrangement of masses and their characteristics according to an

artistic plan, we have these: The peasant preys upon the rich and haughty soldiery. There is an affair on hand concerning which sly rumors are afloat. The army is all in motion, new troops arrive and old acquaintances are renewed. Then gay tales of adventure are told, as they are all sitting around the old sergeant-major, who regards himself as a sort of representative of the general — while the general himself is regarded by all as the representative of God on earth. The varied picture of the *vivandière's* adventures floats before us. Together with the stupid Croatian we have the wide-awake and tricky sharpshooter, and with the pedantic Tiefenbacher the fleet-footed chasseurs and cuirassiers. There is gaming, dancing, a little love-making, much rollicking and drinking. And there are light playful indications that these mercenaries have conflicts amongst themselves. And as yet the blind fanaticism of the slaves of the church does not interfere with the worship of the troops for their general. These wild renegades from all the races of the earth are drawn together by a political motive and by their devotion to their general. The whole forms a free introduction to the action of the real drama, a remote preparation for what we are to experience later, though at present it is no more than a mere suggestion. Only the keynote is struck. The melody of the piece is not yet heard. Schiller's intention was merely that whatever was carried

on, in this introductory piece, should pass over us so lightly as to be scarcely noticed. He wanted his audience to be fascinated by the varied pictures of army life. The soldiers seem to be represented merely for their own sake. This is precisely the poetical charm of this little piece, which is quite a thing by itself. The vivid picture gains time for its development through all the little circumstances which Schiller, with clear artistic perception, gives as aids to the imagination.

In such fashion the various tendencies coöperate; namely, Schiller's type of imagination, his fashion of creation, and his dramatic arrangement of time sequence. The final, the general artistic requirement is yet to be mentioned. This army must become one great whole. How, then, does Schiller give it unity, — a unity of coloring that can be directly felt? Only when this is accomplished will there be a true work of art. Only then will the whole be truly poetic, truly dramatic. Here too we recognize Schiller's individuality. He gains this desired unity through the fact that all the people have one central thought in common. This thought could be equally well expressed as a person or as a thing, as Wallenstein or the war. As the troops pass before us we seem to see Wallenstein himself, Wallenstein the lord of the war. It is this thought alone that endows the army with a soul. The artistic idea that pervades the whole play is to

show how men feel during war, and especially during Wallenstein's war. The consciousness of warriors is depicted in types that vary through the whole range of human nature. Thus the piece comes to life through a unity of feeling to which we immediately respond.

We see all sorts and conditions of men, from the narrow-minded fellows of Tiefenbach's regiment, the light-minded and adventurous yagers, to the proud noblemen of Piccolomini's cuirassiers. We see the rude stupidity of the plain man, the pompous affectation, the love of plunder and of sensual pleasure, and finally heroic ardor. Like a trumpet call resounds the idea of freedom around which they all rally, each in his own degree, the idea that gives its own nobility to the work of their hands, and to the soldier's profession. War means freedom! With this idea in mind Schiller has filled this great picture with his own heroic feeling and has brought it into connection with the leading motive of his life. Herein lies the deepest meaning of the little poem. In it the poet found a belated satisfaction of his youthful desires. In "The Robbers" he made the impressive remark: "The law has never yet made a great man. But freedom gives birth to giants and great crises." This speech was too bold for Dalberg. Schiller had to alter it for the stage, and he then wrote: "Peace has never yet made a great

man, but war gives birth to giants and great crises." He was then obliged, against his will, to substitute *war* for *freedom*. But now, among Wallenstein's men, war is freedom, and so all is as it should be. It is interesting that Schiller was to give this thought still one last shading. In "The Bride of Messina" we find this passage: "For men are dwarfed by peace. Slothful ease is the grave of courage. The law is the friend of the weak, . . . but war calls out all the strength of a man."

As a song of life, in which a man has his own value, in which vigor of character is everything, the poem, with all its objectivity, is inspired by Schiller's most individual view of life and by his own high spirit. This is why the prevailing mood is one of joyous and knightly self-confidence, of energetic activity, of humor, even of jollity. Although in the play we can see what lies in the background of all this, nevertheless the joyous mood translates what that time made so dreadful into the language of a humane and high-minded age. In his own fashion and that of the eighteenth century Schiller has made the life of this other time his own. If Gerhart Hauptmann, who wrote "Florian Geyer," had given us a picture of Wallenstein's camp, it would have been a very different work.

One might ask to what type of art "Wallenstein's Camp" belongs. In spite of its dialogue form it is not actually a drama. Schiller's period of ballad

writing was still quite recent. Evidently the opening play is a song in dialogue form, in which the mood and feeling of the war are sung. The many voices join in, one after another, until we have a mighty chorus. It is eminently fitting that the whole ends with a chorus of men's voices. For the whole play is such a chorus. We are reminded of what Schiller says about the voices of the populace in "Julius Cæsar." He has now written a similar play of his own. Thus we not only see, but feel, the life of that great army which was the basis of Wallenstein's whole undertaking.

With such a very individual poem Schiller enters upon his new style of dramatic writing, as if he had but now gained a clear and unencumbered view of the freshness and fullness of life. He roams joyously through the wide world. He gives us a wealth of characteristic traits. He presents an objective picture of life and rejoices in what it contains. Yet the whole is brought into true unity by a leading thought and becomes the presentation of an idea. By this very means Schiller expresses his own heroic attitude towards life. All these united traits give the work a highly individual style — Schiller's new style, in which his earlier talents, now familiar to us, have reached their full maturity. Meanwhile the whole is presented with perfect objectivity. Yet the poet himself takes a hero's delight in the boundless powers that he depicts. So a spirit of

careful moderation pervades the entire piece. And herein lies the true expression of his own personality, dominating everything. What is terrible is transformed into a free play of the æsthetic fancy, at once deeply significant and innocently naïve. However significantly joined to the whole, "Wallenstein's Camp" is a complete world in itself, even in the æsthetic sense. It does, indeed, foreshadow what is yet to come, but its tone, its life is on a lower pitch than what follows it.

Thus Schiller begins his new career as a pure artist, with a true delight in pictures, with the cheerful self-reliance of an extraordinary personality, and a clear view of life, such as he had never before possessed. Such are the elements of his mature style, which, like any true style, is merely a personal fashion of mastering the world by giving it new forms.

CHAPTER IV

THE PICCOLOMINI. THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

1. THE FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTION

VASTLY greater difficulties as to his material awaited the poet in the tragedy itself. Once more we must recall the confused mass of generals, diplomats, intrigues, treachery, revolt, and murder — a real excess of tragic material. How is Schiller to handle it? One way would have been that of Shakespeare. He would have concentrated his attention upon the tragic picture of the demonic hero, as Schiller himself had described him in his "History of the Thirty Years War." And thus would have resulted the tragedy of an unbridled ambition that wears itself out. That would have implied, for Shakespeare, taking account of all those confused features of life merely to set them aside and to confine the tragedy to the hero and to his demonic passion. But this is not Schiller's method. From the outset he consciously parts company with Shakespeare's method. We ought at least, then, to understand Schiller's plan before we measure him by Shakespeare's standards. Schiller's way is to

depict the great general with all his environment of dependents, place seekers, flatterers, enemies, spies, and so on. He portrays him in his dangerous position and supposes us, with mature knowledge of the world, to understand from the poet's suggestions the whole situation of his hero. The poetical problem with which Schiller starts is the general's place in the world with its dangers. From the beginning his procedure differs from Shakespeare's because it implies another and an original way of viewing things. But this too is a way of depicting the great questions of human life. For although man, with the eternally similar traits of his emotional life, is of primary importance, yet he has external relations — in brief, he has his place in history, and what he experiences and endures is determined in part by history. And thus we have pointed out the first trait of Schiller's mature drama: he is the poet of great historical situations. There is more of the historical consciousness, a higher development, so to speak, than in the earlier, or Shakespearean, stage of the Germanic tragedy. A more developed understanding, indeed the mind of a mature man, is also required for the comprehension of such poetry. Those who view Schiller solely as a poet for the young make a grave mistake. The feature we have just pointed out was for him the decisive step to maturity. Up to this time he had upheld the rights of the young as opposed to the conventions of the

world — and thus he had been an extremely subjective poet — but he now maintains in this poem a wholly objective calm in his treatment of worldly affairs. Even a glance at the list of personages shows us that this is a tragedy of mature men for mature men, just as “Carlos” was a tragedy of young men. We at once grasp Schiller’s changed and riper insight.

2. THE GROUP OF CHARACTERS SURROUNDING WALLENSTEIN

We have now stated Schiller’s artistic task. In no other way can the poet make us realize the situation in which we are to see Wallenstein, the situation that leads to his fate, than by showing us the group in which he moves. This is the demand that is made upon his power of invention. Every figure suggests some aspect of the whole involved situation.

Let us first look at Wallenstein’s companions. Wallenstein’s power asserts itself in wayward, often degraded and unscrupulous intrigues. Their instrument is Illo, a man who is almost a brute in his purely physical energy, a man of wholly unbridled passions. Just at the decisive moment he drinks till he falls into a stupor. To prevent Octavio from going away he is about to knock the wheels off the wagon. At this point Wallenstein himself has to call out, “Control yourself, Illo.” Just before his death we see him, staggering in his drunken-

ness, boisterously rejoicing over the victory, maliciously jubilant over Octavio's downfall. The voice of conscience is never heard by this fellow. "I am tired of hearing about loyalty and conscience." His whole being is unscrupulously bent upon his selfish aims. Thus we see, in this very live man, that wild demonic force with which Wallenstein sweeps like a thunderstorm over the lands and creates his power.

His whole undertaking is based upon the army. But just as readily as that army had become his tool it falls to pieces in his hand at the critical moment, leaving him defenceless. Isolan and Butler represent the army. Isolan belongs to the light cavalry. His part is to strike a good blow. He does not need to think, for the general can do the thinking. His characteristic is loose living. Enjoyment is all in all. Whoever pays his debts and gives him a chance at faro may have him. He refuses to decide anything for himself or to take any responsibility. And then the gay crowd scatter, as they had come together. Perhaps half the army are like this man, and so they first follow Wallenstein and then abandon him.

The general of the heavy cavalry, which decides the battles, is Butler. He is a severe and self-contained man, ready at any moment to interpose with genuine force; a man of deeds, not of words; a silent, elemental, terrible, truly Shakespearean nature. In him is seen the uncanny power of the strong and

vigorous man of the people who is forcing his way upward. He too is typical of many of Wallenstein's men. He is one who decides for himself — in favor of faithful service or of revolt — and finally it is he who commits the murder. In a word, he does not stop at mere phrases or halfway measures.

Wallenstein's opponents are at the court and among the diplomatists. His overthrow is due to them. How different from all the soldiers and adventurers is the old aristocrat, Octavio Piccolomini. It is a stroke of genius that makes this man seem credible, when he keeps his honorable feeling even while he is guiding an enterprise against his friend. But Schiller portrays him as quite bound by conventional opinions, as an extreme and narrow-minded conservative. To those who do not like him it seems that his only aim is to raise his noble race to princely rank. When Max will not share this purpose with him he merely fears a blot on his escutcheon. The words with which the work closes: "To the Prince Piccolomini!" denote the grewsome and ironical fulfillment of his concealed though lifelong wish. As he is wholly constrained by the inherited notions of the past, he believes that, in his narrow and strict manner of thinking, he is in the right. Thus it is that the world "of the everlasting yesterday" stands in Wallenstein's way. An aristocrat in his whole bearing, in his silent and dignified reserve, he remains unknown even to the General, who regards him merely

as a faithful friend and follower. He can follow his own dark ways undiscovered. Piccolomini thus shows us, in his own living form, still another view of Wallenstein's situation. Once more we see the lawfulness of our poet's imagination translating the hero's complicated situation into the form of living men. And this is what in him corresponds to those ideal masks, to those symbolically representative types or figures that he had discovered in Shakespeare and Sophocles. For while his characters are wholly individual and living personalities, still they represent different classes and conditions of men.

It is a characteristic of Schiller that he makes all these men express their own view of life. They have, we might say, their own philosophy of life. It is also characteristic of the poet that all this which on one side is such a living and vigorous picture, on another side is so easily translated into a thought. The adventurer Illo, who carries on his base designs from one goal to another, from one lucky chance to another, has his one moment of eloquence, when he sings the praises of his Goddess, Opportunity. At the very beginning of "The Piccolomini," Isolan and Butler express, each in his own way, the idea of the war that each has in his mind, and by giving us this conception they show what they are themselves. It is a clever stroke to place beside these soldiers, these men of action, the weaker and more self-contained character Octavio, the Diplo-

matist, who produces his results quietly and by persuasion and who also has a greater gift of reflection, thought, and speech. In well-turned phrases, therefore, his narrowly conventional mind speaks, for instance, of the old order, of priceless, inestimable influences and of the good that they do, or (with lax and worldly morality) of the impossibility of preserving one's purity in this world. And thus the men, the events, and the situation which belong to the work have in each case their corresponding range of thoughts and of ideas defined, and thereby a certain clearness of perception is determined. People have not sufficiently noticed how finely the sort of thoughtfulness varies from character to character, and how, with few exceptions, each one of the characters makes only such reflective remarks as belong to his own individual range of ideas. The old reproach that Schiller used his characters only as the mouthpiece of his own thoughts does not apply here.

3. THE UNITY OF THE GROUP OF CHARACTERS

Every part of the whole confused situation takes on a definite human form. And now a real stroke of great art is added, and this is the principal outcome of the poet's intuitive skill. Through this intuition the whole drama, so manifold in its nature and made up of so many characters, gains a great and consistent unity. That is, all the personages, in so far as they have to do with him, simply form a circle about

Wallenstein and throw light upon him. All who appear in the first scene, with the one exception of Questenberg, are his creatures and know that they are. They all reflect in their own way his great demonic nature. Thus it is with Illo the adventurer; for Wallenstein too is an adventurer of a lofty sort, and Illo's life is only what he can make of it, in imitation of his chief. Terzky, who had risen through his connection with Wallenstein's family, is just as much a part of his atmosphere as Isolan, the soldier of fortune. This trait also is not lacking in Wallenstein's person and influence. But more than all the rest, Butler, the Countess Terzky, and Octavio belong in this connection.

The deepest, most secret, and unconfessed motive of Wallenstein's dealings is the one that also drives the sullen Butler on his path. This motive is that boundless ambition which is entirely self-seeking and which strikes out in blind rage whenever it is wounded. Thus the impulse that had caused Wallenstein to sin caused his downfall — the avenger falls through revenge, the traitor through treason. But while many thoughts, aims, and wishes contend together in the prince's mind, in Butler there is but one motive, one-sided and terrible. Hence comes the poverty, the gloomy reserve of Butler's nature.

A family of the lesser nobility has risen with Wallenstein to a dizzy height, and has thus aroused the wonder and envy of the world. In the Countess

Terzky we see the burning ambition of a race that is struggling for position. Such ambition finds its truest expression in a woman. She has the unscrupulousness of one who considers nothing but the interest of her own family. In womanly fashion she thinks constantly of the world's opinion. Even if Wallenstein could bear to sink in the estimation of all those who have marveled at his ascent, she could never endure the sight of his downfall.

“We did not feel too low to raise our hands
To grasp a royal crown. — It could not be,
But yet our thoughts are kingly.”

And so she dies by poison, because she will not have men see her step down from her high place. She is a well-portrayed type of the political woman, who grasps with her little hand one thread of her brother-in-law's great web. She has gained all the power that she could possibly have. And for this end she has drained the lifeblood of her own husband and the duchess.

Wallenstein's good wife, too, only echoes his thoughts. Anxious as she is about his strained relations with the imperial house, she represents all that unites him in feeling with the peaceful life of the surrounding world. And as a good wife and mother she wants to reconcile everybody. She longs for simple ordinary family life.

When Wallenstein's great mind considers his real, his final enemy, with all its power, he finds it to be the

world of "the everlasting yesterday," with its indomitable persistence. This "everlasting yesterday," with its relative justification, is represented in the living form of Octavio, who again is one of the thoughts in Wallenstein's consciousness — a personage for whom tradition is everything and who is thus contrasted with the great adventurer, who is a law unto himself. It is a poetical conception of the finest sort to unite the clear-seeing and clever Wallenstein with this Octavio through an irrational fondness. The love that he bears within his own heart contains the poison that proves his ruin. The old unchangeable world draws him to destruction, as if to show that no matter how proudly one may stand alone, relying on his own strength, still one can never be quite free from the traditional. All these characters together are Wallenstein. His separate thoughts and wishes are embodied in them. And whatever life they lead is his life.

Great is the effect thus produced. How Wallenstein seems to stand before us in all the wealth of his nature; indeed throughout the whole life that is portrayed we see his living form. Majestically towering above all the rest, he stands in relation to them as a macrocosm to all these microcosms. And then, too, throughout all the tangle of events this one great man is always in question, a world in himself. With all the wealth of his material the poet thus preserves the purely human interest. The great

man and his fate are all in all. Far down below him, among the smaller men, the play of intrigue is carried on, as the element in which the political and historical world has its being.

Let us look back for a moment over Schiller's work. An enormous mass of material had to be made clear in all its relations, and for the sake of the action had to be endowed with a life of its own. Then the idea came to him of those characters so full of eager life, in whom the situation, as we might say, analyzed itself. But in *Wallenstein* a whole world is in question. Now, all these people are his world, they are himself. Thus the endlessly manifold is brought into one great human unity.

It is said of Raphael that the awkward shape of the walls that he was to decorate did not hamper his fancy, but on the contrary was the cause of some of his great artistic inventions; as when, for instance, he embodied a jutting window arch in the perspective of a hall. We find the same process of highly creative skill in Schiller's poetic procedure in this drama. With him, too, inventive fancy results from the difficulties of the material itself. As with the painter the awkward nature of the space was translated into a pictorial effect, so here the unwieldiness of the historical material becomes poetry.

Up to this point we observe practically the same type of creation as in "*Wallenstein's Camp*." Once more a great body of men was to receive poetic life.

Once more they must be vivified as types. Once more they must all be brought into unity. And Wallenstein is this unity. But in the "Camp" it was only a question of pictorial effects. In the drama light must be thrown on a complicated action. In Wallenstein himself and in all the lesser characters Schiller's inventive power was confronted by a far harder problem.

But the tendencies of his youth find their place even here. His love of intrigue had sometimes proved a burden to his earlier works. But he now knows how to confine it within its proper limits. Indeed in "Fiesko" we already find a completely similar situation. The hero dwells upon the heights. The Moor carries on all the intrigues. In no other point can we so plainly see Schiller's immeasurable progress. In "Fiesko" we have the one grotesque figure of the intriguer; in "Wallenstein" the whole world of generals, statesmen, and political women, all represented with objective fairness.

Schiller has also wholly conquered the very peculiar difficulty that belongs to the material of his play. Through the inner necessity of his situation Wallenstein must fall. Therefore the situation that is to cause his fall must be made clear to us, even while he himself remains wholly passive. This problem, so difficult for the tragic artist, is solved by making us see that the life and character of the hero are indeed the central fact, however inactive he himself remains,

simply because he is the macrocosm that includes these many microcosms.

4. THE FIGURE OF WALLENSTEIN

Upon this basis Schiller is able to make Wallenstein the central figure of the whole drama. One might affirm that the entire piece is simply a progressive analysis of the tragic hero.

In the exposition acts he is not brought forward, but still in their rich, manifold, and varied movement he appears as the chief end and aim of all the men. Their whole life and existence is his doing. All their thoughts are of him. He is the all-sufficient center of their whole adventurous world. This is the thought that finds its clearest expression in the great audience scene (II, 7) of "The Piccolomini."

We now come to the crisis of the action. The fateful decision is reached after a great struggle. This takes place in the tower scenes with which "Wallenstein's Death" opens (I, 4-7; II, 1, 2). We are now led deeper into the hero's inner life. Wallenstein is indeed the union of all these men. He is their mind. All the motives that enter into this critical decision, the separate motives that move all these different men, are brought forward clearly and consciously in his own great mental struggle. Indeed, the philosophy of life to which they all subscribe, though only tacitly, Wallenstein clearly expresses. This is the philosophy of a realist — a philosophy which

reckons only with forces, not with ideas, with practical aims and not with the self-determining aim of the good. And thus this trait, too, which we find in all the characters, is most fully developed in Wallenstein; namely, that these characters are not merely types, but that they also express the doctrine, the philosophy of their type. It is characteristic of Schiller's art that the ideas as well as the actions of his personages form the interest of the drama. One of the two fundamental types of philosophy — the realistic — finds its expression in Wallenstein. Hence these scenes belong to the inner necessity of the drama.

But this account of Wallenstein's character is not complete. All this, one might roughly say, shows only that external aspect whereby the hero in himself represents a world. The inner side of his character, through which alone he could be fully himself, is still wanting. With uncommon acuteness Schiller separates the purely individual from the universal. Wallenstein, as thus far shown, stands out far above all who surround him, through the wealth of his nature. Schiller now emphasizes this trait: The hero is now entirely solitary and self-contained — a riddle to them all. At first, as the greatest man of the group, he relies on himself, but as time goes on he comes to be gloomily imprisoned within himself. This idea is expressed in his relation to the stars, as we see it in the tower scenes. Through his belief

in astrology he lives from the outset in another world from that of the mere realists.

While this fact accounts for his standing so far above the rest of the personages, it also completely rounds out his manner of thought and gives him decidedly the stamp of a tragic character. His belief in the stars expresses his conviction of the predestination of all lives and events. Such a conviction is of the very essence of realism. Astrology merely symbolizes this doctrine and gets it before our eyes.

Herein lies the delicate transition to the tragic. For by this very dependence on the stars and other secret marvels something irrational also enters into the person of Wallenstein. His superstition embodies his realism and completes it, and yet conflicts with it. For otherwise realism means careful study and use of the facts as one finds them.

Thus Wallenstein is no longer only a great realist. This is the trait that marks him out from those who surround him. There is something almost pathologically individual and self-inclosed in his belief in himself as a chosen being, standing in a special relation to the supernatural powers, as one to whom the stars speak. Almost pathological is his way of deciding everything from within, from his own dark ponderings, no matter how reasonably others may advise — his overweening confidence in himself alone.

The fact that Wallenstein's astrological belief only reached its full development after the first flaw was discovered in his self-confidence we consider a very significant trait. The Duchess says ("The Death of Wallenstein," III, 3, verse 1402):

"Since that unhappy day at Regensburg,
That dashed him downward from his lofty height,
A restless, uncompanionable spirit,
Jealous and gloomy hath possessed his mind.
Peace and his old success have fled from him,
No longer trusts he firmly his own powers,
But turns his heart to those mysterious arts
That never yet have blessed a trusting soul."

This is the effort of a tottering mind to reestablish itself through an appeal to the supernatural powers. In this connection Gordon tells (IV, 3, verse 2548 seq.) how Wallenstein had once fallen from a second story window without being hurt, an incident which had led him ever since to regard himself as a favored and invulnerable man.

"And bold as one whose foot can never trip,
Fearless he trod the perilous path of life."

And a few lines further on Butler remarks (verse 2563):

"From that day forth was seen, they say, in him
The trace of madness, and a wandering mind."

Thus he stands before us, towering above all others, favored by nature and by fortune, full of unlimited faith in himself, urged on by demonic powers. By appealing to the supernatural arts he struggles to

recover his lost balance, and so we see him, first as a mighty ruler of the world, and again shut off from all the world and retired within himself. Each trait is founded in the others. He is both a genius and a madman. Madness has developed from his genius, and perhaps too his force and genius have grown out of his madness—a truly demonic unity. The irrational element that always goes with individuality is here most strongly expressed. Thus his belief in astrology is consistent with his whole nature and becomes individual and therefore true. And if he comes to destruction through his erroneous belief in marvels, he is still the cause of his own downfall, which is brought about through his own presumption, through his own nature. This great flaw in his character is his misfortune and brings about his fate.

And now we have spoken the final word, that applies to Wallenstein's character as well as to the tragic structure of the work. That word is Fate. All his thoughts are dominated by the idea of fate, and only through that idea can we fully understand his position and significance in the drama. And fate, too, signifies the inexorable necessity by which all things are connected. As Wallenstein says:

“Trackless the waste behind me, and a wall
Of my own deeds is builded, that return
Forevermore cuts off.”

And still clearer are these lines:

“Within my breast my deed was still mine own.
Once it has issued from my heart, its home,
And winged its way into the outer world,
It doth belong to those malicious powers
That human art can ne’er propitiate.”

This fundamental idea of fate is very simply expressed in a later work, “The Bride of Messina”:

“A bounteous being and mighty is nature,
Abundantly giving the fruit and the seed.”

In the great connection and necessity of things our deeds pass beyond our calculation and unexpected consequences overwhelm us. These are the so-called powers of fate. No thoughtful observer of life believes otherwise. In this sense we are all believers in destiny.

Wallenstein, too, believes in mysterious action and reaction. Wallenstein, the tool of the Emperor’s ambition, punishes his master. But no doubt the sword of revenge is already sharpened for his own breast. In this great causal connection our nature, too, is a force, but only one force.

“Throughout the ages, Fate must ever win.
Our own hearts too fulfill what it commands.”

We are little, over against the whole, and the whole is a force that shows itself unceasingly in inevitable effects.

With this motive in mind the poet develops the profoundly ironical tragedy of his hero. The hero is right, since his thought contains an undoubted

truth, but he is right in that he himself becomes the victim of the very fate that he has so thoughtfully estimated and planned to avoid. He is right — by the very plainest signs fate speaks to him as to a chosen man. But precisely when everyone else can hear he is deaf to the voice to which he has always heretofore listened so attentively. He whose sight has been so clear now goes to his death with his eyes blindfolded. And this very fact that the power of fate is present where we least suspect it bears witness to its control over our lives. Fate marches straight on over mortal men who are so blind.

Even in his fatalism Wallenstein appears as one who is aware of a great world and tries conclusions with it. But here is again his weakness: when he has evidently miscalculated it must have happened because of the untoward action of the stars and of fate. He cannot even confess to himself that he has blundered. This is the narrow self-will of an audacious man, who must assert himself as against the might of the universe. And now, in his blindness, fate lays him low, the hero who thought that he alone could see clearly. But his blindness is the necessary consequence of his own weakness — a truly tragic destiny.

It is a mistaken idea that in these dramas of his mature years Schiller was carried away by mere theoretical fancies, so as to take over an unmodern,

yes, an ancient idea of fate, and to caricature it in his dramatic art, to conceive fate as a supernatural, fabulous being that produces effects beyond all human powers. He speaks of fate as a poet who regards all life as the material for his drama, even to the last hidden connections of things, in which man and his nature are but contributory forces. From these fatal connections he sees tragic events proceed, so that thus it is human life itself which becomes a terribly great and tragic thing.

It is only in the last act that Wallenstein fully assumes this character as the tragic creature of fate. The picture thus receives its finishing touch. Only when his fate is to be fulfilled do we see the extent of his delusion. And so, as we have already said, the work appears as a progressive analysis, an exposition of this gloomy character that constantly gains in depth. His character gives meaning to the whole piece, for at first all eyes are turned upon him, as the central point of his world. Next he stands for the consciousness of that world, and finally for the fatal catastrophe that overwhelms it. Through all the acts this thought is the guiding motive of Schiller's poetic invention.

5. MAX AND THEKLA

Every separate thread of such a work must be thoughtfully handled. We have already perceived the even balance between the author's inventive

power and his artistic comprehension. The one creates an original life picture. The other molds the conditions imposed by the material so as to give to the form of the play at once its variety and its unity. But yet this is not the whole of the play. The lesser part, the story of Max and Thekla, is still lacking.

When Wallenstein sends for his family the gloomy deed begins. The brilliant young colonel, Max Piccolomini, goes to bring them, spends weeks in Thekla's company, and—very naturally—they fall in love. "The impulse of the heart is fate's own voice," says Thekla. Their love was certainly their fate, a part of the great and fateful story of which Wallenstein is the central point.

The lovers go their own way quite independently of the plans of others. For Wallenstein his daughter is a political tool. A son-in-law from a royal house would be a help in his struggle. It never occurs to Max and Thekla that the young man ought not to aspire to her hand. The elder Piccolomini has Wallenstein's fate in his hands, but Max knows nothing of this.

The lovers live in a world of their own. They are not, like the others, preoccupied with ambitions, plans, and selfish interests. Their faith in men is guileless. Amongst all these people who are restlessly pursuing their own practical ends they do the most purposeless thing they can, which in its

charming aimlessness is a purpose in itself — they love each other.

Uncorrupted by the world, these blameless lovers are guided only by the natural nobility of their feelings. Through the purity of their hearts they are innocent, through the purity of their feelings they are good. As Schiller would express it, they are “beautiful souls.” In all the relations in which we see them Schiller has contrasted them with the others. In speaking of Terzky, Thekla says to Max:

“Trust no one here but me, for all the rest
Have some ulterior aim, as I can see.”

Octavio says to Max, who stands before him in his youthful purity:

“Would that we still might heed the heart’s commands!
But rightful aims would thus be unfulfilled.”

In the same spirit Wallenstein says to Max:

“He who can pass through life without a wish,
Who can relinquish every selfish aim,
Dwells salamander-like in flickering flame,
And in the fire remains as pure as fire.”

Since they are not enslaved by worldly motives, the lovers recognize as the only law of their lives the good, to which they are consecrated by their own feelings. Thus they stand as idealists side by side with the realists, the greatest of whom is Wallenstein himself, and so they complete the range of human types.

Because their natures are different from the others these idealists have a separate action of their own. And of course this is a love affair. Each loves in the other the image and fulfillment of his own being, of his own lovely soul. They are attached to each other by their perfect trustfulness and self-surrender, for lost and lonely in the world as it is, they simply belong to each other. They are both pure and good, and so they seek each other. This is the sort of love that Schiller discusses in his essay "On Grace and Dignity." "It is God within us, who plays with His own image in the visible world." The young people find their happiness in this love.

In his essay on "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry" Schiller says: "Idyls are the poetic representation of innocent and happy human beings. These young lovers are enacting an idyl. In the midst of the tragedy their story is a poem in itself — an idyl amidst the harsh and dreadful noise of war and treason.

Nowhere more clearly than in this drama do we see how Schiller has changed since the days of "Don Carlos." Up to the time when he wrote "Carlos" the idealist was for Schiller a born pretender to the throne, if not actually the ruler of the world. The world now seems to be exclusively the dominion of the realists. The idealists form a secluded little community by themselves. Schiller emphasizes their unworldly character almost too much. His own

mental development explains this. Although he works with true devotion and takes pride in his new thought, in his clear insight into the actual affairs of life, still he cannot wholly dispense with characters of his earlier sort. Therefore the realists and the idealists stand side by side without closer relation in "Wallenstein."

Schiller had formerly wanted the pleasure of writing an idyl in the lofty style, and planned to depict the raising of Hercules to the rank of a god. He intended thus to express in poetical form the divine element of human life. This idyl he never wrote. In this drama he was able to bring out the same idea because the idyllic life was emphasized by contrast with the life of the world and thus a stronger light was thrown upon it.

However much Max and Thekla dwell in a world of their own, still they are closely connected with the events that are taking place about them. All the characters whom we have previously discussed were Wallenstein's creatures, but only by chance. And just so he was only important to them as the means whereby they might attain their own ends. But the lovers really belong to Wallenstein, not merely by chance, like the rest. Thekla is his own daughter and Max his son after the spirit. But they give him what none of the others do; namely, love. And he too gives them love, something which seems almost impossible to his nature, absorbed in

worldliness. In this case we see once more what held true of all the others — that they too mirror Wallenstein, but not like the others in a single trait, a single motive, a single thought. Instead of this partial image the whole of Wallenstein's nature is reflected, as it appears to those who love and believe in him and who see his whole character, either absolutely or in idealistic fashion. For these young idealists delight in his great power as a wonderful natural manifestation so long as they have not yet perceived its opposition to what is right. Let us see what a picture of the prince Max gives to Questenberg: "A powerful nature, depending solely on the oracle within his own breast, a horror to all small natures, awakening all the powers of his followers, his is the royal spirit of a born commander." This is what the idealist says of Wallenstein, — the idealist who wants nothing from him, who sees and understands him in the pure light of love. Max and Thekla glorify even the darker side of his nature. They alone feel some sympathy with his mystical faith in astrology. They understand his whole nature as their pure hearts believe it to be.

And only through them does Wallenstein become fully himself, so that at last we see his heart, which has hitherto remained almost hidden. Schiller remains true to his masterly plan of making the men in Wallenstein's circle the expression and image of the various traits of his mighty nature.

And we now see how deeply significant the love scenes are in connection with the whole plot of the work. The children of the two deadly enemies quite innocently fall in love with each other. The first thing that happens is that the young man loses the ideal in which he has believed and upon which his belief in the world was founded. This is the sad story of many a young man. After this terrible blow he finds himself alone with the hateful realities of life. But even this is not all. The innocent young lovers must atone for the guilt of their fathers with their own lives and happiness. The whole development goes on, regardless of them, and fate in its terrible indifference lays them low. The irrevocable loss of these innocent young lovers in their youth and beauty and purity is so wholly inevitable, and thus their fate is the more touching. The idyl becomes an elegy.

All this was founded upon Schiller's personal views—this contrast of the idealists and the realists, which completes the variety of human types. He portrays the fate that awaits such characters in the group that surrounds Wallenstein. Amongst the doings of Wallenstein and Octavio there is no room for those who are good and pure. Thus it is as if the light of a moral judgment was thrown on the deeds of these men, since there is no room for these beautiful and innocent young creatures who bring their light and warmth and brightness into

a cold world. Without them, without beauty, life grows chill and empty. Even those who, blinded by selfishness, seek but their own advantage, feel that. Again and again the bloom of beauty is rubbed off and destroyed in the hard events of real life, in which one will clashes against another, one purpose opposes another, and fate overwhelms mortals in their blindness. Thus Thekla's sad speech

“Such is the fate of beauty on the earth”

reflects Schiller's inmost opinion as well as the spirit of his drama. One should not fail to understand the powerful symbolic meaning of the indifferent onward rush of the regiment of cavalry. And again we find Schiller's deepest conviction expressed in Wallenstein's speech, in the following sorrowful lines, which are among the most beautiful things in German literature:

“All bloom is gone forever from my life,
And cold and colorless it stretches on.
And whatsoever I may strive for yet,
Beauty is gone and never will return.”

In Schiller's sense one might say that the whole tragic melancholy of restless human life lies in the fact that it has no place for beauty.

This invention brings us into the very center of Schiller's æsthetic philosophy of life. How much beauty meant to the men of his time! And how thoroughly they understood it! In the beautiful

character we find a heart that is at peace within itself, that is at one with itself and with all good, — we find the truth and the fullness of life, the final all for which we seek. This beautiful soul thus becomes the expression of our highest longings. For such a soul becomes a great poem, a work of art that rejoices in itself. This is why Schiller regarded the story of Max and Thekla as the most important part of the drama from the poetical point of view. It is this episode that brings the truly humane element into the piece. We comprehend at this point, where the ideas, so to speak, visibly crowd into the poem, that we have reached the crisis of the poet's creative labors.

It is instructive that modern objections are especially centered upon the scenes of Max and Thekla. These scenes, which seemed to Schiller to be the very thing that rounded out the work and made it a finished whole, so that without them it would have been but a crude, rough grouping of chance fragments, — these scenes often seem to modern readers a superfluous and tiresome addition, disagreeable, high flown, unnatural, and insupportable. If this view were correct Schiller must have failed to portray the lovers as real human beings. The whole effect would be merely shadowy or visionary.

But many people are unable to understand such absolutely uncompromising natures as Max. And yet there really are such natures. This reproach

does not apply to the poet. Then, too, our actors miss their mark and give Max a certain factitious emotional or even tearful tone, while his whole character — above all in his explanation with Wallenstein — should express force and manly determination. Thekla is precisely what we sometimes call a charming child. What Schiller needed here was to show the delightful and wholly natural combination of nobility of birth and nobility of character. It is true that the unreflective expression of feeling, the voice of nature, is not precisely easy to Schiller, the poet to whom we owe a new insight into life. Therefore it may well happen that they sometimes tell us rather what the poet thinks of them and their situation than what innocent young people might naturally say when they are first in love. Still the grandeur of the actual conception should not have been overlooked.

But many qualities of really great poetry have also been heedlessly passed over in these scenes. It is a skillful touch that portrays Max as thinking only of Thekla, as all love, all feeling, while Thekla has to be reasonable for both and keep her eyes open because of those around them. It is as if they had exchanged natures, he taking on that of a woman and she that of a man, because of their love which so blends their two beings that each enters into the feelings of the other. Love makes him grow weak, while she grows strong. He is despairing and

despondent, with the impatience of a man who wants to surmount all obstacles at once. But every fresh difficulty only rouses Thekla's indomitable courage — she is precisely a man's ideal of a loving woman, a heroic maiden. As a faithful and loving woman she nobly answers the Countess Terzky, who threatens her with her father's wrath:

Terzky. “Woulds't force thy father's sanction? know, my child,
Thy father's name is Friedland.

Thekla. So is mine!
In me his own true daughter he shall find.”

It is touching to see how Thekla's faith, so friendless in this world, turns to God with the true devotion of love which feels itself to be a marvel and is therefore ready to believe in marvels.

Max. “How shall we ever dwell in happiness?

Thekla. Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine?
Am I not thine? Within my soul there lives
A lofty courage. Love doth give it me. —
I ought to be less open and less free —
Conceal my heart from thee as custom will.
But who would ever speak the truth to thee,
If honesty dwelt not upon my tongue?
Now that we've found each other we shall dwell
Within each other's hearts eternally!
Believe me! This surpasses their consent.
Then let us keep our love within our hearts,
As if it were some sacred stolen thing.
From the high heaven it hath descended on us.
Our gratitude we owe to heaven alone.
God can work marvels for us at his will.”

This is truly great love poetry and it expresses the purity and tenderness of love as Schiller conceives it. One should not cut himself off from such poetry because of a few merely external peculiarities.

For the rest, what we see is the change in the feeling of the times. For, as Schiller wrote to Körner, at every performance of the play the especially poetic or lyric portions, by which he meant the story of the lovers, always produced the strongest impression. Perhaps, then, that portion was more colored by the special epoch than the rest of the drama!

We will now try to see how Max and Thekla, as they follow their own path, fulfill their own especial mission in the work. Thekla is quite unmoved by the innuendoes of the Countess Terzky, just as Max is quite unaffected by the intrigues of the General. But suddenly the light breaks through, and all at once the whole situation becomes clear to them, once more in two corresponding scenes. Max is enlightened by Octavio and Thekla by Terzky, and thus they come to realize the terribly confused situation which must immediately affect their relations to those they love, their welfare, their one object in life, their peace and happiness. As swift as lightning the certainty of some unheard-of but inevitable misfortune comes to them the moment they understand the state of things. Thus the action of the piece really turns upon Max

and Thekla and they throw the light of the ideal on the events.

A profoundly symbolic effect is produced by the announcement of Max's arrival in the midst of Wallenstein's great struggle. The voice of the right, the life with those who are pure, with those from whom he is about to part, makes its appeal precisely when he is seeking some way of escape (according to an older version), seeking for some friend. Perhaps the scales might yet be turned in favor of the right. But Max is sent away. Why? Because the Countess Terzky, who thinks of nothing but her own trivial intrigue, believes that he has come only on Thekla's account. This is a skillful touch — both tragic and ironical. Only after the decision has been reached is Max's word spoken — too late — in the powerful scene with Wallenstein which stands in a double relation to the previous development. Just as Octavio justifies himself to Max by referring to the aims for which one strives, so Wallenstein now explains his motives, but far more powerfully, because he is a more powerful nature. His views are not the comfortable *laissez faire* policy of worldly wisdom and worldly morals. Rather one might almost say that with full philosophical consciousness he gives voice to the realist's confession of faith. Realism and idealism here come into opposition with equal force, Wallenstein trusting in his still unbroken influence over Max, while Max has reached the decisive

moment of his development. He now speaks as a man and relies upon himself. Thus he is the only character in the whole piece who frees himself from Wallenstein completely and by his own conviction.

This scene stands equally in contrast with the explanation between Max and Octavio and the scene in which Terzky tries her persuasive wiles with Wallenstein. While Terzky emphasizes political motives and whatever might tend to exculpate Wallenstein, Max lays stress on moral principles and on whatever might tend to condemn him. The woman thinks only of the opinion of the world, the man of the judgment of God. It is as if the better soul of humanity condemned Wallenstein's undertakings as impious. In the action of the piece young Max stands once more for the voice of conscience.

The realist reckons with force, power, cleverness, and trickery. Life and self-assertion are everything. As to all final questions the idealist asks: Is this right? Ought it to be? Will God approve? And so in this case Max is prepared to endure anything, but there must be no treason. This is the everlasting opposition between ethics and politics which was first expressed in Plato's "Gorgias,"—which has become so prominent at the present day, nevermore to disappear. The whole struggle for a philosophy of life now finds its way into Schiller's poetry. His picture of life is completed by representing these opposite types of men.

In order to keep his heart pure Max parts from his father and from his fatherly friend. He breaks off all relations that have bound him to the world. He stands alone. And so he parts from Wallenstein completely, not like the others for any selfish aims, but simply because he is determined to remain good. The terrible feature of this great scene is that Wallenstein cannot in the least understand Max, because of the tragic chasm that divides mankind. He cannot understand the idealists' way. Something inevitable happens, something that he can neither believe in nor understand, though it takes hold of his very life. And what had thus far been a mishap now becomes a grief. The rest concerned at most his life. But this breaks his heart.

He cannot think of Max as separated from him.

“ . . . Dost thou belong
Unto thyself alone? Can'st rule thyself?
Thou'rt rooted in my heart. . . . That thou art mine
And dost obey me is an honor to thee.
As nature's very law am I to thee.”

This is another decisive point in Wallenstein's fall. Thus far we have seen merely outward events. They are now translated into the warfare of hearts.

The story of Max and Thekla now passes through its most important crisis. In the conflict of duties, through the shock of distressful emotion, they still maintain their moral purity. What has until now been a lovely gift of fortune becomes their own deed.

They grow from beautiful souls into sublime souls. Their pure and lasting confidence in each other appears most touchingly in the midst of all the confusion of treachery and suspicion. The beautiful trustfulness of their relation is complete when Max asks Thekla for her decision and hears her answer. For in a woman a man loves that inner unity of the heart which he himself lacks in the midst of his restless life. In her singleness of heart Thekla decides in favor of the right, whatever the sacrifice.

Since he is cast out by his father as well as by his friend, from the followers of the Emperor as well as from those of Wallenstein, and he belongs to no third group, there is no place left for him anywhere in the world. He is driven forth to die. The symbolism of Max and his fate is made fully clear to us: amongst the dealings of these men, in their environment, there was no place for the Good.

In highly symbolic fashion the tragedy draws to its close. With supernatural power the dead lover draws Wallenstein's daughter to him, and so the last light that shone for Wallenstein is quenched. Desolation surrounds him. Then, with the news of the victory over Max, he seems to meet with new success, but this is actually the immediate cause of his death. He had not been able to follow the voice of the right and had given himself up to the blind powers of fate. And now blindly they rule him. Yes, he himself belongs to the terrible powers that destroy the

beautiful and the good. He falls as one under the judgment of God, and the meaning of his whole life is fulfilled in the loneliness of his end.

In a similar way, but on a lower plane, the tragic irony of Octavio's life is fulfilled by Max' death. The proper reward of his deeds is that he receives the title of Prince, — the proper reward, that is, from his point of view. But yet he has lost his son, for whose sake alone the new rank of the family could be significant. The empty name is now his penalty. Nemesis rules to the end.

Here we may at last see how mightily the poet's inventiveness controlled his materials. We see all the individual types and in them the striking truthfulness of the manifold relations that are portrayed with such genuine realism. All the types are united in the principal character. And this character is only completed in his relation to Max and Thekla, who are nearer to him than any others, and yet so widely sundered from him. The result is that these people each produce an individual impression, and yet, taken together, they form a picture of all humanity. How sure was Schiller's philosophical insight into life; how well he knew what human tendencies go to make up the totality of human nature; how mighty was the power of invention needed in order to give to this idea of humanity a living presence.

6. THE TRAGIC MOTIVE

All that we have thus far said refers only to the poetical material. The question still remains, by what means this material is made into a tragedy. Evidently a great catastrophe is in question, — a catastrophe involving the whole world that depends upon the hero. The catastrophe as such is not in itself tragic. It becomes a tragedy by showing us life itself as a great and terrible thing. Schiller accomplishes this result by the deeply ironical turn that he gives to the events. For wisdom is put to shame by the overwhelming power of fate, and a great and skillful man is made to realize how helpless he is in the presence of the powers that control our lives. And in fact the farther fate is from him the more he dreads it. The nearer it comes the more confident he grows, until he is finally struck down in his false security and his death bears witness that in this life a fate that is beyond all comprehension hangs over us always and everywhere. The hero's false confidence, followed by his downfall, brings before us the dreadfulness and the might of life. As we see this might face to face, the feeling of sublimity also stirs us. And through this lofty emotion we feel ourselves uplifted.

Thus "Wallenstein" expresses one of those fatal tragic motives which not merely control life, but are life and constitute its essence. Schiller as a tragedian

takes life as a whole, life with all its fateful elements, as the subject of his picture. This is the same goal as that toward which Schiller as a philosopher has long been striving. In his essay "On the Sublime" he speaks — in a passage to which we have already referred — of the great powers of fate which tragedy must show us face to face, scorning all weak subterfuges, in order to call forth in us the feeling for the "sublime." In the same article he states the tragic idea on which "Wallenstein" is founded. "To such an understanding we are helped by the grandly terrible spectacle of changes that destroy and create and again destroy. We are helped by the pathetic picture of humanity struggling with fate, by the inevitable flight of happiness, by security betrayed, by injustice triumphant and innocence abused, which history shows us so abundantly and the art of tragedy imitates before our eyes." His idea of the office of tragedy is also contained in a letter that he wrote to Süvern, referring to "Wallenstein": "Beauty is suited for a happy race. We must try to touch the feelings of an unhappy race through the sublime." Turning away from all "idealizing," from all beautifying of his material, he considers the harsh truth of things to be the whole subject of tragedy. He expresses this truth by means of those tragic ideas that we do not read into life, but that we gain from life. In so far he is dealing with ideas, but now as a

pure artist, and thus he becomes both a tragedian and a poet of ideas.

7. THE FORM OF THE TRAGEDY AS A WHOLE

The view that we have now gained of the poet's leading idea is needed in order to define the principal artistic task that lies before him. For this leading idea is not merely to be understood; it is also to receive a living presentation. From the whole plan and development of the picture the fateful idea of confidence betrayed is to be brought directly before our eyes. Thus Schiller's chief task lies in the shaping of the whole. Just when Wallenstein least suspects it, fate must be slowly drawing near, creeping silently, imperceptibly. It must rise close behind him precisely when he is about to act. Fate finally surrounds him on all sides, visible to all but him, while he in his tragic blindness is more and more confident that all is well. And so fate must strike him down just when he is wholly unsuspecting. All this must be represented in a lifelike way as if unintentionally, and it must seem convincing. These are the requirements of the work as a whole, the first and last requirements for Schiller. And therefore we shall now fully understand "Wallenstein" if we cast a final glance over the work as a whole.

In thus viewing the piece we must take it as one connected five-act drama, and not as a trilogy, or a two-part tragedy as we might call it if we dis-

regarded the introductory piece. In the first as in the final arrangement, it was divided merely because of external considerations. At one time two of the acts were joined with "The Piccolomini." And still another arrangement was attempted. Finally Schiller returned to his first arrangement. In this respect the arrangement was determined merely by considerations of space. According to its essential character "Wallenstein" is a single five-act tragedy.

Until the climax is reached the sole purpose of the plan is to bring about a situation which predetermines the destruction of the hero without his knowledge. The first act, which contains the exposition, includes the first two acts of the present "Piccolomini" and gives the situation: the turbulent troop of soldiers, the opposition of the court, whose special tool is Octavio; Wallenstein, with his family and with his troops, oppressed by many cares. All this culminates in the audience scene, in which the situation becomes perfectly clear. Wallenstein is the central figure in a world that is full of self-will and self-seeking—Wallenstein with his superb pride and audacity. The court seems almost powerless against him. The whole is gathered together in one expressive moment. Thus amidst this wealth of characters we see the hero in all his power, though it is already threatened. And we also see the whole development that has built up this power.

The second act comprises acts three and four of the present "Piccolomini." It carries the action a little further by means of tricky intrigues. There is an intimate connection between the corresponding scenes that contain the intrigue of the Countess Terzky with Max and of Illo with the Generals. Here for the first time the course of fate begins to turn. The apparent furthering of Wallenstein's plans proves to be deceptive. What seems to be done for him is in reality directed against him. And then too the action passes more to the internal world. We see how the different kinds of people feel toward Wallenstein, the idealists loving him truly, while the realists feel but the wild confusion of their selfish aims. All this is painted in the strongest and boldest colors. Taking the act as a unity, the greatest effect would lie in the contrast between the lively and striking picture of the banquet and the gentle tenderness of the lovers. It is a very delicate touch that shows how the lovers' spirits fall with the first premonition of the sad situation of affairs. It is as if these young people, who are the very heart of the whole action, already felt an evil fate hanging over them. In these acts the outward events make but little progress. What is gained is a translation of the previous external action into the language of the inner life.

The third act of the whole piece could be made to begin with the fifth act of "The Piccolomini" in

Octavio's house, and it might end with the third scene of the second act of "Wallenstein's Death." This is the scene that contains Wallenstein's long speech about the mystic beginning of his friendship with Octavio. And now the characters of the two great enemies come into strong contrast. Octavio comes first. He already has in his hands the sealed paper that means the ruin of the Prince. The first premonition of all the dreadful consequences that are to come is expressed by the sorrow of Max.

Fate is on the alert, and against this tragic background we see Wallenstein's struggle. With German thoroughness this mental struggle for a decision is described. While Wallenstein is trying to draw faith and courage from the stars, the news comes that he must act. The secret agent Sesin has been captured. It is in accordance with the habits of Schiller and of his times that all Wallenstein's ponderings for and against are confided to the audience, especially in the hero's monologue. Goethe called this monologue the "axis" of the whole piece. Wallenstein must now come to the decision that he has thus far left open as a last possibility. This decision is as a fate that overshadows his life, and fateful, hostile, and irresistible powers lurk therein. Wallenstein knows so well the double meaning of life that deceives us. He is now forced to experience this himself. His soul is full of tragic forebodings.

It is a very delicate touch, quite in keeping with the sensibility of the eighteenth century, that shows Wallenstein shrinking yet once more from the real state of affairs, when he feels in his conversation with the Swedish captain that his final decision must rob him of his liberty. In this interview we see the striking historical contrast between Sweden, struggling for its faith and for its native land, and these men without a country, these adventurers from God knows where, without whom an enterprise like Wallenstein's is impossible. May not some of his own people in their loyalty to the Emperor turn against him? Illo and Terzky can do nothing with him, but the Countess Terzky entices him on. If he means to keep his faith, has the Emperor kept faith? If he wants to show his gratitude, have the others deserved it? Moral relations had never been in question, but only expediency, personal advancement, and selfish aims.

And so his life is at stake and he acts. And this is the decisive moment. Wallenstein begins by sending away Octavio, — his most trusted friend, who is in reality his betrayer, — to induce the foreign regiments to remain faithful, the very regiments that Octavio was drawing away from him. At this moment his downfall becomes sure. From this time on we see ever more clearly the ironical fulfillment of that grim justice whereby the betrayer falls through the treason that he has himself stirred

up. A kind of reaction against Wallenstein already seems to begin with the warning uttered by Max — a striking sequel of the General's inward struggle, in which one philosophy contends with another. In this interview Wallenstein's undertaking is brought face to face with moral ideals. We feel that Wallenstein is going to lose his only true friend if he persists in his intentions. But still he lulls himself in his false security. He is wholly at the mercy of his fate, wholly in the hands of Octavio, and yet his last word in this act is one of the fullest confidence in him. And how irrational is this confidence, — founded as it was upon some incomprehensible mystic caprice. The climax of the work is by this time saturated with bitter irony.

This act shows the great man in the stress of life. Because of the rounded completeness gained by beginning and ending the act with Octavio, because of the inner unity of the artistic thought, such an arrangement of the act would seem fitting. For thus the climax of the drama, the fateful decision, with all the motives that belong to it, stands out in bold relief.

In this third act the hero constantly becomes more and more aware of his situation. Events are thus translated into thoughts, and this makes the whole act so critical for the play. For up to this point the whole situation had had to take shape while Wallenstein took scarcely any part in the action. With

all his wealth of thoughts he might easily appear as one who talks instead of acting, and such a character would not do at all for Wallenstein. Reproaches of this sort have not been lacking.

“Bold are these words, because they are not deeds.”

What a confession of a miserable braggart, one might say. But one has only to think of Wallenstein in the audience scene of “The Piccolomini.” In that scene he is certainly no loud-mouthed boaster, and yet because he feels his own power and the blamelessness of his intentions, he expresses himself too boldly.

“Faith is to man like love amongst near friends.”

How charmingly pious this is! But that is not the thought. The statement expresses the weighing of the political powers that come into play. Finally Terzky induces him to act. His yielding to her persuasions seems unworthy of a man and of a general. But she only expresses the motives that already exist in Wallenstein’s own nature. Indeed it is he himself speaking in the form of this woman, and he but hears the demon he has called forth. This is really the most critical point of all for an actor. Wallenstein must be represented throughout these comments as a very lonely man, retired within himself and given up to secret ponderings. The effect cannot be made gloomy and lonely enough. In fact

this is a great difficulty for Schiller, with whom all is light and bright.

The fourth act, which according to the present division extends to the close of the third act of "The Death of Wallenstein," contains the whole revolt against Wallenstein, a perfect flood of fatalities, as it were. Octavio gains Isolan and Butler, while he loses Max. Wallenstein is completely surprised and almost overwhelmed when he perceives that the friend whom he had loved so blindly is his betrayer. But he immediately recovers himself with a great effort, for the first despairing fight for life. Butler, the man of action, now stands beside him as his evil genius, instead of Octavio the diplomat. And now the blows fall unceasingly. The best regiment, Piccolomini's cuirassiers, are induced by Butler to desert him. He parts from Max, losing touch with all that is noble, and his heart is heavy with sorrow.

The last act, that brings the end, is wholly dominated by Butler. He begins it. This act is marked by an increasing wealth of purely tragic effect that far surpasses even the closing act of "Love and Intrigue." This effect comes from the hero's "security betrayed." Everything resembling good fortune only serves to hasten the catastrophe. At last the harbingers of disaster crowd together. But he who has always been listening for a message cannot hear now, when everything has a tongue.

His daughter is lost, and all go to ruin with him, from Lady Terzky, who understood him better than anyone, down to the groom of the chamber.

And so crime follows crime, as a necessary consequence of an evil beginning. Butler, the only real man concerned, takes the whole responsibility on himself. The worldling Octavio, upon whom the burden falls, declares that he is not to blame. And, life being what it is, amidst the downfall of a world full of force and nobility he receives his wretched little title as a reward quite suited to his worldly nature. Thus all ends as a cruel, tragic mockery.

The development of the drama is thus dominated by the tragic idea. What was still lacking in "Love and Intrigue" has now been attained. The artistic thought is as true and genuine as the dramatic language is finished. Life itself is represented, with all its tragic import. Schiller is now free from the last traces of the agitator and has become purely an artist, in the province of the drama as well as in other forms of art.

8. THE ARTISTIC MEANS EMPLOYED

As a pure artist Schiller adapts his means of expression to the thought that we have now traced. Throughout the whole presentation the inevitable necessity of all the events of life appears in tragic fashion. The later acts contain merely the develop-

ment of what was already begun, being thus ready in advance. Schiller himself said that from the climax on the work was merely a question of unraveling. The play of "Wallenstein" is another tragic analysis. The hero's ruin has been prepared before the climax and is unraveled after it.

For this analysis Schiller needs suitable artistic devices. When the tangled skein is about to be unraveled we no longer see the vast number of characters involved in the action. The whole interest is then centered upon the few figures who really bring the events to pass; first upon Wallenstein and Octavio and then upon Wallenstein and Butler. In fact this arrangement of the characters produces the fitting coloring as the group of personages grows smaller. When the Generals are present in the banquet scene we have a perfect carnival of color, in contrast with the gloomy black armor of the solitary Butler, who controls the last act. And so, too, the characters are shaded according to a scale of color that corresponds to each stage of the action. These gradations run from Questenberg, the Ambassador of the Court, with whom Wallenstein deals at the beginning, to the commonplace Burgomaster of Eger, with whom he deals at the end; from Max to Gordon, from the General to the assassins. The characters that appear have their place in Schiller's imagination with reference to the necessity of each action and mood. This fashion

of displaying the mood of the action is analogous to that of Shakespeare, who makes all nature add its voice to the expression of great passion. But while Shakespeare always aims at breadth, Schiller aims at concentration and simplicity.

Since the whole fatality is brought about by the hero's false security, an artistic device that Aristotle in his narrower sense called *peripetia*, is frequently used and is well adapted to the action. This device consists of changing the expected result into its very opposite. The influence of fate is thus made manifest. This is the case throughout the intrigues and also at the crucial moment, when Wallenstein is ruined by sending Octavio away, — a plan by which he had expected to conquer. The *peripetia* is the analysis itself, at its most expressive moments. Thus a deep irony enters into the action.

This irony finally determines the choice of words when the hero, again and again betrayed, but still blinded by his mistaken confidence, unconsciously speaks the truth. For he calls Butler his evil genius. And if he really understood Butler's purposes so, he would have been saved. And again this irony appears when the hero says that he means to sleep long. But he sinks into the endless sleep of death. Then, too, Butler promises Terzky and Illo, who importune him, that he will come at the right time, — and he does come at the right time to slay them. The whole language, like Sophocles'

“King *Œdipus*,” is and should be full of tragic irony, because the tragic thought itself is ironical. Thus the same spirit reigns throughout, — a spirit that is clearly aware of its artistic task.

9. SCHILLER'S MATURE STYLE

We will now, in a few words, describe the principal traits of Schiller's mature dramatic art, which form the new type of Germanic tragedy. We will contrast this new form with the forms characteristic of Schiller's predecessors.

Schiller finds in all life the material for his tragic portrayal. In the mature works of our poet the hero of his tragedy is not a single character, and in that character one special kind of human being, but life itself, inasmuch as it is a terrible thing and sublime as well as terrible. It is life that rules over men, and in it all the powers of fate are linked.

While Schiller has become the poet of the tragic and fateful aspects of life, he ought still to be regarded as a poet of ideas. But these are no longer the ideas of the day, in which Schiller interested himself as an agitator. They are eternal ideals, connected with the nature of life in and for itself, ideals that reveal life in all its tragic import. In this sense the poet regards life from the purely artistic point of view. He certainly does not seek to produce his effects by means of abstract ideas, of significant reflections, by the rhetorical effect of impressive phrases. No, as

an artist in the fullest sense of the word he seeks to represent life as it is, terrible in itself and moving to the beholder.

The idea takes form as a complete picture of life. It is not true that Schiller merely adds his thoughts externally to the subject matter. On the contrary the completeness of his mind, at once thoughtful and intuitive, lies in the fact that with him an idea at once becomes a picture and the picture expresses the idea. With him the idea and the picture are wholly united. He thought that for him as a poet all life ought to be at once pictures and ideas, both being equally important, and that hereby all life should, for him, be translated into tragedy. It is not simply his understanding that discusses life, but life itself that is expressed in tragic form. There is a wealth of life in Schiller's tragedy because of all the military and political movements that are represented. It is no small task to produce a real and convincing effect with this material. It is not by mere chance that the poet's mature drama is historical. Schiller has a real talent for such portrayal. He becomes the poet of great historical events. For while often in dramas the kings, statesmen, generals, and fine ladies are only theatrical kings and so forth, Schiller always makes them real kings, statesmen, and generals. In his works the great concerns of the world are real and living.

Thus his drama gains an unsuspected wealth of realistic representation, and his former limits are notably extended. But as at the first, so he still considers humanity as a whole to be his topic; especially because of the fundamental idea that life is the same for all and that fate is fulfilled in every case alike. But with the care of a true artist Schiller tries to make his picture of life complete, in order that universal humanity may play its part. According to his idea, poetry should be a complete expression of human life. In "Wallenstein" we find this conception in an unusual form. For Schiller, as if simply for the sake of illustration, brings before us the realistic and the idealistic types of men. As a result, however, it is as if the total consciousness of humanity were experiencing the events of his play. Here, too, the characteristics of the poet's youth are continued in a very surprising way. No longer, as in "The Robbers," is the moral order the theme of the piece, nor, as in "Carlos," is the future of mankind in question. But humanity in its wholeness is still presented in its conflict with fate. The poet no longer preaches either for the sake of amending or inspiring the hearer, but he has retained and completed what was deepest in his thought.

Since in his characters and plots he expresses life itself in its tragic aspects, it follows that he tends more strongly to symbolism than to characterization. He aims to give the sense and meaning of the

great and universal laws of life, rather than the individuality of separate personages, with their rich and wonderful variations. Thus we see before us a wholly new poet, of a distinct artistic type, and yet he is merely carrying out the tendencies of his youth. He is the creator of a new form of tragedy.

10. SCHILLER'S RELATION TO SHAKESPEARE, GOETHE, AND THE GREEKS

One needs only to mention these traits in order to realize how Schiller differs from Shakespeare. For in his dramas of passion, individuality, and character Shakespeare aims as exclusively at characterization as Schiller at symbolism. In Schiller and his tendency toward fundamental ideas one sees how mankind has become more self-contained, lacking a certain spontaneous expansiveness, but gaining in depth of feeling. Schiller knows how to portray the great struggle of men with fate, because he clearly understands what could bring them peace, because he knows their goal. He does not always connect this idea with the action so directly as in the character of Max. But he sees before him the image of a man who does not go astray in the pursuit of merely outward ends, but preserves the inner unity of his proud and strong heart, which means liberty. The consciousness of a freedom that is above all worldly honor or treasure, the spirit of true moral conviction, speaks in Schiller's poem.

Whatever suffering we witness, this spirit helps us to keep an æsthetic freedom of contemplation and to realize the noble and inspiring mind of Schiller himself, while with his powerful touch he places before us life in all its dreadful reality.

Another advantage on Schiller's side is his greater and more conscious art, which aims at concentration. In productive power and the marvelous wealth of genius Schiller certainly ranks below Shakespeare. But in his case the dramatic art itself has been enlarged by the addition of a perfect type of artistic workmanship which is solely Schiller's own creation. What some have sought to deny is nevertheless indubitable. Schiller himself is face to face with real life and sees its tragedy, eternal and unchanging. An enormous amount of thoughtful work he has done, but it is wholly transformed into artistic life. It is one of the charms of "Wallenstein" that we too experience this difficult transition, and now and then perhaps we still feel that abstract thought has left too many traces.

Schiller differs from Goethe in directing his energy toward tragic motives alone, with conscious and intentional one-sidedness. With a sort of violence, so to speak, he emphasizes the tragic in a fashion that demands intense dramatic effects and that finds expression only on the stage. His is the strenuous temperament of the man who compels life to express his will. On the other hand Goethe

dwells more in the contemplation of the vast and lawful processes of nature. To these his feelings are attuned. He is at once lyric and epic poet. And even in his dramas, in which there is no lack of the note of deep tragedy, he still remains master of a pure poetic power, in comparison with which Schiller's world seems labored. Yet we seek in vain in Goethe for the art which first sees, as it were, in their tragic unity, the lives of a whole world of men and then so prepares the catastrophe to which this united life leads, that all becomes for us a present, an absolutely inevitable and irresistible necessity, so that no other event seems to us conceivable. Although some of the principal scenes of "Faust" are the most powerful pieces of dramatic writing that we possess in German, yet there is a total lack of the instinctive attainment of scenic unity. There is no simplification of the whole so as to form one comprehensive action, — an action of such sort that the catastrophe could be surmised from the beginning. "Götz von Berlichingen," with all its incomparable poetic freshness, has not got beyond the limits of dramatized narrative. Goethe's other dramas are meant to appeal to the most intimate sympathy. They are poetical confessions intended for a few highly cultivated readers, and therefore could not interfere at all with Schiller's reputation as the founder of an especially national German drama. For such a drama, although it expresses the highest cultivation,

still, through its compelling power, draws all men together and unites them into one people. Schiller's dramas proved to possess this power.

Schiller's relation to Greek tragedy probably seemed to him the most important. To speak of details, "Agamemnon" seems to have furnished the model for the last act. As the ox goes to the slaughter, both Agamemnon and Wallenstein go to their death without suspicion. Even the red tapestry in which Wallenstein's body is carried was taken from "Agamemnon." The conscious dependence upon Sophocles' "King Œdipus" is plainly to be seen in that form of tragic analysis according to which all the events are but the inevitable development of what is present from the outset; only that in the wealth of material that "Wallenstein" contains, this artistic device is half smothered, and therefore cannot produce the same effect. So, too, the effective means of peripetia and tragic irony, which belong to the tragic analysis, come from the same source.

Schiller's indebtedness to the spirit of the antique tragedy is especially shown by his taking over the idea of fate. But yet the consciousness of modern times appears together with this dependence upon the older model. By fate Schiller means the tragic necessity of the relations of life. This is one of the underlying ideas of his personal philosophy. In this respect he is far from a slavish imitation of the

ancients. And herewith we come to what constitutes the most essential point of the comparison. For Schiller as for the Greeks, all life, and especially the frailty of the individual life in its audacity, forms the subject of tragedy. But Sophocles represents human life as a frail thing in the hands of the mysterious gods, while Schiller represents this frailty according to the actual nature of life. And herein lies the second point of resemblance. Both views presuppose the moral order as something absolute. But by the Greeks this moral order was conceived as the actual will of the gods, while Schiller viewed it as the eternal moral idea itself. And thus we can comprehend his true relation to antique tragedy. The latter expresses in finished artistic form a fundamental idea analogous to that of Schiller. In any case Schiller is expressing his own nature. There is no mere external imitation. There is an original creation and no mere reproduction. Too many have viewed these matters very superficially.

That which reminds us of the antique is with Schiller in fact thoroughly modern. Another feature of his art is also modern; namely, that together with his tragic idea he brings a world, a universe into play — as, for instance, the whole military and political life in “Wallenstein.” The sphere of action is immeasurably widened. Just as when, compared with Shakespeare, Schiller seems nearer to the Greeks by virtue of his concentration and, if one

chooses, by virtue of his interest in leading ideas, so on the other hand, when compared with the Greeks, he seems nearer to Shakespeare by virtue of the manifold and universal nature of the life that he depicts. Thus Schiller sought to produce in his own self-made style a unity of Shakespearean and Hellenic traits.

He deserves to be esteemed for what he really is, — a new and independent exponent of high tragedy, who fulfills only his own laws. And his tragedies ought to be regarded as original, as existing in and for themselves, just as much as do the great forms of the past. Nothing could be more stupid than the ever-repeated device of comparing Schiller unfavorably with Shakespeare. He is neither Shakespeare nor his younger brother, but although belonging to the same Germanic family, his origin is within himself and he is a law unto himself. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that he has been so much imitated in Germany, because, as a unique manifestation, he depended so entirely upon his own great nature. No one could be more individual in type or more inimitable than he. In any case, no one ought to judge him who does not thoroughly understand him. Otto Ludwig, in his "Shakespeare Studies," is the worst example of one who misunderstands Schiller through being quite blinded by Shakespeare. Such an instance should suffice. Not without pain do we read these attacks made with such

assurance — attacks which lack even the rudiments of an understanding of Schiller's works, which compare everything in the most superficial way with the Shakespearean standard, while even from this point of view no very fine artistic considerations come to light. Ludwig's studies may lead astray many a head that cannot do its own thinking. In the presence of any real understanding of Schiller they will fall to pieces of their own accord.

Shakespeare is great and Goethe is great, but Goethe does not stand for all poetry, nor Shakespeare for all tragedy, nor even for all Germanic poetry or tragedy. We should learn something even from the fact that Ludwig could not understand Schiller at all. A poet may be very popular and yet he may be as little understood as he is well known. In the criticism of poetry there can be no greater folly than those everlasting declarations "for and against," for Goethe and against Schiller, for Shakespeare and against Schiller. Schiller enlarged the very conception of poetry by means of his new and grander form. By refusing to admit this, one can only impoverish his own life. Whoever feels responsible for our artistic education, for the relation of our nation to our great poetry, should aim to place Goethe and Schiller side by side in the estimation of the enlightened, who should learn to appreciate their vast differences and to respect the independent

merits of each. A people who have inherited such treasures have not the right willfully to diminish their own enjoyment of them. Only Goethe and Schiller together can fill out the whole scope of the nation's endowments.

SECTION II

FROM "WALLENSTEIN" TO THE END

CHAPTER I

"MARIA STUART"

THE second performance of "Wallenstein" in Weimar took place on the twenty-second of April, 1799. Schiller returned to Jena on the twenty-fifth of April and as early as the twenty-sixth he noted in his journal: "Began the study of Mary Stuart's history." The interval before the beginning of the actual work is short. As early as the fourth of June the entry is: "Began work on 'Maria.'" On the twenty-fourth of July the first act was finished and on the twenty-fifth the second was begun. This act was completed on August twenty-sixth and the beginning of the third act followed on the twenty-seventh.

Now, to be sure, there was a pause. On the thirtieth of September he recorded: "Went to work again on 'Maria.'" Then came a sad interruption — Lotte became very ill after the birth of their third child. As soon as she was somewhat recovered the Schillers removed to Weimar, on the third of December, 1799. We all know the unavoidable distractions that go

with moving to a new place. Nevertheless, for the sake of doing something, Schiller took up his work upon *Macbeth*. What we are obliged to tell again and again, happened at this time also. A severe illness of the poet's, a sort of persistent fever, intervened. In this way four weeks were entirely lost. His convalescence was slow. One could see how he actually had to force himself back to his former work.

On the eleventh of May, 1800, he entered in his journal: "I have had the actors here and have read them four acts of '*Maria Stuart*.'" But in order to master the fifth, for which he needed to be in exactly the right mood, he went to Ettersburg, where he could be quite alone, and began work on May sixteenth. On the twenty-third of May, during a return of two days to Weimar, he gave a trial reading of the first four acts. On the second of June he returned once more from Ettersburg to Weimar. On the ninth he was able to note in his journal: "'*Maria Stuart*' finished." On the fourteenth of June the drama was played in Weimar for the first time and on the sixteenth for the second time.

Unavoidable interruptions occurred here also. On the other hand, what a striking advance in comparison with "*Wallenstein*"! None of the lengthy pondering, the toilsome shaping of material, the profound study, the consciously artful marshaling of his poetical devices. As Schiller himself wrote

to Körner, he had learned his trade during the writing of "Wallenstein." Seven and a half months had passed between the first conception of the work and its completion.

The union of reflective and creative work that filled this period included efforts too intense for us to be able to follow them in detail. And so the collected letters of this time give us far fewer indications of Schiller's inner development and far less knowledge of his drama than in the case of "Wallenstein." Really only two or three remarks give us food for reflection, and should be noted for the sake of a better understanding. Schiller wrote to Iffland on June 22, 1800, about his two queens, that it meant everything to him that Elizabeth should appear in the piece as still a young woman, who can claim attention as such. Mary is about twenty-five years old, Elizabeth thirty at most. A note to Goethe at this time brings us into the midst of the thoughts that were in the artist's mind as the form of his work dawned upon him. This note¹ belongs to the very beginning of the work. He is more and more convinced, he says, that his material is essentially tragic, "and so it is peculiarly fitting that one should feel the catastrophe even in the first scene, and while the treatment of the drama seems to lead further away from it, still the tragedy must be drawing nearer and nearer." In the same connection he

¹June 18, 1799.

speaks the decisive word about his heroine: "My Mary will arouse no tender mood. That is not my purpose. I want to regard her always as a physical fact. There will be pathos, but it must be universally moving rather than due to personal and individual sympathy. Mary feels no tenderness and arouses none. Her fate is to experience and to kindle great passions. Her nurse alone feels tenderly towards her."

These are the scanty guides that Schiller gives us. For the rest we must depend upon the work itself to show us what an artist the poet had become through the creation of "Wallenstein."

1. THE TRAGIC MOTIVE

Life itself was the hero of his tragedy, life in its fullness, sublime because it is terrible. In bringing before our eyes the struggle of humanity with fate, the tragedy shows us as in a picture the relentless flight of happiness, confidence abused, injustice triumphant, and innocence betrayed. In short, all the elements of tragedy among which we pass our lives.

In "Wallenstein" the tragic motive came to light laboriously and with difficulty out of the wealth of the material. And it always seemed as if, in order to grasp it, one had to make a certain reflective effort. In "Maria Stuart" the tragic motive appears in its greatness and simplicity. Nor is it a thought that sweeps over us suddenly for the first time. It

is the simple thought that shows every human life as something stamped with the seal of fate — the thought that makes life a difficult, great, and holy thing. It is the thought of death.

Man is a being who wills. He ought never to succumb to blind force. All submission to blind force is repugnant to his inmost being, to the power and freedom of his will. But there is death, awaiting us all — a force to which we must succumb, against which nothing can avail. This one terrible thing that must always conquer man, though he never endures it willingly, follows most people like a ghost and gives them over to the blind terrors of fancy. Here if anywhere life itself is in the power of forces that master it. For this reason a poem of death is more than any other a poem of our common human fate, of life as a tragedy.

What we mean is not simply that the life of the heroine finally comes to an end like every other. That of course happens in most tragedies. But in this drama the death of the Queen is the central idea. From the first scene to the last everything hangs on the one question: Is she to live or die? All the personages in the play are thinking of this question alone. Their actions are entirely controlled by their view of this one point. The whole picture is shadowed by the thought of death.

With what a firm touch the poet displays the purely human interest over against the whole

historical background! So completely secondary is the merely historical element to him that we plainly see that he merely regards it in its relation to the human story. He stands before life itself and grasps it, as in its very essence a tragedy.

2. MARY; AND THE FUNDAMENTAL PLAN OF THE PLAY

The idea of the work is in itself nothing. If it does not illuminate life in its reality, if by its light we cannot see the very innermost soul of these human beings, then the idea is but a dead thing for poetical uses. But if it is to inspire the tragedy, it must be translated into events through which it can speak directly to us. Herein Schiller finds his true dramatic motive. The action must flow from the very heart of the situation. As if with sorrowful conviction it must picture to us the eternal falsity of life. The very impulses that constitute the longing for life must lead to death.

This is the meaning of what the poet wrote to Goethe, that the catastrophe is present even in the first scene, and even while the action seems to be moving away from it, still it is always coming nearer and nearer. Herein lies the explanation of every trait and of its poetic necessity, of every personage, of every scene in "Maria Stuart" as Schiller saw and represented it.

We understand the introduction of the chief character. With great power the poet so treated

her, even in the first scene, that the meaning and importance of the whole struggle that goes on around her is self-evident. There is to be a struggle for life. For whose life then? Mary herself tells us when we have been prepared by our sympathy with this deeply humiliated woman, who has been so great and brilliant and who now in her narrow cell is denied even the most ordinary human wish. It is a notable life that is in question. Uncertain destinies flicker about her, as about so many human lives. Thus Mary appeals to us from her past as a creature of demonic fate. Her path had led through blood, passion, and ruin. She had aroused and given the wildest love, she had drained the cup of joy even to ecstasy, and then, according to the whim of the moment, had handed it in its full sweetness, or mingled with poison, to those whom she had first lured on and then repulsed. She had had the most illustrious men at her feet and then had sent them to their death. So far we see a mere physical existence in its wild desires and delights and in its self-destruction.

But from all this natural delight Mary the human being has gained but bitterness. Her moral nature has been awakened by the terrible reverse of her worldly fortune. Repentance is the undertone of her whole life. She has come to full consciousness and has found herself. The tones cannot be painted dark enough in her scene with Kennedy. This is

the outcome of her whole life, the deep sorrow, the endless regret.

The poet accomplishes a wonderful thing for his drama by the simple contrasting of her past self and her present self. Mary knows that she is guilty before God and eternal justice. But all the more does she feel herself innocent before her judges of this world, and especially of England, whose judgment is forced upon her. There is in England no court of justice for a free queen of Scotland. Even if a thousand times over she sees the avenging hand of God in the misfortunes that overtake her, yet she must struggle against the prosecution that the peers force upon her as against a brutal violence with which she is assailed. It is not justice that is in question, but rather a case of "might makes right."

Thus the whole action is taken out of the province of the external and historical process of law and is brought before the eternal court and into the presence of the moral law itself, before which we are neither kings nor lords, but only men. Such a strife appeals to our simple human feelings. From the height where Mary's powerful nature stands in the security of her own consciousness, her prosecution seems from the first a contemptible comedy. But the eternal thought of justice, the Queen's real moral consciousness, shines out triumphantly through all. And before this eternal justice Mary is equally innocent and guilty.

The notable progress made since "Wallenstein" is especially seen in this feature. In "Wallenstein" the idealistic motive appears in the episode of Max and Thekla over and above the realistic action. And thus the idealistic motive introduces as from without the judgment of the moral law, however much the poet interwove the various motives by means of almost too many complicated links. In "Maria Stuart" everything centers in the heroine herself. While she is the center and the object of the whole action, she also brings, in and through herself, the immovable idea of eternal justice into the work. The unification of the two worlds is accomplished.

But still we have not yet spoken the last word about Mary's nature. She is to stand before us like life itself. Schiller contrasts life on the one hand with the ideal on the other, as the physical is contrasted with the moral, the sensual with the spiritual. Mary's life was one of desires and pleasures. This is what Schiller understands by "life," the endless lures and enticements of the senses, desire that dies in fulfillment, enjoyment that changes into fresh desire. Life is the eternal Eve and tempts us with the apple. In Mary, Schiller shows life in all its sweetness, in all its fullness, in the form of a beautiful, bewitching, and yielding woman. For woman is the incentive of life. The character of the Queen impresses us as being almost symbolic in its signifi-

cance. Once more the great charm of life streams from her, enwraps her in its glow, and then from the magic charm of life itself comes death.

Even to the grouping of the principal scenes, everything follows with unavoidable necessity from Schiller's leading idea. Death is the force before which our physical powers fail. Unless we are wholly to lose the dignity of our human existence and the power of that will that is our very essence, we must ourselves will what we cannot avoid. We suffer death with calm dignity, as if it were of our own free will. We open that door, which everyone would gladly avoid, as if it were our last great deed, our noblest triumph. And nothing shows more plainly that we are above crude nature, nothing shows more clearly the pure spirituality of our whole being with its power of triumphing over nature, than that we can express the freedom of our resolute souls even when nature is being destroyed.

If "Maria Stuart" is to leave us with any other impression than the painful one of physical destruction, then we must end with the picture of the courageous soul which has at last found itself in its spiritual purity. Therewith the last phase of the whole development is predetermined, but with this last phase all the intermediate steps. We begin with a preliminary phase of forced resignation. Now follow these three stages with inner necessity: Once more the senses are aroused, the phantasm of a new

happiness appears. Then the passions are set free in the boundless joy of life. This is the climax, the interview between the Queens; but this fullness of life is already death. Now comes the irrevocable decision. Here the real spirit comes to its own, and in the last act we see Mary part from us as one that overcometh.

The whole development of the Queen's character occurs in these three principal groups of scenes — in the first, third, and fifth acts. Between these acts she does not appear. Therefore for Schiller the order of the principal scenes falls directly in line with his tragic motive. For thus he enables the merely physical being to fight its way to spiritual self-possession. Thus we can follow, stage by stage, the poet's creative activity.

The great antitheses of Schiller's philosophy are transformed in his poetry into marvelously rich life. The contrast between the sensual and the spiritual, as our poet conceived it, involved for him the power to fashion a wealthy realm of imagination. Even in his philosophical writings it was already plain that he was silently pondering over pictures of life. The instinct of the artist and dramatist was already awakened. Even then he was striving to comprehend life itself in its simple outlines and contrasts, according to its intrinsic and unchanging nature.

That most significant word in the letter to Goethe is now explained — that Schiller always regarded

Mary as a physical being and that she was to arouse rather a deep and universal emotion than a personal and individual sympathy. It is not the Queen of Scotland, the historical personage that concerns us, but the woman in the Queen and life as personified in the woman.

3. THE GROUP OF CHARACTERS

The new call of life, of which we have spoken, must be embodied in a person, for in the drama the human voice is the instrument that brings the artistic idea to life. Furthermore the nobility and the statesmen of England are in conflict over the fate of the Queen and are eagerly taking sides. A significant bit of political life here comes into the work. Here too Schiller is the poet of great political events. Finally, and as the most significant figure in the drama, the Queen of England enters the scene together with Mary — Elizabeth for whose sake Mary is to fall. In the last analysis the work is a duel between the two women. As in the case of Mary the poet has transformed the historical accidents into the typically significant, he must do the same for Elizabeth. Here too we want to see woman and life itself. A new realm of poetical tasks is opened up.

The call of life comes from Mary herself and is only reflected back to her from without. It is embodied in Mortimer. Her own almost buried

past revives again in his presence. Just as she had been used to seeing men he comes to her, — brilliant, deeply in love, in all his youthful beauty. But he means far more than this. He has returned from France, from Italy, and from Rome, has been won back to the old church, and has become convinced of Mary's right to the throne. He has there made friends with the loyal Scotch vassals in their exile and has lived in close friendship with those who are the dearest to Mary, with the defenders of her cause and power, and with her uncle, Cardinal von Guise. Like an intoxication he brings into the still seclusion of the prison the whole Romish world, the counter-reformation, the other world power, Catholic France with its enticing charm, the church in all its glory, with its beauty of color and music, all the alluring sensuousness of Mary's former life. Mortimer is the last and perhaps the most brilliant of the men whom she loved and whose compelling genius she became. And so again the great wave rises that is about to sweep her away. Mortimer, staking all he has on the cause of the poor and wellnigh hopeless prisoner, in his complete and youthful self-surrender wins our respect. But deep within him glows wild sensuousness and boundless desire that awaits but a breath to kindle it to life. So far he has shunned no danger in the proud indifference of his courage. But now that bold audacity sweeps over him for which nothing is sacred, no crime too depraved, and

which knows no limit to self-seeking where his last wish, the lovely Queen, is concerned. So he is guided after all, not by the ideas that he holds to be true, but by the wild desires and moods of his own nature that longs for its own intoxication. He is the prototype of a fanatic. In Schiller's words, he is not an idealist, but a visionary. A character whose youthful and still beautiful features bear the imprint of truth, with a tendency toward noble things, he is to be sacrificed in an overbold adventure, tossed on high by the wild fermentation of the time as a true embodiment of its passionate distraction.

In the most masterly way, with simple and yet powerful strokes, Schiller sets off his figures from the political world one against another, so that this picture first seems alive in every part, yet also gives the impression of unity.

Two of Mary's guardians, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir Amias Paulet, stand in the foreground. The former has previously been her guardian, when her circumstances were less sad, the latter in her present strict confinement. It is an expressive touch that she has already been placed a step lower in the social scale. But there is also a change in the way she is treated. While Shrewsbury is the very picture of a venerable old man, with his friendliness and respect for misfortune, the Puritan Paulet is harsh and stern. Mary is to him only the deadly enemy of England, who must be destroyed, while Shrewsbury

pities the unhappy woman and intercedes for her. They are both, as is fitting for guardians who have a precious treasure in their keeping, sincere champions of pure justice, but once more with the happy shade of difference that Shrewsbury stands for justice which knows some mercy. Paulet, however, cares only for stern and rigid justice, whose hardness is unbending. The benevolent old man, who has nothing more to expect for himself in this life, speaks again and again as Mary's good angel, as the gentle guardian of right and goodness, as the spokesman of humanity.

There is nothing of the courtier in either of these men. But it is at Elizabeth's court that these destinies are decided. And so we come to the group surrounding the Queen; that is, the group of courtiers. The foremost is Burleigh, the courtier in whom the will of the statesman has the upper hand. He is both blunt and gifted, a great speaker, wholly absorbed in the interest of the state. He is moved by no consideration but the profit of the state. He is simply a politician. The welfare of England demands Mary's death. Burleigh alone works from the beginning and without a moment's wavering toward this one goal. It was he who determined the judgment; he brings the death sentence to Mary; he speaks in the council in favor of this pitiless judgment. He seizes the favorable opportunity after Elizabeth has been humiliated by Mary to carry

this measure through. He wrests from Davison the signed death warrant, executes it on the spot, and brings the fatal news to Elizabeth, — the cold representative of political interest.

But is this really his only motive? We see him not only toiling for the lofty interests of the state, but at the same time in a wholly personal struggle, in his constant opposition to his rival, Leicester. Intrigue is his native element. At the court of a woman the pursuit of politics is not without reason. To supplant Leicester, to crowd him out, to put through as necessary every measure that Leicester desired to avoid, such was the stimulus of all Burleigh's actions. Behind all his obstinate absorption in the affair itself lies this hatred of another man. Thus at bottom it is a struggle for self-assertion, for the first place, and for power. This is the leading motive that explains his conduct: Whoever brings the Queen to the irrevocable decision, he will be indispensable, he will be master. Therefore Mary must die; for Burleigh she is but the victim who must be sacrificed that he may be master. In this state of mind he does not shun even murder, which in Paulet's thought finds no place.

As in Burleigh the statesman outweighs the courtier, in Leicester the courtier outweighs the statesman. Amongst Schiller's men of the world Leicester is perhaps the most individual figure. He too is a power. But the only footing upon which

he feels at ease is the smooth floor around the throne. He is through and through devoted to women. He is above all a handsome man, who reaches his goal through his manly charm. Woman holds the central place in all his thoughts, woman as the crowning joy of life. But the fullest joy can come only with royal power. That is why he is the born servant and friend of a queen. The insatiable desire that rules him leaves him no peace. At this one point only he risks an adventure, almost a danger. If only the beautiful woman could be queen! If Mary could supplant Elizabeth! Then Elizabeth's prime favorite would become Mary's hope and protector. He is simply the embodiment of boundless desire. And so he lacks all moral traits. Just to exist is all. With the present life, in its highest intensity, all is over for him. Therefore he is crafty and remorseless in all that concerns the satisfaction of his desires. In this spirit too we must interpret that most audacious game which he plays between the two women, and we must understand from the first the boundless depth and falsity and the uncanny cleverness of this plausible and impenetrable man. In his intercourse with Mortimer how he seems to lay bare the reluctance of his soul, as if upon the bosom of a friend. This is the mask that suits him at the moment when he wants to make sure of a new go-between and yet must not betray himself. Only let there be no open violence. Just as swiftly

does he decide that Mortimer's ruin and death must win back for him the safety that he had so nearly lost. And how he fights for his life! What a cool head, what boldness he shows in getting rid of Burleigh, who had almost overcome him. And what an audacious consciousness of his rights of possession he shows in behaving to the Queen as to a wayward lady-love. Mary must die now, or else Leicester himself must die. Here at last he has overestimated his strength of mind. He breaks down under the crushing blow of remorse, once more desperately grasps at rescue—rescue at any price. And now he must taste the bitterness of grief for the happiness he has lost in losing this superb woman. His downfall marks the ruin wrought by passion. So inwardly hollow is the dazzling life of the prime favorite of Elizabeth's court. And how all this turns into the commonplace of human life! How smoothly sense deceives! That Leicester may live, Mary must die. Her death, to be sure, ruins his life. All this is in a bitterly ironical spirit.

These English, as the leading power of Protestantism, are attempting to withstand the tremendous pressure of the Catholic world and the claims of the Catholic Queen. It is as if the elements of political life were restlessly unfolded before us in three representative types. Shrewsbury and Paulet stand for justice, Burleigh for the state, and Leices-

ter for the court. And thus the picture of life is complete.

Shrewsbury and Paulet are contrasted with the others in that they are not self-seeking. Burleigh, Leicester, and Mortimer indeed appear as unselfishly serving a cause, but in fact they are seeking only their own advantage. A duel for power is fought between Burleigh and Leicester, but with the difference that Leicester is at the same time thinking quite personally of the woman. In this one respect he ranks with Mortimer, who is in other ways his complete opposite. And so the lights play hither and thither and the types, sharply contrasted as they are, play over into one another as if in a circle. The sublime thought of justice and the state takes on a selfish shading in Burleigh, while in Leicester it passes over into pure selfishness wherein sensuality and the love of power are blended. And then the quality changes to a passionate sensuality, which at last becomes even as it were a moral devotion in Mortimer, the man whom it possesses. In the strife upon which we gaze, all possible attitudes toward life seem to be exhausted.

4. ELIZABETH

Over the heads of all the others, Mary and Elizabeth stand out as the chief characters. Only when we comprehend Elizabeth also, can we understand how Schiller's work appeared to him.

Elizabeth has abundant grounds of complaint against Mary. Mary has striven for the possession of Elizabeth's crown and has been allied with all England's enemies. The Catholic Queen, closely connected with France, Spain, and the Pope, means a continual menace, the menace of a world against the Protestant Queen, who stands quite alone. When these two women look into each other's eyes the powers that are struggling for the world are facing each other, the powers whose victory or defeat decides the future of humanity.

Whatever doubts there are of Elizabeth's rights, whatever obscure claims there can possibly be against her, all these are combined in the person of Mary. Elizabeth's birthright to the throne is not unimpeached. Mary is her heir. Mary's life is like a thorn in Elizabeth's flesh, for it means that there is someone who can dare to lay claim to higher rights than her own. And strong human feelings also add their force to the rest. Elizabeth's whole existence was a restraint, simply a life of toil, a hard school of virtue. Whatever might be her heart's desire, before the world she must stand rigidly irreproachable. Otherwise the outcry of her enemies would shake her very throne. She must steal the scanty joys of womanhood. Before the world she must keep up the pretense of pride, coldness, chastity. But before the eyes of all, the young Queen of Scotland had seized greedily whatever she desired. Her

whole existence had been a whirl of exultant happiness and joy. Constantly forced to compare herself with Mary, and compared with her by everyone, Elizabeth felt that she, unhappy woman, was left in the shade, while Mary, with sunshine all around her, reveled in her wealth. And such a feeling gnaws inwardly.

But all this is not the main thing. This could be forgiven. Fortune has decided for Elizabeth and Mary is laid low — that is revenge enough. There is still something more, that cannot be forgiven, for which in all eternity there can be no reconciliation. This is Mary's offense against royalty, her real high treason, for which only her death can atone. Mary is beautiful. For this sin there is no pardon. This is the deadly conflict between woman and woman. Her beauty pronounces Mary's death sentence.

This explains what Schiller says, that Elizabeth must be still a young woman who expects to receive attention. Curiously enough, in one of Schiller's very earliest essays, in a paper "Concerning the German Theater of To-day" in the *Württemberg Repertorium* of 1782, this remark appears: "The proud Elizabeth would sooner have forgiven an insult to her majesty than a doubt of her beauty." Even at that time — and still more in Bauerbach — Schiller had been thinking of writing a play about Mary Stuart. It seems, then, that the leading motive displayed in the opposition of the two

women had remained unchanged through all those years.

In the privy council Shrewsbury says:

“The empty gift of beauty was her share.

Glowing and lovely she outshone all women,

And through her form no less than through her birth.”

Elizabeth interrupts him excitedly:

“Come to yourself, my lord of Shrewsbury.

Think how we sit in earnest council here.

Those charms must marvelous indeed appear,

That in an old man kindle such a flame.”

And again in talking with Leicester she comes back to Shrewsbury's speech.

In these words we have the explanation of the continually forced behavior of this cold and yet sensuous woman, who claims our pity even though she is unlovable. Beneath every word she speaks is concealed the wish to destroy her rival. The wish springs from a purely feminine hatred. This is why she hides her longing and has not the courage to be frank. Yearning for the triumph of her beauty, she lets Leicester persuade her to the interview with Mary. She seeks nothing, with all her stinging words, but the satisfaction of her long-hoarded spite. As a deeply insulted woman she leaves Mary, who is lovelier than ever in her flaming anger and who, now that her relations with Leicester are suspected, can have no further hope of mercy.

This is the spur that drives Elizabeth even to her final decision.

"With what a scorn she gazed upon me there!"

She rages against the restraint of her position that hinders her from actually doing violence to her rival, and rejoices over the death message. At last she is freed from her rival. She is alone and she is Queen of England. But she must dissemble to the very end, — not because the poet wanted to represent her as a most repellent and inhuman monster, but because it is the truth that such natures turn their sexual jealousy against another woman of the same family, while they scarcely dare to confess this hatred even to themselves.

Thus the pompous legal process against Mary receives the final ironical touch that turns it into comedy. This, then, is the reason why Mary must die. Her sin is that she has wounded the woman in Elizabeth. The tragedy of these two women is only too characteristic of human nature. When we consider all these characters, these people of high position, of the great world, with what a sure and inexorable eye the poet saw them all! Just as they always have been and always will be — here when death, the most fateful question in life, stands before them, when death is the cause of all their care, their one great motive of action — not one oversteps the bounds of his own small and selfish

nature. Each one, thinking only of himself, follows his own wishes, his own vanity and self-seeking. That is life. And above such a life stands mighty death. The picture of the poverty and vanity of human affairs is all too true.

5. THE FORM OF THE TRAGEDY

All this boundless wealth of motives Schiller developed from his one simple tragic idea. Even in its external aspects the picture shows the fullness of life. The historical material—for instance the prosecution of Mary—is used, but only for the purpose of depicting the unchanging motives of men and of life through that higher symbolism which is Schiller's new art. A deep, a most bitter earnestness is expressed in "Maria Stuart." Undazzled and undeceived, Schiller's eyes gaze upon things as they are. While his tragic view of life has gained in clearness and knowledge, we also see in the simplification of his art this newly won confidence in his own methods. While "Wallenstein" fell apart into two great divisions, in this drama we plainly see the effort at strictness, economy, and clearness of form. The group of characters shows precisely the right number of contrasted types. The tragic motive too is set forth in precisely the right number of scenes. Schiller gives us only the closing act of this remarkable life, only Mary's three last days, the brief period of the bringing of

the death sentence and its execution. He certainly had learned his trade in writing "Wallenstein."

Even in the first act what a concentrated wealth of life is shown us in its naked truth, set in a corresponding rich, fresh, and stirring variety of scenes! Most effectively the action is presented in three successive parts, the present situation of the Queen in prison (Scenes 1-3), then her gloomy resignation, followed by the gleam of a new ray of hope (Scenes 4-6), finally her struggle with Burleigh for justice, and the decisive transition to the main action with all the contrasting motives made clear (Scenes 7 and 8). Without breaking the delicate psychological connection, every part grows out of the previous part. The misery of her circumstances with their contemptible poverty eats into Mary's very heart. Thus the second part carries out the first. Her newly awakened hope gives her strength and courage for the interview with Burleigh. This forms the connection between the second and third parts.

There could be no more lifelike introduction. They are searching the royal chamber for the last remnants of Mary's ornaments, — this last glimmer of the regal past now constitutes the Queen's last suggestion of hope. Before us stands the brutal power into which she has fallen. Every feminine sigh over the fate of the luxurious Queen is answered by the heartless mention of the judgment that has been passed upon her, which knows no pardon for

her sins, no inclination to mercy or humanity. She is surrounded by the most unfeeling guards.

It is the anniversary of Darnley's death. The Queen is overwhelmed with grief for her former sins. The nurse — as a servant accustomed to seek for nothing but the comfort of her mistress — tries to speak consolingly to her, but in that impressive crisis of the scene she is herself so overcome by the remembrance of Mary's dreadful deed that her attempts at comfort turn to fearful accusations. And thus we see the heavy guilt with which this life is marred. The Queen stands before us as an uncanny and fateful figure. We share the feeling of deep sorrow with which the poem begins, but we also realize Mary's hardly won resignation. However painful her life may be, it lies in the hand of a just judge. This mood of almost complete despair is changed by the appearance of a new fascination. There comes the youth in whom the brilliancy of Mary's former life seems to shine forth anew and more enticingly than ever. And lured on by this glowing picture, she stretches out her hands toward a treacherous offer of rescue, toward Leicester.

From her newly won confidence comes her quite deliberate haughtiness toward Burleigh and his comedy of justice. It is a fine touch that Mary is able to cope with the eloquence of the statesman, powerful as it is, merely through the consciousness of her undeniable rights. The last stroke too belongs

to the picture when Burleigh tries to win over Paulet to be her murderer. This shows the real character of her enemies. That which passes for a judgment is really a brutal act of political intrigue. But it is not very easy to follow this in the play. Even if to the people of that time such a course seemed perfectly natural, in Schiller's drama it seems to us too swift, too uncompromising, and too painful. Here once more is the unscrupulousness and hardness of that somewhat peremptory handling of artistic material that brings a breath of something cold and lifeless into the poem.

Everything is contained in this first act: the simple telling of the story and the whole depth of its meaning, the group of men who have been drawn together by the great question of life or death, Mary's strict confinement, her actual guilt, her quiet resignation, the new fascination and hope, the might that takes the form of right, the baseness of the powers that are at work. And beneath all this there are the strange human fates, the crimes and penances, and in the background is all the world agitated by the deepest strife. Therewith there is a sharp characterization of the few but striking figures. Important human life is depicted. There is an irresistible stream of events and, where necessary, of eloquence also. The act is a little world in itself.

In the second act we enter the sphere of the court. Again there are three groups of scenes, the first of

which closes with the privy council (Scenes 1-3). The second contains Mortimer's introduction to the court (4-7), while the third carries on the main action, the intrigue. Mortimer comes into touch with Leicester, and Leicester persuades Elizabeth to see Mary. Everything is in tune with the frivolity of this court life. In the French suit for Elizabeth's hand the serious affairs of state are turned to a comedy and disappear in comedy. Every word with which the Queen expresses her repugnance to this marriage stamps her as a base woman, who reminds us of Clytemnestra in Æschylus' "Agamemnon," with her cold and clandestine sensuality.

Then follows the deliberation of the council over Mary's sentence. So close together are marriage and death in this environment. When Elizabeth shrinks from the cruel decree, but will not allow the gentler one, we feel with every word how she longs to destroy her rival, while she lacks the needful courage. Here begins a game that is most significant for the shaping of the drama. Everyone is evidently concealing and pursuing, in all his words, a purpose foreign to the chief issue. All these self-seeking aims come into play. This is carried still further in the introduction of Mortimer. The whole falsity of the woman comes to light. She does not even hold herself above hiring the murderer. And what reward does she promise? To the reckless, handsome youth, to the man of vigorous action, she promises — everything!

He is the politician of the future. This woman practices politics by means of a secret satisfaction of her woman's whims. But how these men feel the contrast between the two women! What is Elizabeth to Mortimer in comparison with Mary? Leicester hesitates between the rival queens. We see constantly deeper into the empty and repulsive life of the court. Even the great Leicester must now cringe with a thousand fears! He shows no decision, no manly courage! Mary had asked for the meeting of the Queens as a free act of magnanimity, but the meeting is granted through a mere whim cleverly used by Leicester; namely, in order that Elizabeth may enjoy the triumph of feminine vanity and revenge, and may lighten for her lover a supposed humiliation. Thus we see the whole group of powers that surround Elizabeth, playing a game that is only too real. And alas this game is played for life and death. These people one and all lack any real seriousness in the presence of the fateful issues of life.

The third act brings together the two worlds that have already been seen separately. The two chief figures stand out from all that surrounds them, in strong contrast and in a reality that shows through every cloak. It is made clear what powers are here in conflict.

As a prelude to this act Mary's words express a simple joy of life, a physical delight. Her life has come back to her. But Paulet's message alarms her

suddenly; she is to see her deadly enemy. Her noble friend Shrewsbury can scarcely soothe her.

Now follows the scene between the enemies, which is depicted with all Schiller's delight in antithesis and radical crises. Elizabeth came to enjoy a triumph over Mary, who had so often wounded her as a woman; Mary came to humble herself before the woman who had the power of life and death over her. And she who sought to triumph is humbled; she who meant to humble herself triumphs, and that as a woman over another woman.

"In Leicester's presence have I brought her low,
He saw, as witness of my victory."

Once more we see the unchaining of all the Queen's passions, her whole impetuous, sensuous life. And so the further crisis significantly follows. The fire of her own awakened passions kindles the flame of desire in her rescuer. In her victory over Elizabeth Mary was simply a woman. And so she is to her rescuer only the woman whom he covets. For the passions arouse each other through that emotional imitation of which the philosophers speak. Now she is obliged to fear her rescuer. Her hope is turned to a timorous dread that drives her in two directions. Through this inner necessity of the plot Mary once more learns the falsity of that life into whose whirlpool she has again been drawn. The same whimsical falsity and deceitfulness appear in

the form of outward fortune, for at this moment the murderous attempt against the Queen, undertaken by a youth who is a conspirator for Mary's sake, mis-carries. Nowhere is coincidence more in place than here. For the whim of life is precisely chance. The wealth of passionate reality in these scenes would simply carry everyone away and would come out yet more plainly if the disturbing rhymes did not interfere with our purely receptive mood, — rhymes which do not here aid the idea and give it wings, but weigh upon it and drag it down. Mary's fate is sealed. The Queen of England, in her furious anger, does not even lack a pretext.

The real seriousness of justice is, however, quite wanting. This is the theme of the fourth act. Here, where a life is at stake, each one thinks of himself alone and strives for his own small ambition without conscience or scruple, using any means, but secretly and without the courage of sincerity. So Burleigh strives against Leicester, and so with truly boundless depravity Leicester strives against Mortimer. Then follows the struggle of the two first men of England for their place in Elizabeth's favor. Now Mary's sentence is pronounced. She must fall, not because of her ostensible crime, but because of Leicester. In vain are Shrewsbury's clear and convincing words, in vain is it that his voice can sooth the anger of the people. In spite of all her anxiety for her own name and fame, so uncontrollable

is her absolute physical hatred that Elizabeth signs the death warrant. But even now the responsibility must be shifted. She unloads the burden of the decision onto poor perplexed Davison. Burleigh snatches the document from him, not for the rescue of England, but in order that his own design may be at last carried out. If in all this our main concern were with the outward events, the work would be only a play of hateful intrigue. But every sentence is steeped in the irony of the tragic interpretation of life. Every motive of the outward action points to an inner meaning. Thus the tragedy passes judgment upon the world and mankind. They stand before the great question of human fate with all their sad human frailties laid bare.

Just when everything seems so distressingly trivial, the fifth act comes with its deep full tone. All uneasy strife is ended. In the face of death the peaceful and noble self-command of the pure spirit is the only refuge of the lost woman. The act is full of the most tragic pathos.

After the preparatory scenes the Queen herself appears in a last and increasingly difficult, but also increasingly glorious parting from life. The short scenes showing the reaction upon Elizabeth follow as the last word of judgment about her.

The introduction of Mary's old steward Melville gives a favorable opportunity for narrating all that

has happened to her. Before her death her retainers, united in their love of her, appear once more to do her honor. And we are constantly drawing nearer to the last terrible picture. In the narrative of Kurl the scaffold already appears.

For the last time Mary comes amongst her own people. Schiller does not neglect the natural pathos of such a moment, but not one line descends to the confusing triviality of tears. Mary has won again the pride of her resolute spirit, and this pride rules over all. And together with her pride we see her love. This noble and queenly picture is fully developed. A true release from earthly fears, a true spiritual freedom are seen in the quiet way in which she makes her last wishes known, then distributes her parting gifts, and finally takes her last farewell. It seems perfectly natural, and yet makes the most exquisite impression, when the gifts become more and more personal and are offered to those who are the nearest and dearest to her, or when in her very last words she contrasts the passionate child of this world with the chaste bride of heaven.

But she still has to face her God. Melville has returned as a priest. He can receive her last confession. This gives an opportunity for that complete expression of the truth which only the near approach of death makes possible. She knows that she is innocent of the last murderous attempt against Elizabeth. She knows that she is only guilty towards

her murdered husband. Thus is completed the picture of that injustice which has chosen Mary for its victim, and also the picture of that higher justice, which is at last fulfilled in her destiny.

Everything earthly fades away. The hardest thing is yet to come. On the way to her death Mary must see the man who was to have rescued her. This is her last glimpse of the glowing world of love. She speaks with him like a departed spirit from the other world, — already quite without a thought of the listeners or of the interpretation that might be put upon her words. All the intrigues of this world lie behind her. And yet with her simple words she pronounces the judgment of a higher justice upon Leicester. He is unmasked.

Fate that intervenes tears away — as nature does in the third act — all the devices of art, all the disguises of hypocrisy. Elizabeth's triumph is brief. She has to banish Burleigh, Shrewsbury abandons her, Leicester flees to France. None of them have gained anything from all that they paid so high a price to win. Their victory is tasteless. All that gave life significance they have lost.

6. SCHILLER'S POETIC ART AND VIEW OF LIFE IN "MARIA STUART"

It is a mistake to consider Schiller's "Maria Stuart" as a mere play of intrigue, as Otto Ludwig does, and perhaps also to add as he does that one

ends by feeling as if one had been listening to a number of brilliant barristers' pleas. The meaning of this saying is that everything in this work is set forth coldly, according to reason, but that no real life is there portrayed in strongly conceived, significant pictures. One also hears sometimes the opinion that the whole work, as a poetical creation, is far inferior to "Wallenstein" and is merely one of those theater plays that are needed in the repertoire of the stage.

Certainly the picture of life in this work has not the vastness of that in "Wallenstein," which handles the whole world of political and military life with the boldest touch. "Maria Stuart" has not the same breadth, nor does the unobtrusive but inevitable power of fate so clearly dominate the whole. A more conscious element has crept into this work. Such scenes as in "Wallenstein" appear only here and there, in this work appear oftener — scenes quickly sketched and swiftly carried out with confident artistic knowledge, scenes which leave no time for a quiet growth until their life shall become as it were involuntary. Such an evolution does indeed lie on the way that leads from great artistic power to conscious and finally cold virtuosity. This is Schiller's danger in his new art.

But "Maria Stuart" is also a fully complete work in the large style that characterizes Schiller's new tragic art. Here too life itself is seen with its founda-

tion of tragedy, and human existence is displayed with all its actual motives — human life with the eternal fate of death hanging over it. We see it in its sweetness, in its insatiable desire and rebellion, and in its tardy and hardly won tranquillity. To the one who is about to die, all becomes bitterly real. But how different it is with the others who discuss and decide matters — the Burleighs, Leicesters, Mortimers, Paulets, or whatever they may be called. A painful symbolism runs through all this poem of woman and of death. We perceive not only the broad and sure insight of the poet, but we feel the keen sorrow and deep bitterness that underlie that insight.

The union of moral assurance with a clear understanding of the reality of life makes this, too, one of Schiller's great poems. If, according to the poet's own definition, it is the essence of satire to depict reality in its contrast with the ideal, then "Maria Stuart" may be called a satire by virtue of the feeling that dominates the poem. The ideal is clear and simple. It is the human being who treats the issues of this life with the seriousness that belongs to them. Ordinary men fall so far short of this seriousness. How small are the great people of this world — in the high places of life — how small they are! One surely cannot accuse the poet of embellishing his picture with the tones of "the beautiful" or of dealing in artistically pathetic exag-

geration. Man appears very real and very pitiful as he is.

Some people, when they hear Schiller called the great idealist, imagine that in his pictures he has shown us life as we might wish in our dreams to find it: thoroughly good noble men, brilliancy and light, and the rascals as black as possible, branded with the stamp of indignation everywhere — "the beautiful" as commonly understood; that is, whatever fulfills our needs, our idle wish, so that we can forget hard and evil reality.

And nothing of all this is true! Such art as this Schiller hated and despised from the bottom of his soul. He knows life as it is and he shows it as it is. More than the most temperate insight, a hard disillusionment speaks in the picture that he gives of the Elizabethan world. With grewsome realism he sees and shows these people. Thus Schiller's whole idealism is based upon the most rugged realism in his outlook upon life. Were this not so he would really be no poet for men, and that would be strange for him, whose whole conduct stamps him as the *man* among our great writers.

To be sure he sees our commonplace humanity so plainly because he knows our goal, and therefore always perceives our departures from it. Only this ideal is not the wish of a dreaming youth or maiden, but the necessary goal of our will. Schiller's idealism is not that of dreams, but of the will. It

is the goal that consciously or unconsciously all true men have sought and will seek as long as there is work to do. Mary herself expresses it plainly — the goal of the self-possessed mind, of the soul at peace with itself, that bears within itself the power of overcoming every fate. Therefore Schiller's work is true, not in spite of its idealism, but because of its idealism. Schiller would be, according to his own notion, a poor idealist, if in his poetry he did not stand before the tribunal of realistic truth. All sorts of outward circumstances have long hindered the true comprehension of these things. As a fact, if we are to sympathize with any great art and enter into its life, we must become willing to see the truth through the eyes of a great and noble man. And this alone is required in order to understand Schiller's art.

CHAPTER II

"THE MAID OF ORLEANS"

IN composing "The Maid of Orleans" Schiller shows still more than in the case of "Maria Stuart" swiftness both in attacking and in overcoming the new task. "Maria Stuart" had been performed for the first time on the fourteenth of June, 1800. On the first of July, Schiller made the following laconic entry in his diary: "'Maid of Orleans.'" As early as April 16, 1801, he noted: "'Maid of Orleans' finished." On the seventh of April he sent four acts to his publisher, the bookseller Unger. On the twenty-fourth of April he read the play to the ladies. On April thirtieth he sent the close to Unger. He gave the piece to this publisher for his "Calendar" of the year 1802, with the stipulation that after three years he might withdraw the right of publication.

Schiller's letters show his usual eager and purposeful work on the task. As early as June 16, 1800, he wrote Körner that he was making preparations for a new work. On the fourth of July he was able to report that his plan was completed. He continued working on this subject with interest, refusing even to think of the *Almanac*. His preparatory historical

studies and his work on the plan of the drama lasted indeed throughout July and August. There were days that ended with the uncomfortable feeling that evening found nothing accomplished. On the fifth of September the poet had begun writing the first part of the play. He was indeed still struggling with the difficulties of the exposition acts. But on the nineteenth of November he had already finished Montgomery's scene (second act, sixth scene), and he now began to feel fully confident of success.

By the middle or the end of February, 1801, he had three acts in readiness. In order to finish the piece he withdrew to Jena, where he could be alone, and continued to work earnestly, although even here he was much interrupted. His difficulties were great, and so he began to drive himself on, as he had finally done while writing "Carlos" and "Wallenstein." He first made a rough draft of the remainder of the piece and then wrote a certain amount every day. The fourth act, which he considered very theatrical because of the effect of the suddenly appearing *deus ex machina* at its close, he brought back as the product of his stay at Jena. On the fifteenth of April he wrote to Goethe that he should finish the tragedy that day. On the sixteenth, as we have already said, he noted the completion of the play in his diary.

Iffland received the version for the theater on the second of September, 1801. It had been desired for

Leipzig on the thirtieth of April, and Schiller sent it to Schröder in Hamburg on the thirty-first of July. The performance of September 11, 1801, in Leipzig, met with the greatest success. In Weimar some difficulties arose as to the performance of the piece because of the conditions existing there, and so it was laid aside. "The Bride of Messina" was actually performed there before "The Maid of Orleans." The latter was not performed in Weimar until the twenty-third of April, 1803. Here too it met with the most extraordinary success.

1. SCHILLER'S DRAMATIC ART IN RELATION TO HISTORY

Once more Schiller treats in this drama an important historical subject, a problematic, mysterious, oft-disputed character, a great historical crisis. It is characteristic that some inner necessity always leads him back to history.

Even when he was writing "Carlos" his topic was the conflict between tradition and freedom. But at that time all this was blended with the young man's view of the world. One might say, in a certain sense, that the historical element was a mere pretext.

But then came "Wallenstein." Schiller's relation to his historical material is now entirely changed. It is of the greatest importance to the poet that the motives that run through his historical pictures should also bear the stamp of truth. In this case

there must be no arbitrary transformation. Schiller must really enter into the spirit of the epoch and of the historical events. Nevertheless he strives for historic fidelity only for the sake of the higher poetic truth for which he is seeking. History is the material that is given him for the tragic picture of life that the poet now aims to produce. His subject is life itself with the motives that make its fate so tragic. Face to face with the majesty of fate, man appears in his helplessness, and in man life itself is seen in its true greatness, free from all mere appearance. To portray such a thought the great ones of the earth are needed. In them its whole import comes out. Therefore Schiller's new type of tragedy must be united with history, not merely because of his delight in brilliant and striking forms of life, but because of the new message that his tragedy is to bring. It gives expression to the eternally tragic laws of life through the events of the past, which become symbolic as if of their own accord.

The subject of "Maria Stuart" too is the fateful character of life and the permanent motives of human endeavor. Here too, and even more than in his earlier works, the poet needs important and prominent characters in order that his portrayal may not pass over into the trivial. Through the historical medium the unchanging tragic truth appears. But in order to make this vision persuasive to us, the characters and their historical environment must

impress us as being faithfully portrayed. Thus each of the two factors calls for the aid of the other. The new truth which constitutes the highest law of Schiller's later art requires historical material as well as that idealization that the poet gives to this material. This is no capricious choice. The Schiller whose mature style we are now studying was born to write historic tragedy.

The historical is nowhere used merely as such. It serves throughout to express the poet's philosophy of life. In this sense it is always history as mirrored in Schiller's mind. He brings us into a world of large interests and his thoughts need room.

In any case the symbolist who views life as the expression of permanent ideas finds in history a material ready to his hand. For when rightly understood it represents human life in its essential laws. In this sense poetry speaks the final word concerning history. Evidently Schiller so understands history.

A private interpretation of history, such as he thought proper in the case of "Carlos," has now become impossible for him. Especially in the case of the most fundamental relations of historical life, he now demands that his picture shall be faithful. His generals and diplomats, statesmen and courtiers, all show the actual characteristics of their calling. He does indeed allow himself some freedom as to the different motives, the external factors of the action.

From what we have now said we can understand how Schiller was necessarily attracted to history, and we can also see that in his tragedies his relation to history was one of essential inner freedom.

2. FORM AND MATERIAL

In each of these works Schiller portrays a chosen province of the world of history. In "Wallenstein" we have the army, or the military and political world, — the power that belongs to large bodies of men, as is fitting for a poem that represents the downfall of a world. In "Maria Stuart" we are brought into the sphere of the court and the state. Schiller's serious idea stands out against a background of frivolity. This is a delicate inner connection. In the poet's mind the picture and the idea come into being together. The artistic thought that illuminates the whole requires the historical environment given by the material.

This connection of the material and the thought also requires a certain kind of outward form. Thus the division of "Wallenstein" into three great separate pieces became necessary, for in that drama the tragic element was developed by means of a complex wealth of life. But for the very same reason we find in "Maria Stuart" the greatest concentration, since the direct simplicity of fate is plainly shown by contrast with the confusion of trivial human life. All these poems have the same general character-

istics of Schiller's mature style. But with every new undertaking these characteristics take on a new form. Schiller shows himself wholly an artist in this unwearying industry in seeking fresh forms. His own insight into this matter was perfectly clear. For he wrote to Goethe: "One must have the courage to seek new forms for new matter and to keep one's idea of the relation of form and matter always plastic." He wrote in the same spirit to Körner: "Every different kind of material requires a form of its own. The conception of a tragedy must be always changing, always growing, and it can be only virtually realized by any one of a hundred or a thousand possible forms."

3. THE SONG OF THE FATHERLAND

We do not find "The Maid of Orleans" in a definitely restricted environment such as the court or the army. On the contrary we see before us the life of a whole people, including all sorts and conditions of men. This is what Schiller had in mind when he said that "the Maid of Orleans could not wear as tight a bodice as Mary Stuart." "The dramatic action has a wider scope and moves more boldly, with more freedom!"

The whole life of a nation comes into play, because the subject of this drama is not merely the people of high position, but the very foundation of our life — our relation to our native land. We see the struggle

of a people whose question is "to be or not to be." "The Maid of Orleans" is the first of Schiller's songs of the fatherland. With sure and swift strokes he portrays representative types of the people of all classes, each in his relation to his fatherland, which is the most fundamental feature of his life. He opens the whole book of life before our eyes.

He begins with the peasant, upon whom the life of every people is founded. For the peasant the state in which he lives is a wholly external thing. His own work is the one thing needful. He feeds his master, whoever he may be. Therefore, as one who knows that he is indispensable, who remains what he is, no matter who rules over him, he can afford to wait and see who conquers. Thibaut says:

"Come to your work, friends, come! Let each one think
Of his own business! Leave the great alone!
Like princes let them win or lose the throne;
On revolutions we may gaze our fill, —
Storms cannot shake the acres that we till.
Though flames may burn our village to the ground,
Though horses' feet may tramp the growing grain,
Another spring will bring fresh seed again,
And quickly will new huts again be found."

The peasants represent the permanence of nature, whatever may be the political form of life. They represent the first transition of nature into the realm of humanity — of that nature which has not yet become a state.

And thus, too, Schiller represents the character of the peasants. Their life is still close to nature, their minds are primitive and elementary. They are dumb souls who have the peculiar and finished grandeur of simplicity. Their faith is as firm as a rock and is mingled with all kinds of superstition. For they live constantly with all the uncanny and mysterious powers of the earth, the air, and the heavens. Their customs and opinions have been unchanged for generations. For they expect to find the same slow rhythm in life as in nature, and they regard anything unusual with deep distrust, as Father Thibaut regards the peculiar conduct of his daughter. The proper life for men and for women has been settled for ages. The woman's sphere is of course love and marriage.

There is something very impressive in the spiritual simplicity that we see so distinctly in the introduction to "The Maid of Orleans." These people who are still so close to the soil, who have been left behind, if you will, have a power and a wisdom that is all their own, a self-reliant and steadfast security. This is the world from which the inspired Maid comes forth.

When we enter into the more artificial relations of society we find that the connection with the life of the nation is far closer. This is the case even with the citizens and the councilors of Orleans. Their whole life is at stake, with that of their fatherland. For the sake of their lives they beg the King for his

protection. But in their case the King in his own person means France. Protection, the King, and the fatherland — these three ideas are one and the same to them. If this union is broken up, it signifies for them that France will cease to be and that they themselves must go to destruction.

It is natural that, in a political condition in which the King stands for the whole nation, the nearer we approach him the more personal is the tone of patriotic feeling. Du Chatel and La Hire represent the lesser nobility at the foot of the throne. These nobles live not only in the life of their fatherland as the citizens do, but their life means devoting themselves to the state and serving the King with that devotion and self-surrender which alone give their life a meaning. The watchword of this nobility and its representatives is: Obedience, the King, and the fatherland — a confession of faith that expresses their relation to France.

Next to the King is the royal nobility, represented by Dunois. His voice is heard in solemn and warning tones. For him too the King is the loadstone of all feeling, thought, and action. With his more highly developed understanding his whole life is more completely wrapt up in his fatherland than is the case with any of the others. But the position of the nobles and of Dunois is less that of self-surrender than of a proud and stubborn fulfillment of their own personal life. If Dunois again and again arouses the

King, then is on the point of abandoning him to his indolence, but yet once more returns to his post as soon as great deeds call for real men, his motive is honor, the highest good of manhood or of the state. Here too the inmost life of the man is rooted in the state, and his watchword is the watchword of his fatherland. It is: Honor, the King, and the fatherland.

Through his relation to the nation each man is what he is. The whole life of the people is set before us on the basis of the one motive of the fatherland. We can already see the meaning of a statement that Schiller made to Goethe, a statement that gains significance with every further stage of progress: "All the motives are poetic, and most of them are of the naïve sort." What lies at the basis of human life in the state is the subject of the whole drama.

Since in this world the King and the fatherland still mean one and the same thing, the sacred majesty of the fatherland itself ought to appear in the character of the King. It is a happy inspiration of the poet that the King is the very reverse of such a character. He is actually no king at all, but merely a man. The holy power of his office as a king had consecrated him. With the loss of that sacred office everything forsook him that had ennobled and maintained him. Nothing was left but the weakness of sensual enjoyment, the merely human quality of the man. He was unable to live up to his vast task as a leader and to shake off the triviality

of his nature. While the struggle for the very existence of his people was going on he could not lay aside his habits of gaming and love-making. The nature of the born nobleman was shown by his amiability in enjoying various pleasures, but still it was only enjoyment. Amiable, but no ruler — an aristocrat, but without personal force — he plainly shows that his kingdom is himself. When his kingdom is no more, he loses his very existence.

The whole action revolves about the King. It is symbolic of the general distress that he can no longer stand firmly on his feet. Thus his kingdom, which is the whole meaning of his life, can be restored to him by external aid through the intervention of Joan. And thus, although all eyes are fixed upon him, the Maid of Orleans is of more importance, in the poem, than the King.

The historical portrayal in this piece differs both as to its wealth and as to its kind from what was present in the earlier works. We do not find the same striking individualization of the characters that is seen in the marvelously fantastic environment of "Wallenstein," nor yet the artfully concealed ingenuity of the characteristic types in "Maria Stuart." The more schematic presentation suffices, and is indeed in this case the more artistic, since the importance of the characters does not come from their class relationships, from their place in the life of the modern army or of the court, but from that relation

which is the foundation of all others — from their relation to the nation itself, to the fatherland.

4. THE MAID OF ORLEANS

And now the chief character, the Maid of Orleans, appears in this great setting.

She belongs to the elemental, primitive world of the peasants, and like them she is a child of nature, though the greatest among these children of nature. But yet she is an alien amongst them, a being of a wholly different sort. France, her sacred fatherland, fills her whole soul, while it is a remote, almost foreign idea to the other peasants.

And she is just as much an alien amongst those who surround the King. As for these, the very meaning of their lives comes from the state; they have an interest in the state, and therefore in the King also. With Joan it is quite another matter. She is one of those whose lives are the same whoever may be the ruler, who could even dispense with the state, with the nation. But yet her heart beats only with love for her fatherland. In this selfless maiden glows the pure idea of the fatherland.

What does France mean to her? Nothing that she wants for herself.

"Here was the power of the heathen spent.
Here was the cross, the sacred image raised.
Here lie the bones of Louis, blessèd saint,
And men from hence won back Jerusalem."

France is the refuge of the true faith and the great defender of religion and of God.

“The King who may not die, shall vanish hence,
Protector of the sacred plough, who guards
Our flocks and herds, and fruitful makes the earth.”

The King is the protector of the sacred and fruitful earth.

“He who to blessed freedom leads the slave,
Who groups the happy towns around his throne,
Defends the weak and scourges evil doers,
Who knows no envy — being first of all —
An angel of compassion and a man
Upon the hostile earth.”

The King in the nobility of his office is the reflection of divine love and majesty at once.

“. . . For the King's throne
Agleam with glittering gold is but a shield
For the abandoned who take shelter there. —
Pity and power united there we see —
The guilty tremble, but the just fear not,
And with the lions sport around the throne.”

The King is the protector of justice, and this justice is tempered with mercy.

If we contrast the actual King with this picture we shall see how little Joan belongs in such a group of men. She is a child who has been dreaming under the Druid's tree, and she has seen the heavens opened. To her the King is a god upon earth and her fatherland is his dwelling place. Thus does this innocent child of the people dream of what a king must be.

She lives and breathes in the thought of her fatherland. And she believes in her country as she believes in God. This faith distinguishes her from all the rest. Her relation to her fatherland is one of religious belief. And she goes forth into the world with the strength that faith gives her. It is her faith that works miracles. And her faith is the faith in her native land.

She comes among men as an uncorrupted force of nature. In all her thoughts she is a noble and child-like being, wholly illuminated by the idea that has penetrated her soul. Mysterious powers go with her and her breath is as the storm. She is a being who must be shattered when she is no longer at one with herself. Her inner unity results from her nature and from the purity of her ideals. Here again a delicate connection appears in Schiller's portrayal. For the others, too, are simple people like herself. The way in which she contrasts with the King on the one hand and Agnes Sorel on the other is only the more natural and expressive for this reason. While the King's character is made up of weak sensuality, she is pure spirit. While Agnes Sorel is a woman with all the feelings of a woman, Joan, in the austere virginity which is the physical basis of all her power, is dead to all feminine feeling.

Amongst all these slavishly weak, these common human creatures, comes Joan as the messenger of a supernatural power. She brings heaven down to

earth and the immortal among mortals. With the large and clear eyes of a child she appears among the people as a divine marvel that brightens the gloomiest day.

A bit of Schiller's philosophy is here translated into poetry. The very peasant in the prologue utters the sad wisdom of the day:

"Alas! The time of miracles is o'er!"

That is not Schiller's belief at all. In the knowledge that gave him peace he has found the assurance of the miraculous. Instead of being devoid of miracles, human life is itself a continual miracle. For by miracle one means the direct revelation of the divine in nature. And this revelation takes place in man whenever his will is permeated by the ideas of the good and of the perfect. Rising above mere nature, he then shares in the divine life. Man can be so illuminated by the idea that it acts upon him as a supernatural force that conquers the natural. When a mortal man is so possessed by such an idea that it is to him as the breath of life, as his very soul, then the spirit of God enters into mortal nature; then the miracle comes to pass through which the true life of man is fulfilled, ever anew. Such a miraculous power has the idea of the fatherland in "The Maid of Orleans." In the mind of the great idealist this conception is connected with his most intimate and essential article of faith. The play is

a song of the ideal that has become flesh and has dwelt amongst us.

For this reason Schiller regarded this whole plot as poetic in the deepest sense. We are again reminded of his own words: "All the motives are poetic and most of them are of the naïve sort."¹ Joan seemed to him a glorified figure. In this spirit he wrote to Körner: "I have a principal character, in comparison with whom . . . all the others fade from view."² There are other passages which still more fully express Schiller's personal view of the matter, especially if we compare them with what he had said about his new style while he was writing "Wallenstein." He now confesses that he himself actually lives in his new drama. "The very material warms me. My whole heart is in it, and it comes from my heart far more than my former works, in which my understanding had to struggle with the material."³ And again he writes in a similar vein: "This piece comes from my heart, and it ought to speak to the heart."⁴ If therefore we are to regard this work of Schiller's as a confession—as all Goethe's poems are—we can readily understand the satisfaction that Schiller evidently took in writing to Körner: "Goethe thinks that this is my best work."⁵

¹ December 24, 1800, to Goethe.

² July 13, 1800, to Körner.

³ January 5, 1801, to Körner.

⁴ February 10, 1802, to Goeschen.


⁵ May 13, 1801, to Körner.

5. THE TRAGEDY

The motive of the opening scenes is thus predetermined. The supernatural is to appear among men and we, the audience, must be wholly under its spell. The supernatural means whatever, when judged in terms of natural conditions, appears to be beyond all expectation. But this alone will not suffice. While beyond all hope, the unexpected happens — we must realize that it is the one thing needful, the thing for which our souls had longed, without daring to confess the longing, without even being fully conscious of it. The marvel is precisely this—that our deepest wish is fulfilled when we had not really known how to frame the wish. Thus we are raised above the narrow limits of the natural into the realm of God's beneficence. This was Schiller's intention when he described Joan's first appearance among the French in their despair. Their despondency increases before our very eyes. One misfortune follows close upon another. Then the Maid of Orleans brings the first victory, and with the victory confidence returns. But whence comes this help? From no power that men might hope for. Aid seems to come from the sky. For no one concerned realizes the fact that the power which saves them, and which alone can save them, is merely self-confidence, the hidden might of their devotion to their country. This feeling it is that rouses the hopes of all once more.

A heavenly light surrounds Joan and shines on all who come near her. A marvel from on high has appeared to mortal men.

The tragic crisis of Joan's fate is foreshadowed even here. The path of a divine being on earth always leads to tragedy. In the long run the everyday world will not tolerate the supernatural. When such a spirit appears in time of need all the world joyfully accepts this divine salvation, and full of faith all hearts seek refuge under its protection. But when the mission of the inspired soul has been fulfilled, when the everyday condition of things is once more established, the need as well as the comprehension of sacred things is over. The everyday world denies the claims that now begin to be burdensome. People would fain forget that they have acknowledged and accepted such extraordinary aid. Joan's tragedy is the tragedy of a great mission, such as is always repeated in every crisis of the life of a people, in every historical catastrophe. So long as genius is sustained by its mission it controls all men. But when the task is done the very breath of life seems to fail and men no longer stand in awe of the guardian angel. The natural hatred of the lesser for the greater spirits, of the commonplace for the unusual, reclaims its rights. This is the tragic fate reserved for the truly great, for those through whom the divine power reveals the will of an epoch. All the more terrible is the emptiness of their life to these inspired



beings, once their mission is accomplished. Thus life itself once more appears as the tragedy. It is a fateful thing that a frail human being should be called upon to aid in the fulfillment of the divine will.

Schiller's Maid has the inner completeness of character that belongs to one who is borne along by the breath of a sublime idea as if by fate. She is a marvel to herself as well as to others. She is wholly in the hands of God—she is but His instrument, His vessel, bound by no natural laws. She lives but in the thought of the salvation of France. Her whole being is bound by the iron chain of necessity. It is this inner necessity of her nature that makes her irresistible, so that she overthrows armies and controls men's minds and hearts, while with all her confidence in herself she still feels herself to be but the humble messenger of God.

All her companions, too, feel that she is but accomplishing a mission from the Lord. But when her work is done, up to the last struggle which is to open the gates of Rheims to the King for his coronation, then after all these unheard-of events, everyday life begins once more in the same old way. The usual thoughts and habits again take possession of men. Joan is now but a simple girl to them. They pry into her family relations, and their first thought is that she ought to be married.

And worse than all, Joan loses her own feeling of confidence and of inner guidance. Her task had

been her very life, divine and irresistible. This task is done and she stands there in the void, a soulless creature. She no longer knows herself. She no longer is herself. No longer is she the miraculous maiden. And the terrible fear of falling oppresses her. She cries out after the battle:

"Bid them blow bugles! Let the trumpets sound!
This silence after battle weighs me down."

The supernatural that had appeared in her must indeed become merely unnatural as soon as it could no longer find its justification in the work that was to be done. It must then find its own revenge, like all unnatural things. As a prophetess and bearer of the message to her fatherland, she had known only her countrymen and the enemy. As the power of destiny departs from her only the woman is left behind. One could interpret Schiller's thought by saying that when the pure spirit has departed from her, her sensuous nature returns to claim its own. And so she sees in the Englishman Lionel not the enemy, but the man. What is for other women the highest happiness, the fulfillment of their nature, means ruin and death to her, who has forsworn mere womanhood.

Her beautiful inner unity, the very life of her ideal, is lost. The most terrible thing is that she can no longer understand herself, that she is afraid of herself. With moving power Schiller brings this tragedy to

its close — the tragedy of a woman whose whole life is taken from her with her mission and who gazes into her own heart as into an abyss. Joan is too simple a nature for reflection. Her way is to find her life as a fact and to be absorbed in it. And so she first experiences the fateful power that gives her her mission, and then the destruction that sweeps over her in her downfall. She only feels: "I am no longer myself. Everything is over. God who once raised me up has cast me down. Oh if I could but vanish into nothingness!" She is so accustomed to see the will of God in all that happens to her that she accepts her complete humiliation without lament or justification. Both doing and suffering are sent from God, and so she lets everything sweep over her, as if driven by the mighty breath of some force from without, that works through her and upon her. She alone knows how completely the God of heaven has forsaken her. Her father's unjust accusations seem to her God's judgment.

"Could I deserve his messenger to be,
Did I not blindly do the Master's will?"

Through her strange silence she shows the quiet humility of a still primitive nature. This same simplicity of nature it was that had formerly fitted her to serve her fatherland as the instrument of God. In the depths of her soul she has remained throughout unalterably pure.

And so there can be only one rescue, one end for her. She must once again become necessary to her people, through her God-given mission. In danger and distress, sweeping like a storm wind among the serried ranks of battle, she is once more herself. She may die in the last battle, that brings back her true self. She is never again to sink back into common life. Just when victory crowns her mission she departs, at one with herself and with her God. This is the only fitting end for the prophetess of freedom and of the fatherland, the only end that made it possible for her to be true to herself, to fulfill herself. Schiller wrote to Goethe¹ that "the last act explains the first, and so the snake bites its own tail. My heroine stands alone in the last act, and in her misfortune is deserted by the gods. And thus she shows all the more plainly her own true character and her right to be a prophet."

No other character of Schiller's is so touching as the Maid of Orleans — the pure and innocent child of dreams, who, after her brief glimpse of heaven, has to learn how far apart are heaven and earth. She was a "Sunday's child" and must be shattered by the hard and common life of everyday. Nowhere else in Schiller's works is life itself so wholly to blame. This child keeps her pure and quiet beauty of character through everything. Her suffering only intensifies it.

¹April 3, 1801, to Goethe.

Schiller's deepest feeling about life is expressed in this tragedy of the fate of the idea upon earth. Whenever the idea is manifested in human form the result is always tragic. For again and again the trivial and commonplace must overwhelm this divine visitor. For the idealist's sorrow over this loss expresses itself in elegy. Just as "Maria Stuart" is a satire, "The Maid of Orleans" is an elegy.

In this drama the plans of his youth recur to the poet, but in a riper form. "The Maid of Orleans" is what "Fiesko" should have been, the elegy of the great and of their fall. How much more profound has this thought become in Schiller's mature philosophy of life! It is the idea that in all its absolute grandeur now enters the world of real life. And the elegy now expresses this absolute grandeur.

6. THE ENGLISH

For Schiller the picture of the English serves as a direct contrast to the world of the Maid. They are marked by the total lack of all ideal motives. And here too the poet seeks to make his picture so complete that we shall seem to see life as a whole displayed before us. While Joan is all faith and devotion, the English are guided only by coldly practical aims. Joan's flight into ideal realms is in striking contrast with their hard common sense. The light of the idea never gleams among them. Nothing binds them together but avarice, success, and ambi-

tion. Thus the mighty Talbot is nothing but cold understanding, Lionel physical courage, while Isabeau is crude nature — which is really unnatural. Joan is as far removed from all these as heaven from earth or the ideal from the actual. Here again the poet breathes into mere history the spirit of a higher symbolism, and thus makes of it a speaking picture of the life that is and always has been. Schiller might well say, as he did in a letter to Goethe:¹ "I have transcended history, and yet, so far as I can judge, I have made the utmost possible use of it."

7. THE STYLE AND THE LIMITS OF SCHILLER'S ART IN "THE MAID OF ORLEANS"

There is something in Schiller's type that is not altogether suited to a poetic problem such as that of Joan of Arc. That he has handled the material in a truly poetic way is unquestionable. But yet everything depends upon so representing the inspired Maid that at every moment of the action she shall really impress us as a crude, simple, elemental being who has been raised above herself by a mission that is astounding even to her. She must impress us as a being quite incapable of reflection, who, half passive in the hands of fate, is first uplifted, then humbled, and at last, at the very moment of death, rises once more to her old power, but still remains the same pathetic child throughout. The one condi-

¹ December 24, 1800, to Goethe.

tion under which this poem can possess truth is that Joan shall always appear wholly naïve. No other drama of Schiller's is so brilliantly pictorial, so decorative in fact, or so fully developed with a view to theatrical effect as this. Everywhere we see the life and color of great crowds in motion. The subject of the picture is the jubilee of a people who are celebrating a great day in their history. It would hardly seem to be by accident that a great festive procession and the preparations for it should occupy a central place in the whole picture. In the midst of all these things Schiller never loses his grasp of his material and of his effects. If in this case he is especially planning for brilliant stage effects, he really gives his drama an irresistible theatrical power. But it might easily be that this piling up of gorgeousness would be out of harmony with the quiet and sacred feelings of the Maiden, and that in the end she should begin to do just what least befitted her; namely, to argue and reflect with the self-consciousness of worldly folk. This may be why the drama still keeps its tremendous effectiveness as a theater piece, while as a poem it has been severely attacked and criticised.

In the prologue the picture of peasant life has a beautiful nobility of style. The worthy father among his daughters and his sons-in-law produces a convincing impression, with the quiet ripeness of his old man's wisdom, and he helps us to realize

the strength and simplicity of the life amidst which this child of nature was reared. Even Joan's stanzas, however artistically conventional may be their poetical form, come to us as a breath, a revelation from another and a higher world, if they are uttered with warmth and sincerity in the modest and humble tones of a maiden who has received a divine favor that is above her own comprehension. They ought not to produce a declamatory effect. With a strong and sure touch Schiller portrays her arrival at the King's court, where, in the midst of the general sorrow over the repeated reverses of fortune, she appears as a marvel, filling every heart with new life. All this is as plainly shown in Schiller's artistic presentation as it is psychologically true. It compels belief. But suddenly Joan stands before us as a prophetess who not only brings and is the salvation of the people, but who looks into hidden things and knows with certainty facts of actual experience, which she can neither have seen nor heard — as, for instance, the King's prayer, uttered in solitude, or the death of the English General. This is simply something magical, which we cannot understand. It seems at once as if she were merely trying to amaze us. We cease to feel that we simply must believe. And at most the result produced is a cold and incredulous amazement.

And now she sweeps down upon the hostile army like a whirlwind. As soon as the English have

suffered a defeat their commanders cease to agree. Success alone had held these rude conquerors together. Once more the whole effect is true and convincing. But next come the scenes in which Montgomery appears. In these scenes there is a great display of literary culture. The poetry of Homer and of Sophocles finds an echo in them, and as an attempt at the renewal of an antique poetic style, they are undoubtedly very beautiful. But for just that reason they belong to a world of literary artifice. They show how the Maid, to her own amazement, is driven onward, as if by the blind power of fate, to deeds which would otherwise horrify her as a young girl. Because of Joan's fateful aspect the scene is written in trimeter, in remembrance of antique tragedy. But when Joan, marveling at herself, declaims about her fateful power, her naïve heroism is lost in the spirit of conscious reflection and we gaze and shudder at this coldly murderous girl. Such passages are thought out and are not the result of real feeling, as are also the closing scenes of the act, in which by persuasion she wins Burgundy back to the cause of France. The intention is that we shall see Joan's power in its relation to love, as heretofore in relation to hatred. But again we fail to appreciate the inner motive. Once more this is a magical effect that fails to be convincing. In this case the conception of the Maid's mission does not appear directly translated into spontaneous life.

There is also a special difficulty of presentation at the point where the poem must pass over into the tragedy. The Maid, who has thus far been borne onward by her holy mission, now feels herself but a weak human creature after all. What is to happen now? Burgundy's reconciliation with the King is a scene of courtly display. Battle, victory, and leadership are past. What is left for Joan? Her gift of prophecy, which even in the first act produced a somewhat artificial effect, here appears in the most unfortunate form of predicting a future which for us, the listeners, is already past. The effect produced is the somewhat painful impression of a declamatory pose. The simple peasant girl suddenly seems too conscious. But when Joan feels that this stillness, this cessation of her lifework, takes away her breath we feel indeed the elegy that is the soul of the work. She had indeed seemed to bear her supernatural mission very easily. We had scarcely felt that fate had compelled her to transcend the limits of her own or indeed of woman's nature. Therefore the transition is wholly lacking when for the first time she sees Lionel as a man. It is her merely human nature, a wholly new thing in the poem, that now claims its rights. We can trace the poetic thought throughout and we can see that it came from Schiller's deep study of the problem. But we also see throughout the great difficulties of presentation. There is a lack of compelling necessity,

of constantly progressing inner development. We cannot get rid of the impression that the material, consisting of external events, was more suited for an epic, and that it has been forced into the shape of a succession of scenes by the exercise of great technical skill. Moreover, the appearance of the Black Knight is entirely too mechanical a device to bring us into the right mood for the great event that is now pending.

And so we come to the climax scene, in which the very triumph of her people becomes the most terrible hour of Joan's life. Her great monologue, so artistically composed, with its sophisticated alternation of aria and cantilena, completes the impression that a grand opera is being performed. Joan's sorrow becomes the theme of an effective declamation. At this point most of all we lose the feeling of truth that the character and fate of Joan ought to give us. But we next reach that stage of the action when the tragedy itself gains its most important development, progressing by one necessary step after another. Here every stroke is firm and true. In the state of mind of this pure child, who is no longer at peace with herself, who can no longer understand herself, we realize the sorrow of the bearer of a message that has now lost its meaning. When the Maid feels so lost amidst all the festivities and betrays herself to Sorel, when, on seeing her sisters once more, she says that everything had been a dream, and can say

to her father never a word of self-justification, of complaint, or of anger, then we see one who is abandoned by her God, who gazes into an endless void, but still honors God's will and bears all with patience. She has to learn that sacred things are not tolerated in this world. Du Chatel, whose life she had saved, and Burgundy, whose soul she had saved, are the first to abandon her. Amidst all the general rejoicing that she alone has caused there is no place for her. She is alone and outcast. All this is represented not merely with striking effect, but with a really noble breadth of theatrical action, with the most completely masterly handling of large numbers of people, while the motives too are contrasted with the greatest sharpness—thoughtless tumult, quiet rejoicing, simple faithfulness, gloomy fear, inconstancy and mean treachery, pure and deep sorrow. The stolid old-fashioned feeling of Joan's father revolts against all that is so strange and incredible.

From now on there is no pause in the thrilling development of the tragedy. We see the Maid accompanied in her flight only by her faithful lover. But her acceptance of her downfall as a dispensation of providence implies that she is once again in connection with the divine powers and that therefore she is to regain what she has lost. In her heavy sorrow she regains her original grandeur of soul. Once more there comes to her that which had given her power. She had inspired the French with faith,

and thus had given them the victory. Now that she is gone, they lose faith and the whole trouble comes back. Again everyone cries aloud for the miracle. For the last time the divine messenger is borne along by the supernatural power — to victory and to death. She dies in the service of God and, like a pathetic child, when she is dying she speaks lovingly and gratefully and quite without anger to her friends who cannot wholly comprehend. She is glorified in death. The Maid through whom God has wrought a miracle ascends into the heavens that open.

“The Maid of Orleans” marks a critical point in Schiller’s development as an artist. The play shows an extraordinary power in handling refractory material. But the author’s masterfulness, indeed the perils of his mature dramatic art, are also strikingly exemplified. How powerfully he has framed the whole as a poem of the idea of the fatherland and of the magic power of this idea. With this intention he has revealed to us a whole national life, but in so doing he has carried this life out of the realm of mere history into a higher region, and so has given to the world a song of human life that always remains true. What he had to portray was, on the one hand, the sorrowful story of a soul, on the other the struggle of a people doing battle for their honor, their freedom, and their national life. Now it is very interesting to see just where we feel that the

compelling power of the poem ceases. When the Maid humbly receives her mission to her nation as a favor from God, when by her deed she arouses fresh life and courage in her countrymen, when finally she has to feel the terrible reaction as her mental excitement dies out, but recovers herself when there is once more work to do—all these are inner developments, spiritual experiences, and they impress us as great experiences, as grand poetry. But when her faith works its wonders we seem to see and experience merely outward happenings. She slays, or persuades with her words. The tumult of war is heard and the epic nature of the material becomes plain. The internal life of the action is lacking. The same effect is produced when the Maid utters prophecies or, in the spirit of a highly educated person, volubly explains her own state of mind. We begin then to long for the simplicity of the peasant nature. Schiller's clear and rational mind is not suited to the mysterious dimness of wit, without which such a soul as Joan's can scarcely be conceived.

Then there are scenes that border upon mere stage noise, motives that impress us as rather empty, although even here we find the clear imprint of Schiller's powerful nature. But in the end these things are but the shadowy side of the very greatest and truest theatrical art. We cannot tell whether these are the signs of a work boldly and rapidly

framed or of some temporary disability such as would be only too natural in so sick a man. Or finally, did the poet see, with characteristic penetration, that these things were only possible among naïve and simple people? Did Schiller, then, write his drama for naïve and simple folk, arranging all its brilliant effects with a consciously naïve art that was solely intended for the stage? Was he as an artist fully satisfied with the practical solution of this new problem of theatrical technique without wishing to satisfy the demands of the literary critics?

The result still remains that in every work he treats life in a different way, and real life at that, not merely preconceived ideas. In every work we find a different fashion of conceiving and representing people, and different forms and dramatic technique are employed according to the various subjects. Instead of the strict concentration of "Maria Stuart" we find in "Joan of Arc" a broader scope both of motives and of setting. While in the former play everything was artful and concealed, in the latter all is simple and as open as the day. In each new work Schiller becomes a new artist.

8. THE RELATION OF THE WORK TO ITS TIME

At this point we involuntarily look about us in various directions. We recollect that the Swiss critics Bodmer and Breitinger maintained that the

true office of poetry was to narrate marvelous things. This was the first dim perception of a higher and nobler world, that was and indeed ought to be revealed in poetry. Klopstock then described the heaven of Christian miracles, he being as yet limited to strictly theological opinions. Schiller's drama stands, as it were, at the end of the road, and although the author did not think of it in that way, it serves as the fulfillment of those earlier premonitions.

Still more significant is the position of the work with regard to the history of national ideas in Germany. Schiller here uses a patriotic motive quite coolly and objectively as the basis for his poem. It is merely a poetic idea, for him. There is scarcely a trace of personal feeling connected with it. Nevertheless this very drama was undoubtedly much influenced by the events of the time. The image of the young General, who had brought new courage to the French, was no doubt in the poet's mind. And for us the work seems to point forward towards the time when Germany was to rise in the struggle for freedom, the time when our faith in our fatherland was to work miracles among us also. But no inspired Maid led our armies, as a messenger from the Lord. The whole battle had to be fought out bravely, with our own manly strength. And yet were not our armies, too, led to battle by a self-consciousness awakened in the German mind through the influence of the poetry of Goethe, Schiller, and

the rest, in whose creations the power of the German mind found a fresh expression? Then indeed a holy Maid would have appeared among these creations also, to do battle against her own people, and that Maid would be Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."

CHAPTER III

"THE BRIDE OF MESSINA"

AFTER the completion of "The Maid of Orleans" (April 16, 1801) Schiller longed, as he had already written Körner on the thirteenth of May, to try pure tragedy in the strictest Greek form. He had his plot clearly in mind. On the twenty-eighth of June he thought that in another week he could set to work on the play.¹ "The plan is simple and the action rapid." There was, however, a long interruption. Together with the first outlines of "The Bride" Schiller was already forming further plans, such as "Warbeck," "The Maltese," and other less developed materials. After a time "The Countess of Flanders" and "Tell" were also added. And then the preparation of theater editions of "Turandot," "Iphigenia," and "Nathan" took up his attention.

The winter in Weimar proved very disturbing. His attacks of illness followed in almost constant succession. "Alas," he confessed to Körner on the seventeenth of March, 1802, "I have done almost nothing this winter." On the twenty-ninth

¹ June 28, 1801, to Goethe.

of April, 1802—the same day on which his mother died at his old home—he moved into his own house, the one which is now called the “Schiller house.” Only in the summer did his enthusiasm over his new work grow so strong that he could no longer resist it. “I have never learned so much from any other work,” he wrote to Goethe, “as from this. It is a complete whole, such as I can easily survey and handle. And moreover it is a more grateful and pleasing task to make something great and significant out of simple material than to condense a mass of material that is too large and cumbersome.”

He longed to complete another work and he found a great stimulus in the closer acquaintance with antique tragedy, which he gained from Stolberg’s translation of four of the tragedies of Æschylus. On the first of February, 1803, he was able to enter in his diary: “I have finished ‘The Bride’ to-day.” On the twentieth of March he thanked the actor Genast for the excellent performance of the day before. He wrote with great satisfaction to Körner on the twenty-eighth of March: “So far as I am concerned, I can safely say that in the performance of ‘The Bride of Messina’ I have for the first time got the impression of a genuine tragedy. The chorus keeps the whole together admirably, and the entire action is lofty and terrible in its seriousness. Goethe felt just as I do about it, and he thinks that

through its appearance the stage will be brought to a higher level."

"The Bride of Messina" was another new experiment of Schiller's. His diffusely expanded works and his strictly condensed works alternated like outward and inward breathing. After the free expansion of "The Maid of Orleans" came the strictly condensed form of "The Bride of Messina."

1. THE FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTION

The special artistic task of "The Bride of Messina" was to create a tragedy which should be pure poetry throughout and which should exemplify the purest form of tragic art. According to Schiller's understanding of poetical matters this could only be done by reviving the Greek tragedy. In fact the new work was an especially clear illustration of the poet's own notion of tragedy and of his relation to antique tragedy.

This characteristic appears in the opening words. In his other dramas, such as "Wallenstein," "Maria Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," the action begins with a lively and stirring introductory scene, through which there runs a hint of the coming conflict, — a certain tenseness of feeling among the characters. We now see only the black-robed figure of the Princess. The battle is not in any way suggested to us before-hand. The effect is of great repose, almost of seclusion, and the mood

is quiet, as it should be at the beginning of this piece.

In the other works historical relations were represented and we were therefore brought into the great world, in some special phase of historical life, as the army, or the court, or a great people in a national uprising. But here we seem to be surrounded by conditions such as belonged to the beginning of history. In "The Bride of Messina" the strict custom is still in force which kept a widow secluded from all the world within her own four walls,—a custom that really is a sort of expression of nature itself. Isabella's long speech gives us a glimpse of the simplest sort of life, and we see the picture of the dead husband who had ruled his people with a strong hand and kept the hatred of the brothers under control. We do not have to look beyond the simple relationships of the Prince and his people, the mother and her sons. A single tragic motive runs through the whole—the hatred of the brothers, an irresistible hatred that is like a mysterious dispensation of all-powerful nature. The two groups then are contrasted with each other as rulers and subjects, and among the rulers are the husband, the father, the mother, the sons, the brothers. These are the simplest and most deeply rooted relations of life, the most direct motives.

As yet, we might say, there is no fatherland, and naturally we should not expect to find other highly

developed social institutions—courts, armies, or whatever they may be called. If in his other works the poet had shown us amidst all the tangled relations the purely human element, and in the guise of simple humanity had brought before our eyes the very power of fate, in "The Bride" there are as yet no confused conditions and life still appears in simple forms. We are transported into a primitive world, into a culture that is still wholly natural, in order, as one might say, to experience life and fate in their simplest union.

The progress of the action is as simple as its beginning. The Princess gazes forth on troubled Messina. She has sent for her sons to reconcile them. The loud sounds of welcome announce their approach. The simple and primitive people flock after those who have power and position. A certain calm mood is sustained in us by the influence of the chorus.

2. THE CHORUS

The inner life of these characters is not yet so developed as to need solitude as an aid to its expression. All concerned in the strife are public characters. They live together with the people and with its representatives, the chorus. And these people belong to a simple race, and simple also are the views of life that the chorus has to express. The hatred of the two half choruses for each other, as well as their speedy reconciliation, shows the dimness of the

wits of the multitude. They are not independent even in their hatred, being only the populace, only the echo of their master. The chorus therefore transports us into those primitive conditions in which the shepherd led his flock. Their moral notions too are elementary in their simplicity, being bound and limited by a few simple thoughts. Thus they fear an oath as "the most frightful thing among the gods of hell."

But again, the pictures and events that we have seen and experienced are reëchoed in the choral songs, where they are transformed into feelings and opinions. In this poetical world nothing is left in silence or darkness. The chorus here becomes an important aid to the poet's art, for it gives life to every part of the picture and so rounds out the whole effect. But something is still lacking for the complete understanding of the work. We need to see the natural surroundings amidst which these people live. And hereupon the song of the chorus brings before us the fruitful, sunny, happy land. The rulers are foreigners, robbers, and conquerors. Even thought itself seems to pass over into the elemental feelings. The words of the chorus contain bits of the oldest wisdom and experience.

"'Tis not where Ceres' smiles abound
And o'er the land Pan's flowers wave,
But from mountain caves where iron is found,
Comes an iron race of conquerors brave."

The song of the dangers of high places and the blessings of safe obscurity suggest one of the earliest feelings that belong to civilized life. Strong feelings are expressed by powerful pictures of nature. The song that comes in later, after the deceptive reconciliation, is still another illustration. War and peace follow close upon each other. Love making, hunting, and business on the sea are to occupy the leisure that has been so unexpectedly won. These are antique modes of life, the pleasures of primitive men. A profusion of the thoughts, feelings, and pictures of long-past states of society appear to Schiller's fancy. And the result is a completely lifelike picture of ancient existence, noble and simple in outline.

In the same spirit is the choral song, that with religious feeling hails the mother with her sons as the crown of all life, — the queen. And then too it is the strong natural feeling of the people that finds expression when they see the reigning princes shining in majesty at the very summit of the world, while thousands are sunk in silent oblivion.

Schiller was fascinated by this new poetical task. The simplest of human relations were to be depicted; the actual basis of human nature was to be sketched in a fitting artistic form. The method of presentation, the thought, and the language must be quite new for such a task. Since the understanding of all poetry depends upon trying to appreciate the creative process as it occurs in the poet, in "The

Bride of Messina" we perceive how unwearying Schiller's toil and progress were. Once more a new world comes into view. It is therefore unjust to say that Schiller is only clothing impressive thoughts in pictures and so becoming declamatory. On the contrary it was the poetical picture that came first. Through the poet's vivid realization of that primitive world his thoughts, which always aimed at simple and genuine things, took on a new form.

Thus, for instance, we see in the mother intervening between her sons the full strength of the oldest and truest of all feelings—a mother's love. But the most blessed thing on earth is here turned to poison. Whatever she does, she always injures one or other of her sons. She exhausts all her powers of speech in attempting to persuade them. And here too everything seems so clear. How could these sons come into their mother's presence with their warlike retainers, who constantly add fuel to their wrath? How could they believe their retainers rather than the voice of nature, who gave each brother to the other as a friend from birth? They are of the best, and so they ought to be united. Their hatred dates from their childhood, and therefore they should lay it aside now that they are grown men. And so the mother says all that she can say. Her impressive and convincing words arouse feelings in us which are shared by the chorus, the servants, and the spectators alike. The men of the chorus marvel at

her clear understanding and become thoughtful, and yet know that one must follow his master, even if a new feud arises. Finally they are so moved that they too urge the cause of peace. The expressions that Schiller here uses seem to come from a poet who has surveyed the relations of life and nature in all their breadth and depth, but who selects only what is fitted to set forth just this picture in all its impressive simplicity. And this is the quality that gives true grandeur of style to a poem.

Upon this simplicity the wealth and the skillful progress of the action depend. Once more, as at the beginning of the piece, the mother stands before us, but while we then saw her in her loneliness and sorrow, we now see her in the feverish excitement of her great struggle. The sons stand on either hand. The tragic division of the parties is plain. A single motive determines all. It is their hatred. And so we feel and see the great picture, first the general relations, then the conflict.

3. THE IDEA OF FATE

The main plan is now before us. As this plan is founded upon a primitive life, Schiller gives the tragedy a certain elemental impressiveness by representing the whole as entirely controlled by fate. In "Wallenstein" the motive is security betrayed. In "Maria Stuart" we have the song of death and in "The Maid of Orleans" the stupidity of the life

without ideas. The subject of "The Bride of Messina" is simply the fateful connection of earthly things considered in itself. The powers of destiny show themselves clearly and irresistibly. The poet's philosophy of tragedy thus finds its purest expression. This is no more a mere imitation of the antique than is the chorus.

The hatred of the brothers is overcome. After all their mother's attempts have proved in vain, they become reconciled without the slightest difficulty. How is this? Because both are already occupied with other thoughts, — with their love. Love has overcome their hatred. Once more we see the power of an elemental human motive.

And now it happens that although the brothers were perfectly sincere in their reconciliation, yet the mother keeps a secret from her sons and each brother keeps a secret from the other and from his mother. This alone is at first the fate that besets them. If one wanted to moralize one might say that the brothers' new life is not founded on truth and therefore their happiness cannot last. They had been separated so long that danger still lurked in the results of their past.

This might seem like a mere chance. But it is more. The mother had rescued her daughter against her husband's will, and through fear of him, since he had intended to have the child killed, she had kept her daughter hidden. For by some mysterious

prophecy this daughter had been connected with the downfall of the house. And the mother also fears for her daughter the hatred of her angry brothers. Therefore she has good reasons for the secrecy of her action. And her sons also have reasons for the silence in which they showed themselves. Don Manuel's reason is that, like his father, he loves to retire into himself. Don Cæsar, being a strong, impulsive man, consults no one whatever as to his actions. He acts, but makes no explanations. Thus the secrecy of each has a good foundation in their natures. And all three are similar in character. They are stubborn, obstinate, selfish people, rulers by nature, people who will bow to no one, who will consider no one. Their unhappy relations to one another and all the resulting misfortunes come from these traits. They bear their own fate within themselves.

But their characters, which are the cause of their fate, are an inheritance from their ancestors. As far back as memory goes, deeds of violence have prevailed in this house of conquerors. The son usurps the father's rights and the father curses his son. The old Prince had carried away his bride by force. He loved to go his own way and to keep his own counsel. Secrecy and violence — two traits that form the characters of these people and cause their fate — are inherited. Their fate is in their blood.

And here begins the special complication of the plot. As in "The Robbers," the tragedy deals with the elemental human relations and is a tragedy of near kindred and their love. A dim feeling of attraction to her own people draws Beatrice to the church, where unhappily she comes under Don Cæsar's eye. Through the same feeling she wins the love of both the brothers. And then follows the catastrophe. The natural affinity that should unite them proves their destruction. There is nothing mystical in all this, nothing that is caused by the intervention of mysterious external powers. However unhappily confused their relations have become, yet such as men are, the whole action has its inner truth and necessity. By means of these representative human figures life itself displays its tragic fate.

Schiller had long been searching for some subject similar to that of "King Œdipus," in which the catastrophe should be inevitable from the beginning, so that it would only need to be disentangled, — a fateful catastrophe that should hang over the personages, filling them with dread. Such a subject is "The Bride of Messina." In "King Œdipus" the mysterious words of the oracle heighten the dread significance of the whole. Schiller, too, makes full use of dreams and prophetic warnings. In order to use them he has to employ a strange but fitting background of religious feeling. He did not take an antique myth for his subject, but a story of the

days of knighthood, that allowed free play to his fancy. These Christians live in a land of old heathen traditions and are frequently in contact with Saracens. Thus the East and the West, Christendom, the paganism of the Greeks, and Islam are all blended together. Such a religious world is bound by no dogmas. With the keen susceptibility of the Southern mind it has absorbed only the fantastic motives of the various religions. There results, so to speak, a purely poetic faith. The one ruling idea of all the people is that life is in the hands of mysterious and mighty gods. For the gods to-morrow is as to-day. Therefore events are foreseen and foreordained. The Arabian astrologer had told the father that his daughter would kill both his sons and prove the ruin of the whole race. A pious monk, however, consoled the mother by saying that her daughter would unite her quarrelsome sons in the warmest love. Puny man dares to interpret the prophecy as he pleases. The mother has more faith in the true God than in the God of lies. But both predictions are marvelously fulfilled. The seemingly contradictory is reconciled. The eternal truth of the gods is made manifest in the terrible events of life. In this way Schiller preserves for his subject the living poetic effect of presentiment and oracle.

The setting of all this is antique, but still the feeling is modern. Fate, long since prophesied, has

threatened the family. But this fate does not impress us as a diabolical power. It does not leer at us in monstrous fashion, like a hobgoblin in which some long-past people believed. That is not Schiller's feeling. He conceives human life as a tragedy because in it the great decrees of fate are fulfilled. He shows clearly all the motives that are here entangled in the web of destiny. We can now understand his remark, made when he was beginning this play, that the interest lay less in the persons than in the action itself.¹ The tragedy depends upon bringing the relationships to light.

4. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ACTION

As the work goes on we can but wonder at the confidence and effectiveness of the dramatic movement. Manuel, the gentler and quieter brother, tells the chorus about his bride with tranquil pleasure, immediately after his reconciliation with his brother. The first slight premonition of trouble is felt. But Don Cæsar, who is quick and impulsive, acts. While Beatrice is ardently awaiting her lover—and being a true daughter of her race she is passionate as well as maidenly—Don Cæsar enters as the lord of the land who needs no one's consent and claims her as his bride. And oddly enough, this wooer does not even ask her. His mood is very well represented in the subdued echo of the chorus. The

¹ May 13, 1801, to Körner.

view of woman is simply the pirate's view. Woman is a chattel to be carried off. The brothers, who have only at that very moment been reconciled, now meet as deadly enemies in love. And henceforth nothing can check the swift tragedy. There follow only scenes that bring the situation to light.

In the presence of her reconciled children the mother finds a wholly new joy. After her long privation her feelings overflow. She promises her sons a sister and each of them promises her to bring home a bride. What a flourishing family it is! According to the antique feeling, this exuberance of joy already implies ruin. The news comes that the daughter has been stolen away. With great skill Schiller manages the scene so that Manuel, who already seems to have some inkling, finds out nothing, while Cæsar is told by his mother the signs whereby Beatrice may be recognized. We are drawn more and more into the entanglement which contains the source and outcome of the tragedy. And now the endless confusion becomes almost a comedy. The scene ends in the midst of dread.

While this scene apparently leaves endless possibilities open, the next brings the blow that compresses the action into a single deed — fratricide. How fully this accords with the spirit of the whole plot! This poem treats of life in its primitive simplicity. And so at the crisis of the whole the simplest and also the most dreadful of sins is committed —

the crime of Cain, the murder of a brother. This decides the fate of all. Schiller makes this catastrophe the necessary outcome of all the old hatred which flares up again with the rage caused by the betrayal of confidence. As suddenly as he comes to all decisions, Cæsar commits the unpardonable sin. The tragic effect is complete. While Cæsar is still wholly in the dark, we are fully enlightened as to all that has happened and know that he has murdered an innocent man. And the chorus bemoans the dead and curses the living with frightful words.

5. THE SOLUTION

Thus in the development of the poem everything is managed with the finest art—the quiet introduction, the swift and almost easy turn of things, apparently for the better, the truly hopeless confusion at the climax, the terribly simple and decisive act that brings the catastrophe as the close of the whole entanglement. The close brings the complete clearing up of the tragedy of this fratricide. All the characters loom up in their full tragic greatness. The more they realize that they have been marked with the seal of fate, the more they look into their own hearts and judge themselves. The last glimmer of happiness disappears. It is now morally impossible for Don Cæsar to live. There is no greater scene of progressive revelation and ruin.

It begins with confused premonitions. Then the chorus brings the daughter, who hopes for peace and fancies that she is to find happiness in her mother's arms. But as soon as she learns that her mother is the Princess of Messina, the pure and innocent child is the first to see and understand the full horror of the situation.

The body of Don Manuel is brought in. The Princess rages furiously against the falsity of the gods. She believes that her son must have fallen in battle with the pirates. She curses his murderer. Don Cæsar comes and learns that Beatrice is his sister. He instantly realizes his own deed. His mother in her excitement calls Manuel her dearest son.

Cæsar at once undertakes to act as his own judge. Life is revealed in the austere majesty of the moral law. Now comes the last struggle of nature, the lover's pride. Don Cæsar cannot bear to see Beatrice weeping for Manuel as her lover. He wants to fill an equal place in her heart, even though it be in death. With all the calm of a ruler he gives orders for the funeral pomp. We see more and more plainly his decision to take his own life as an expiation of his crime. The great thing in this scene is the way in which the thought of Cæsar's guilt grows and grows until it imperatively claims atonement. No plea is made that fate is an excuse for what has happened. Don Cæsar will not use the

pretext that he committed the murder through error, through an impulse of justifiable revenge. It is not true in real life that we only have to atone for sins that we have committed with the full consciousness of guilt. Life is essentially a moral order. The commands of the moral law are purely objective. And whatever may have led to the murder, one has to bear the whole responsibility. And the more pride one has felt in being an honorable man, the more unbearable does he find the thought of guilt unexpiated. And this completes Schiller's grandly simple picture. The moral order to which human life is subject appears as something elemental, changeless, ancient. The leading thought in this tragedy of fate is unlimited moral responsibility. And herein the work finds its completion. For life is as much a moral order as it is a fate.

His clear consciousness of moral responsibility gives Don Cæsar a certain greatness. It is true to nature that his pride results from this consciousness and becomes the pride of a man who realizes his own uprightness. Cæsar could not go through life with his head bowed down. He can only hold up his head so long as he feels that he has wronged no man.

Thus he lives already in another world — in the world of God's unalterable judgments. He is already sundered from other men. But he must still go through one more hard human struggle. His mother pleads with him and calls him back. But she has

shown too much partiality for her other son. Cæsar will not live on, burdened with guilt, while his brother becomes a glorious memory in the minds of men. In death they will be united in one common love and sorrow. Then the mother appeals to Beatrice, who can plead so earnestly. This is Cæsar's last and hardest struggle, while for the poem it brings the final solution. For the very bitterness that alone would suffice to kill Cæsar lies in the fact that she has loved Manuel. It is for Manuel that she weeps. To him she wants to go. For Cæsar she has at best only the feeling of a sister. Thus his pride is wounded yet once more and his deadly envy of his brother flares up again. Must he be second to his brother even in death? While this feeling makes life impossible to him, it also delays his decision. And then Beatrice cries out, "Oh, Brother!" And between fear and joy he asks, "Sister, dost weep for me?" The last doubt, the last certainty:

"Live for her, — for thy mother, —
And comfort thou thy sister!"

He now feels sure of her love. The chorus believes that he has been won back to life. But this certainty only purifies his decision to die from all lower motives, from every feeling of envy or self-love. Reconciled to the world and to his brother, he offers up his life as a pure sacrifice to Manuel and to justice and dies by his own hand.

This final word that comes from his very heart:

“Sister, dost thou weep for me?”

is one of the greatest lines in all Schiller's poems. In this word the relations of the different characters are made completely clear, and now that they are clear life is quite impossible. Cæsar has a moment of the greatest joy, but it only helps him to die in peace. The last outburst of the brother's terrible envy is at the very brink of the grave, but finally this hatred passes over into peace and love. The inviolable power of the moral law demands its sacrifice however our human feelings may shrink or beg for mercy. Only the very greatest poet could compress such a world of feeling into a single sentence and express that highest form of tragedy wherein the characters attain before our eyes an almost unearthly greatness, only to suffer death and ruin that nothing can avert. A life without peace of mind is divided against itself.

“Amongst our blessings life holds not the prize,
But of all evils guilt is still the worst.”

The fact that all these people are in dread of the ruling power of fate merely gives a dark background of gloomy foreboding to the poem. In the poem itself everything is true because everything is derived and enacted according to an inner necessity. And Schiller succeeds, down to the minutest detail, in fulfilling the artistic purpose that gave “The Bride

of Messina" such significance for him — the purpose, namely, of portraying life with all the simplicity of its ancient and everlasting forms, with all the elemental impulses of human nature, and with its eternal subjection to moral laws. All these requirements were included in the poetical task that the poet had the courage to undertake. No one of these requirements has he failed to meet. The moral grandeur of human life shines clearly forth from amidst all fate's dark doings.

6. SCHILLER'S VIEW OF THE TRAGEDY AND OF POETRY IN GENERAL. HIS RELATION TO THE GREEKS

"The Bride of Messina" is no work such as more fortunate poets have composed, using the traditions and the feelings of their own people as their basis, and so producing what seemed a wholly natural effect. No, this poem was written in the main with conscious art. One feels that the poet was intentionally inventing, and so from the very correctness of the picture one gets the impression of a certain artistic coldness. The introduction of the chorus must always be a strange experiment in modern drama, and more especially when it is at once actor and spectator. But still the question is what Schiller has actually made out of all this. He transports us into a world of pure fancy. The pictures that he has thus called up are to be deeply imprinted on our minds and we are to be thoroughly

impressed by their moral significance. And in fact the special mood of each scene is powerfully reëchoed in the songs of the chorus. They impart to us a world of thoughts such as belong to the scene before us. Even though this experiment may have been audacious, still these songs could not be spared from their place among the great works of German poetry.

Schiller's relation to Greek tragedy is the very opposite of a merely external dependence. It is a wholly new creation. He finds in his ancient model at once sublime imagination and a perfect expression for a view of life allied to his own. His object is to regain the use of this noble artistic form for a modern purpose, but not merely to imitate it. For him, too, human life is, in itself, tragic. Like the Greeks, he sees men subject to the irrevocable laws of the eternal moral order at the same time that they must suffer from the decrees of fate. Like the Greek tragedians he lays the principal emphasis on the clear and convincing management of the action. For in the course of the action the tragedy of life is to be presented.

And Schiller's view of poetry thus once more becomes manifest. Poetry signifies another and a higher world. Its laws are its own. It stands in its own right, in contrast with the common world. But the world of poetry is no mere fancy world which may enable one to forget reality in lovely and be-

witching dreams. It differs from the common world simply because it is clearer and truer. The connections and inner necessities of human life are concealed by the chances and confusion of every day. What poetry makes us feel and see, brings these connections and necessities to light. It is granted to the poet to rise above these chance relations to the realm of what is permanently human. Poetry is the truth of life.

CHAPTER IV

“WILLIAM TELL”

AT the end of 1797 Goethe formed the idea of choosing Tell as the hero of an epic poem. Schiller was delighted with the plan and found in the material a charm which later influenced him when he came to write his own drama. He was pleased with the interest that attached to a peculiar and somewhat narrow locality and to a very limited group of historical events. From the fact that the material, though limited, was significant, an impressive life would, he thought, result. For the reader would be, so to speak, held in bounds by the poet's power and within these bounds would be deeply and intensely affected. “This beautiful subject at the same time opens a vista through which we catch a striking view of the human race, just as we catch sight of a far-away country when we look out between high mountains.”¹ This is the very spirit in which Schiller afterwards undertook the writing of “William Tell.”

In March, 1802, he first spoke of a subject that he found far more attractive than “Warbeck,” at which he was then working, — a subject that he thought

¹ October 30, 1797, to Goethe.

worthy to follow "The Maid of Orleans."¹ This subject was "Tell." The widely spread report that he was writing a drama on Tell led him to undertake the matter. And now what he had learned of the subject through Goethe became useful to him. Yet he felt obliged to finish "The Bride of Messina" in the meantime.

On the twenty-fifth of August, 1803, he noted in his diary: "Began on 'William Tell' this evening." On September twelfth he begged Körner for some good books on Switzerland. He wanted to use local coloring as far as possible. The question was how to overcome the difficulties of painting a people and a country that he had never seen, when the local coloring and the individual characters were so very important.² Schiller realized from the beginning that all this was needed to produce a powerful effect. He wrote that the piece was going to be a great thing, which would revolutionize the German stage.³ He loved his work "and what comes from the heart, goes to the heart."⁴ But besides this, he did not shrink from making an exhaustive study of the historical sources. He wanted to win the whole people to this song of Swiss liberty by writing a truly popular poem.

One can see that the production of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" in Weimar was of inestimable

¹ March 17, 1802, to Körner.

³ June 27, 1804, to Cotta.

² September 12, 1803, to Körner.

⁴ June 27, 1804, to Cotta.

value to Schiller. One sees also that for a long while he progressed slowly. The transition between the idea and its fulfillment was long. He did not write the scenes in their order, but carried certain actions along through all the five acts, and only then passed over to others. Tell, for instance, stands out somewhat alone in the piece, so that the action relating to him has a sort of completeness in itself. On January 13, 1804, Schiller sent the first act to Goethe, who declared that it was a whole piece in itself, and a fine piece too. Originally the first act contained the scenes in which Attinghausen appears, and indeed these scenes really belong there. On the eighteenth of February he noted in his diary: "Finished 'Tell.'" On the seventeenth of March the play was performed and met with greater success than any of his other works. In Berlin, too, "Tell" produced an astonishing impression.

1. THE MAIN IDEA OF THE POEM

"Tell" is distinguished from Schiller's earlier works by the fact that the material used is not merely historical. It had been already subjected to a sort of mythical treatment and poetically worked over by the fancy of the people. Through the whole material we feel the spirit of the popular ballad. If we run over the contents we seem to feel the little pause between the stanzas. Beautiful

Switzerland is suffering under wicked tyrants. Many try to help, and violence only increases. And at last the tyrant attacks the most sacred feelings of a father, who helps himself by taking revenge on the tyrant, and in helping himself frees his people. The events take place with truly epic abruptness. Schiller shows his complete artistic skill in transforming such material into a drama.

In the popular tale the critical moment that decides the whole action is plainly indicated. It is the shooting of the apple. But in the drama the subject is the freeing of Switzerland. The incident of the apple must not stand alone. It must be a great and stirring event for all the Swiss people, and we must feel with them. A calamity that happens to the bravest among them must be to them a universal calamity. If this one man helps himself and gains his liberty, he must bring rescue to them all. Thus the tale is transformed into a story of the whole people. The hero of the drama is the Swiss people, and Schiller's "William Tell" is the noblest national drama that we possess.

But this is not all. The leading motives of the drama are the shooting of the apple and the killing of Gessler. The story of the apple sounds like a fairy tale. In "The Bride of Messina," too, a homicide is committed at the crucial point of the drama, but in that case it appears as a terrible crime, to be expiated only by death. After this crime, life appears

in all its gloom, in all its terrible seriousness. But in "Tell" it is wholly different. When Gessler falls it only seems as if the people were freed from a nightmare. The killing simply seems natural, as the last resort of an oppressed people. No distress of conscience mingles with their joy. And so one must not only depict these people as living with simple minds in the age of legends. One must also show them as men, whose notions of justice are fixed and obvious, whose feelings are natural and still undivided. The poet's picture is meant to refresh our hearts as with a breath of simple nature. In this way Schiller makes the whole people fighting for their freedom the object of our interest. He lays stress upon the real foundation of their life, their love for their native country and for the customs of their forefathers. Their beloved land is pictured for us in all its majestic beauty. Their ancient customs bear the impress of the goodness, purity, and simplicity of the Franks of the foretime.

The most essential element in the poem is thus Swiss life itself in all its personal charm. Only as the drama of a people is "Tell" possible, and we must feel the extremely vivid individuality of the life portrayed. In this new subject Schiller found then a new task for his imagination.

The beauty and majesty of the scenery plays an important part. In the first scene it forms a setting for the whole. It counts for much in the scene at

Rütli and accompanies the action again and again. These people are surrounded by the heights and depths of nature, by mountain summits and pastures and lakes. And they still live close to nature. As we see in the introduction to the first scene, their occupations are of the primitive sort. They are hunters, shepherds, and fishers. Their whole life is of the antique type. Their social relations, too, are of the simplest—husband and wife, friends and compatriots—and the whole is plain and genuine and full of strong and true feeling. In a certain sense all historical life is based upon old traditions. And so the Swiss life, too, rests on such a basis, although it has developed into a free world of independent citizens. The aged Attinghausen is the last representative of the old régime in the new Switzerland. And although the life of the people is in a sense primitive, yet it is founded upon certain rights of which they are clearly aware. The source of these rights is the Emperor.

“For masterless the freest may not be,
A ruler must there be, a judge supreme,
That those at strife may each obtain their rights.”

No community can exist without law. But this historical law is actually founded upon natural law.

“Nay, e’en the tyrant’s power hath its bounds!
When the downtrodden seeks his rights in vain,
When weary loads no longer may be borne,
Courageously he then appeals to heaven,

Claiming from thence his everlasting rights,
Which are preserved inviolably there,
Eternal as the very stars themselves.
Primeval nature then returns once more,
And man is found at enmity with man.
And if no other means can then avail,
He has his trusty sword that cannot fail.
Our priceless treasures we must needs defend
From brutal wrong. United here we stand
For wives and children and our fatherland!"

This is their conception of freedom and they are willing to fight for it—for the independence of their life and the preservation of their own Swiss customs. And this is what their laws mean. And it is their most sacred duty to defend these rights whenever they are attacked. And so they can do battle with a clear conscience, as for a cause that is just in the eyes of the Lord. And with moral assurance they can place what they have inherited upon a new basis won by their own arms.

Thus Schiller makes his picture consistent and complete. In every trait and in every direction he completes the picture of a peculiar people whose life still retains the primitive freshness of early conditions, of a people who are just passing through an intermediate stage between natural and historical conditions.

Meanwhile the symbolical and the typical traits of the poem are prominent. By portraying life in its simplest forms the poet shows us both its natural

and its moral elements. This reminds us of "The Bride of Messina." But the procedure is in the strongest contrast with that of the previous work. In "The Bride of Messina" the poet disregards particular features, paints a purely fanciful picture, and tries to represent, as it were, life in itself.

In "Tell" everything depends upon particulars. Even simplicity itself is a peculiarity of this people, belonging to their time and their natural surroundings. In "Tell" everything is as special and narrow as in the other drama it was broad and universal. And over all is the pure air of Switzerland. This it is that gives the picture the freshness of nature. The language has the popular tone. It sounds like a distant echo of the "Odyssey." Homeric pictures seem to come to us of themselves. We feel the familiar simplicity of a fairy tale. The characters are not at all fairy story people, but their country is a fairy land and their relations are as simple as those of a fairy tale. Schiller's "Tell" must be taken as his fairy tale.

But how his poetical insight has gained in imaginative power. His picture of the Vierwaldstätter Lake is so vivid that we still see it with his eyes. His disparagers explain this by referring to the accounts that Goethe had given him. But actually Goethe wrote the first scene of the second part of "Faust" from his memory of his own impressions of this landscape. Yet for all that its

poetical beauty can hardly be surpassed, no one would imagine that this scene contains more than the most general features of the view of the Vierwaldstätter Lake. But in Schiller's description the special features of the spot are so vivid that in coming out of the festival theater at Altdorf one scarcely feels the transition from the imaginary to the real world.

Once more, as in "The Maid of Orleans," the subject of the piece is a whole people and the idea of the fatherland. But in "William Tell" the subject is not the position of different men and social classes in relation to the idea of the fatherland. The poet takes both land and people as they actually are and strongly emphasizes their love of home, which is the very root of their patriotism. For the Swiss love of freedom is just the love of home and of home life. Therefore there is no single central figure in whom alone the pure idea of patriotism exists, while in the others it is but incomplete, as was the case in "The Maid of Orleans." The love of their country and the desire for their own independent life animates the whole people, and in fact makes them a people. And the hero of the piece is the people. If "The Maid of Orleans" is an elegy, "William Tell" is an idyl, the representation of an innocent and happy folk, still at one with nature, who, being cruelly oppressed, with a good conscience struggle to maintain their rights and their ancient unity.

In this case the idea of freedom and of country coincides with the natural life. The idyl is not, as in the case of Max and Thekla, an abstract thing external to the main tragic events. The poet has won his way into the realm of naïve poetry. "Wallenstein" and "The Bride of Messina" were works of pure tragedy. "Maria Stuart" and "The Maid of Orleans" represent dramatic satire and elegy. With "Tell" the dramatic idyl appears as one more poetic form which the "sentimental" type of modern poetry henceforth has at its disposal.

2. THE DRAMATIC MOTIVE

These reflections relate only to the main idea of the poem. It is a very simple motive that unites this material so as to form a drama. Schiller shows us the Swiss people struggling for their very existence and triumphantly asserting their independence. In order that we shall experience all this with a genuine sympathy, he causes this life to find its full expression as a result of ever-increasing oppression. The resistance increases precisely in proportion to the oppression that causes it. The first scene contains the rudiments of the whole piece. When the tyrant makes his insolent demand we see all classes of Swiss people suffering from the same arbitrary caprice. Tell's quiet and manly courage helps them all.

After this prelude the actual work begins. We listen to the anxious words of the worthy Stauff-

facher of Schwyz as he talks with Gertrude, his clever wife. The peaceable country householder feels that he is threatened even within his own doors. This is the stealthy approach of fear. At Altdorf in Uri we witness the building of the Zwingburg (a penal fortress), over which a curse visibly rests. The building is an offensive challenge to the people. Next we enter the dwelling of Walter Fürst, who shelters the fugitive from Unterwalden. Stauffacher brings the news of a horrible crime. Even men's eyes are no longer safe in their heads. This is the hideous act of tyranny. The scenes in which Attinghausen appears give the finishing touch. His nephew and heir is abandoning his own people and going over to the alien power. Perhaps the progress of corruption is the saddest thing we see. But resistance increases side by side with the hostile powers.

In the first scene the people are still enduring everything passively. They scarcely venture to sigh for deliverance. The thought of rebellion comes to life in the quiet talk of Stauffacher and Gertrude in the privacy of their own home. In the scene of the Zwingburg, together with the anger of the people, we hear a smothered protest. Tell, however, will have none of it. In Walter Fürst's house a group of friends from the three cantons meet and form a great brotherhood. They are youths, strong men, and old men. They hold a meeting on

the Rütli. All this is managed with the boldest mastery of poetical devices. The stately and beautiful Gertrude is the first to say the decisive word. She appears like one of those women of the ancient Germans who sent their husbands forth to do battle for liberty. And the sacredness of such a marriage makes us realize the true moral worth of the Swiss. Nothing could be finer than the fact that it is the wife who with womanly impulse is ready to risk all to end an unbearable situation, while her prudent husband still shrinks from the first distress that must follow revolt. When Arnold Melchthal cries aloud in his grief and rage all the fire of youth is added to the flame of rebellion. In the Rütli scene Schiller introduces, with great skill, first the groups of people and then the separate speakers, to unite them afterward in one common cause. The scenery of the place is very impressive. The flickering camp fire and the marvelous effect of a moon rainbow give color to the scene. The three different cantons all feel themselves united by their common inheritance. A common council is formed. The meeting of the people begins. The grievance is brought forward and the grounds for revolt are stated. Plans are outlined, the duties of the different people are arranged, and the fundamental law of the new nation is agreed upon. Smaller grievances each contribute to the mighty wrath of an oppressed people. The simple and profound wisdom of the forefathers

again and again comes to light. It is plain that all means have been exhausted and that the demands of the people are reasonable. The scene closes as it begun with a striking effect of natural scenery. Just as the dawn is breaking the people take their oath of fidelity to their new state. The hand of the true artist is seen in the management of large groups of people, in the leading thought that runs through the whole scene, in the use of special traits, of natural scenery, and of the characteristics and customs of the people. We see the birth of a nation — the deed of men who, fully conscious of their rights, unite for liberty.

3. TELL

There is an almost schematic simplicity in the way that the quiet talk within a family leads to the gathering together of all the friends, and that to the general uprising of the people. And now Schiller's artistic power contrives to transform an event, that threatened at the first glance to disturb the whole dramatic idea, into an actual poetic beauty. The wholly unexpected experience of a man who had taken no part in the meeting crowns the whole struggle for liberty with the most astonishing victory. For however suddenly this event breaks in upon what has already occurred, so that it brings the whole unaccountable character of life into Schiller's picture, yet it is in the closest moral connection,

as one might say, with the previous development, which it leads to a climax.

All the Swiss feel that Tell is the best man among them. His character is simple, he is a man of deeds, avoiding many words or round-about phrases. He is at one with nature, he is warm-hearted and trustworthy, quick to help and nobly courageous, and it seems self-evident that he should bear the brunt of everything and make no words about it. Thus Tell appears as the embodiment of the best characteristics of the Swiss, and in the modest wisdom of his ideas he completes the picture of a life that is free from artifice, of a life that is as grand as the nature that gave it birth. It is a skillful touch of Schiller's to make Tell appear at first merely as a husband and father. Gertrude, a woman capable of bold decisions, stands side by side with Stauffacher, who has some education and who is a prudent and painstaking man. On the other hand Hedwig, a woman who is merely domestic, is the wife of Tell, the simple and natural man, whose deeds are both bold and swift. And Tell's promising boys, who are both like and unlike, also belong to the picture. We feel that when a man loves his wife and children so faithfully, all his deeds will be just and right. Here too the beauty of the life of the people is expressed in the simplest human relations.

By commanding Tell to shoot directly at his own son, the Governor cruelly wounds his sacred fatherly

love. And all this because Tell has failed to take the absurd whim of the Viceroy seriously. Tell had not bowed down to the Austrian cap, aloft upon its pole. He had sinned against the arrogance of human caprice. He is punished by a remorseless sin against nature. And so by means of an apparently unexpected meeting Schiller gives the finishing touch to the structure of his drama. Up to this point he has shown the increase of oppression, and together with it the increase of the spirit of resistance. In this scene of "William Tell" oppression and resistance reach their climax.

The more we realize that Tell is a quiet, orderly man who has stood by himself, taking no part in the uprising, the more do his sufferings arouse our indignation. We have heard of many deeds of violence, but this is the first one that we see. And this blow is aimed at the most sacred things in life. For all who are present, and so for all the people of Switzerland, the event is terrible, just because they know that Tell is innocent. Violence takes Tell by the throat and he is simply forced to act in self-defence. But since his trouble makes it plain to all what they too have to expect, the whole people are put on the defensive. Scarcely has Tell accomplished the audacious deed demanded of him than another act of violence is perpetrated. He is led away in chains to prison. There is an unbroken succession of evil deeds. And now Stauffacher's description

of a state of things that demands recourse to the simple law of nature becomes clear to us. All means of self-defence are now justifiable. Quite in the style of the work is the hated despot, Gessler the Governor, who appears in this scene as a regular legendary tyrant. The whole effect is living, personal, visible, and the whole action is concentrated around this one point. After so many words there is no chance left for anything but bold, decisive deeds.

Once more Schiller's great mastery of his art appears, even in the introduction to the scene. After the poor minions of the Governor have spoken, in the scene where the hat is hanging on the pole, William Tell speaks so wisely and kindly to his son. Just as he is about to be taken the people all gather together, and then Gessler appears with his brilliant retinue. Gessler's outrageous demand is thrown, as it were, in the face of all the people. And Schiller combines all the many voices in one polyphonic effect. In the midst is Tell, passing through his great struggle, while Gessler's unnatural cruelty arouses horror, prayers, and threats, and in contrast with all this we hear the clear and trustful voice of the boy. The stirring action continues up to the final act of violence at the close of the scene. And now Switzerland seems to have lost all hope. Nothing short of a miracle can help.

And the mighty forces of nature accomplish this miracle. It is a fine thought of Schiller's to make

nature almost as prominent in the piece as man. Tell gains his liberty by leaping from the boat. And now the decision must be reached. Unless Gessler dies, Tell and all his people are lost. Once more we have a powerful scene full of the impressiveness of the life of the people. Some critics have disparaged Tell's monologue in the empty way before Küssnacht. It is, however, quite indispensable. His own thoughts appeal to him and he utters them. He must indeed find them a heavy burden. His deed is not done in the blind fury of revenge that clouds the senses. The most kindly of men is driven to kill. The only thing that supports him is his consciousness that it has to be, that he is acting as a judge, not as an avenger, and not merely for himself, but for his family and for his people. The clearness that comes to his mind despite his distress, the inner freedom that attends him despite his painful duty, these dwell in his thoughts and must be uttered as they are uttered in the pure mountain air. Wealth and poverty, a wedding party, the pleadings of distress, haughty and tyrannical cruelty and even death hereupon jostle each other on the narrow way. The gay wedding music is still sounding above the corpse — then it breaks off suddenly and is replaced by the dirge of the brothers of mercy. As soon as Gessler is dead the Swiss know that they are free. In helping himself Tell has helped the whole people. The piece ends with a celebration in honor of liberty.

The drama shows how the people's distress grows to a nightmare, then the burden is shaken off and the people breathe freely once more. The whole action passes before our eyes like a painful but yet beautiful dream.

However unexpected Tell's deed was, yet what happened independently of him was not without its value. The people had shaken off their lethargy and had come to a consciousness of their nation and of their rights. The true meaning of the work is the awakening of free citizenship. Directly before Tell's deed the old Switzerland of the patriarchs seems to pass away in the deathbed scene of Attinghausen. His dying eyes behold the new Switzerland with its free citizens, and with his latest breath he utters the true law of national life: "Be one—be always one —"

4. THE THREE ACTIONS

Schiller's picture requires the three actions of which it is composed. Tell ought to stand alone, in order that his suffering shall fully produce its terrible effect and in order that he shall stand out above all the rest as a national hero. The movement of the citizens and of the people requires its own scope. And finally, as a background, Attinghausen represents the past. With these three actions as a frame Schiller paints in glowing colors the picture of a happy, fair, and childlike world, possess-

ing the greatest thing on earth; of a people struggling for their freedom in the simple and homely surroundings of hunters and shepherds. He gives us a strong impression of simple humanity. Whenever the spirit of reflection penetrates this primitive world it acts as a disturbing element. The love scenes of Rudenz and Bertha are notably inferior to the rest of the drama and produce a cold and unpleasing effect. They are thought out. They seem designed to tell us that a right-minded young woman will lead an erring youth back to his own honorable feeling and to his fatherland. But she seems too conscious and he too weak. The whole scene is unreal, declamatory, a pose. The scene in which Johannes Parricida appears has long been criticised in spite of the fine treatment of many details. It was a justifiable and natural thought to glance once more away from the simple and genuine life of the Swiss people to the depravity and confusion of the outer world. But the comparison of the two homicides is again too self-conscious, and so Tell shows a trace of sophistry and self-justification that does not suit him.

5. CONCLUSION

Schiller's last drama is once more a work of highly symbolic art, not a tragedy, but a drama of the highest sort, a national festival poem. It is not tragic thoughts of fate and of life that are in question, but life that affirms itself and that passes

over from physical to moral happiness, from nature to freedom. Boundless artistic power is shown in transforming this old popular tradition into a drama. In this new art, in these new dramatic emotions, Schiller once more appears as a transformed poet.

The poem is pervaded by a quiet cheerfulness which arises from a greater intimacy of feeling. This intimacy is occasioned by the new use of the conception of the fatherland, which in this piece no longer appears as a pure ideal, but takes form in the natural love of home. Along the path of ideals the poet strives toward nature. He is still the poet of freedom, but he now has also the direct feeling for the natural. In his last song he brings freedom, home, and fatherland into one accord.

His poem has become a national song of the Swiss people — their song of songs. Schiller's life ended while he was at the height of his powers, in the cheerfulness that came with full maturity. He was sure of the gratitude of his own people when he gave to a kindred folk a national song such as no other possesses. But now that we have seen how Schiller renewed himself with each new work, we can but lament the still boundless possibilities of more great poetry that died with him. And we lament his early death all the more because up to the very end we see him progressing toward the noblest traits of youth, — toward the naïve, the natural, the intimate, and the national.

CHAPTER V

THE LAST YEARS OF SCHILLER'S LIFE

1. THE LAST YEARS IN JENA

NO one suspected that "Tell" would be Schiller's last great work. All his powers were still striving toward new tasks. His life, his creative ability, and his thought were in no wise ended or impaired. He had freed himself from Jena and had no expectation of dying in Weimar. With confident power he still strove toward higher goals. All outward circumstances seemed to him trivial and insignificant in comparison with his lifework, which was yet to be done. We will briefly narrate his experiences during these last years.

With each new work his place in the literary movement of the time became more secure. But how swiftly that productive time was moving he had to experience in his own person. He still had to be troubled with the survivors of the older generation and their platitudes, and he observed with increasing vexation how even a man like Herder set himself against the new life and lagged behind in feeble glorification of a literature that had been sur-

passed. And now the younger men were coming, for whom Schiller's mature and courageous idealism was already another Philistinism, who exaggerated the newer thoughts in every way and "turned the fine new truth upside down." A. W. Schlegel, who himself lived in Jena, was a good friend of Schiller's and valued him highly. He was a welcome collaborator in the *Horen* and the *Almanac of the Muses*. But Friedrich Schlegel, his younger brother, opened a campaign against the poet with disrespectful criticisms.

These brothers, steeped in the new æsthetic and historical lore, undertook to go beyond Herder, Goethe, Schiller, and the younger disciples of Kant. Their minds were extremely plastic and impressionable and they had that feminine emotional sensitiveness which, during periods of high intellectual culture, is so often seen in talented but not really creative minds. These brothers meant very little for the actual development of poetry, and even those whom they had elected as representatives of the romantic school, and especially Tieck, were not such impressive personalities as to guide a wholly new movement. All the more vehemently did they claim that their judgment was decisive. And they criticised the new poems according to their own standards of poetry and their own romantically free views of life. Embittered by Friedrich Schlegel's attacks Schiller withdrew from all intercourse and

friendship with his brother August Wilhelm, and here for the first time the classicists and the romanticists parted company.

War was Schiller's only possible relation to the literary world and to the general public. And he now had to wage war in two different directions — against the Philistines and against the fantastic spirits, against the old spirit of prosy insipidity and against the new spirit of arrogance and exaggeration. If the former declared war against all art, the latter attempted to make life the mere caprice of a poetic dream. Between the Philistine and the romantic soul, and equally distant from both, Schiller conceived the “beautiful soul” who, amidst the seriousness of his tasks, remained a complete man and kept the noble freedom of natural feeling. The classicist never sacrifices life to poetry. But he knows that a true man can preserve his own free personality in the midst of the press of work, and so he can lead the life of an artist.

The more certainty Schiller felt as to his mission and its new tasks, the less important did many earlier relations seem. In March, 1798, he received two wholly different diplomas in quick succession. His diploma of French citizenship, conferred October 10, 1792, finally reached him through the mediation of Campe. Most of the signatures were those of men who had died in the meantime. This diploma was intended as a compliment to the poet of “The

Robbers," and when Schiller received it, it only made him realize how far away that time was. The notification of his appointment to a full honorary professorship in Jena was actually equivalent to an honorable release from his previous duties and relations, while the connection was formally maintained.

By the garden wall of his house outside the town he built a little summer house, "the lovely garden tower," in which he could live quietly alone with his work. Here he shaped his new thoughts, considered further rules of general literary reform, enjoyed the increase of his poetic ability, and gave the finishing touches to "Wallenstein." He joyfully welcomed Goethe's plan of promulgating his ideas of creative art by means of a journal, and Cotta was chosen as publisher. The journal was the *Propyläen*. This enterprise met his dearest wishes. It undertook to treat the domain of plastic art, which had been merely touched upon by the *Horen*, along with the rest of the artistic principles, and completed the work which was to educate the public to an understanding of æsthetic matters and a sympathy with creative activity. But here again Schiller was led away from philosophic generalities to artistic experience. This scheme was also intended to produce a stimulating effect upon creative artists. The prize essays, the awards for which Schiller himself discussed in a letter to the editor of the *Propyläen*, served this purpose. He admired more than all the

others Goethe's little art romance "The Collector and his Family," in which representatives of all possible views of art meet for intellectual discussion. Such a journal, however, presupposes a high degree of artistic training. And in this the publication met with even less success with the reading public than the *Horen*, and Schiller was moved to express a decided scorn and contempt for the German public.

As for himself he turned more and more away from mere theories. His most vital interest was in actual artistic creation. A performance of Iffland's as a visiting actor in Weimar (as for instance in April, 1798), or even the reading of a new scene from "Faust," meant more to him than an increased insight into theories of art. Wilhelm von Humboldt's extensive and significant work on "Hermann and Dorothea," which quite in Schiller's own style expounded the principles of æsthetics, using Goethe's poem as a text, proved rather embarrassing to both poets. Schiller undertook to answer the author. In this answer a statement occurs which shows how completely Schiller's frame of mind was already that of the creative artist. He declares that he now feels unphilosophic enough to give up all that he or anyone else knew of the elements of æsthetics, for the sake of a happy artistic invention. This statement does not show that his philosophic studies played an unimportant part in Schiller's development, but precisely the contrary. His philosophic opinions had so com-

pletely become part and parcel of his life, organs of his mind, that it seemed as if they were inborn and had grown with his growth until they were self-evident. He knew very well how much those philosophic principles, whose prophet he was, meant for the new literary movement. His last word on this subject occurs in his last letter ¹ to Wilhelm von Humboldt, together with a joyful confession of that true idealism which he so well understood. "The profound and fundamental ideas of the idealistic philosophy will remain a lasting treasure, and if only because of them, one must regard himself as fortunate in having lived at this time." "After all, we are both idealists, and we should be ashamed to have it said that things made us and not that we made things."

His poetical work passed through a sort of "Indian summer" of ballad writing. "The Fight with the Dragon," written from the eighteenth to the twenty-sixth of August, 1798, and "The Pledge," written between the twenty-seventh and the thirtieth of August, 1798, in quick succession, show once more the alternation of the antique Greek and the Christian medieval world that is so frequent in Schiller's ballads, as in "The Glove" and "The Ring of Polykrates," "The Cranes of Ibycus" and "The Message to the Forge." Just as in the former poems the divine avenging power is seen, now in the Greek and again

¹ April 2, 1805, to Humboldt.

in the medieval world, so "The Pledge" and "The Fight with the Dragon" are contrasted as pictures of Greek virtue and of knightly virtue. In each a fundamental idea is expressed; the loyalty of friendship in the former and power coupled with humility in the latter. In both poems virtue conquers. Schiller's narrative power has perhaps increased. Even the powerful descriptions are closely interwoven with the narrative. "The Fight with the Dragon," which is almost throughout a monologue spoken before an audience composed of the Knights of the Order and the people, is developed like a dramatic scene. "The Eleusinian Festival" (originally "Bürgerlied," composed between the thirty-first of August and the seventh of September) carries the spirit of philosophic poetry over into the realm of the ballad, bringing the poetry of ideas into the form of pictorial images and song. The poem treats of the beginning of civilization. Like "The Artists" it treats of man's growth to full humanity. A deeper historical and philosophic insight into the powers that make for civilization has now taken the place of brilliant and enthusiastic fancies. Agriculture forms a permanent bond between man and nature, attaches the nomad to the soil, and calls forth in him that love of home which is the germ of all higher culture, whose benefits, such as justice, industry, the building of towns, property, art, piety, and love, are brought among men by the friendly gods. Sav-

ages become citizens. The poet who formerly had so often upheld the rights of the rebellious individual, as against the compelling force of law and custom, now recognizes the beneficent power of both.

With the success of "Wallenstein" Schiller's position among the great poets of Germany was actually secured. It is pleasing to know that this work of his maturity renewed Schiller's relations with one of the friends of his youth. This hard-won triumph thus put an end to an old misunderstanding. Charlotte von Kalb was so impressed by Schiller's poem that she thanked him, and Schiller clasped her hand joyfully and with real emotion. His head was full of new plans. The feeling of emptiness that had troubled him after the completion of "Wallenstein" disappeared when he began to work on "Maria Stuart." At the same time he was thinking of a drama to be called "The Police" and of a "Warbeck" on which he had long been working. "The Maltese," too, which he had already been considering before "Wallenstein," remained a favorite plan.

He and Goethe together were forming a clearer and clearer idea of the province and requirements of art, and they armed themselves for a campaign against dilettantism, that most dangerous foe of all true art. They worked out together the outline of a long essay against this tendency. And in the same way they worked together for the foundation of a German stage and for the formation of a large

repertoire which should be instructive to the actors as well as the public and should also possess true artistic value.

When Goethe, in deference to Karl August's taste, translated Voltaire's "Mahomed" and "Tancréd" it seemed perhaps a reactionary movement, considering that the stage had but just been freed from the French domination. But still the actors thus had an opportunity to learn a stately style of acting and the art of declaiming verse, and the audience were at least relieved from dull realism by this rather conventional propriety. Schiller expressed these ideas in lines addressed to Goethe. He himself edited his translation of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" in the year 1800, adapting it somewhat according to his own ideas of art, but keeping the great tragedy completely. He intended this Germanic work, so full of life and truth, to counterbalance the influence of the French form.

All his interests seemed to draw him away from Jena to Weimar, where he could be near Goethe and also near the theater. In September, 1799, the Duke increased his salary by two hundred thalers, thus raising it to four hundred thalers. Moreover, Goethe advised the change of residence. This plan was sadly and unexpectedly delayed. On the eleventh of October, 1799, Schiller's daughter Karoline was born. Lotte was taken very ill on the twenty-third of the month. She had a fever

with delirium. Only Schiller and her mother were allowed to take care of her. Between the twenty-third of October and the second of November he watched with her five nights. When the delirium was past she became persistently dull, indifferent, and weak in mind. From the eighteenth of November she began to improve very gradually. On the twenty-first she wrote her first letter. Schiller was then working on an edition of his poems and his lesser prose writings. As soon as they could, on December 3, 1799, they moved to Weimar. Lotte lived at first with Frau von Stein. But Schiller, too, was taken severely ill. On the sixteenth of February, 1800, he also fell ill with a fever, lay sick until the end of March, and recovered very slowly. There was much meaning in the words that he wrote to his wife as early as the fourth of December: "Let us leave all remembrance of the last two months behind us in Jena. We must begin a cheerful new life here."

"The Song of the Bell," which appeared in the *Almanac of the Muses* for 1800, may be regarded as Schiller's poetical farewell to his life in Jena. In this poem the philosophic spirit of his earlier period is completely united with a more popular form of art. The reflective poetry in grand style is transformed into the naïve so far as Schiller's temperament permits. This is the last number of the series that began with "Life and the Ideal" and "The Walk" and that was continued by "The Eleusinian Festival."

It is once more a poem dealing with the motives of civilized human life in its wholeness. But we have now got beyond all mere abstractions. Everything develops into clear and brilliant images. There is no more talk of humanity in the abstract. A whole group of significant separate pictures of human experience are presented. But these are the ever-repeated pictures that are new in each human life. In this sense "The Bell" is a lyric of life itself. Even in "The Walk" it was only the idea of the stages of civilization that gave the different pictures their meaning. In "The Song of the Bell" the thought has been wholly merged in the pictures and is only imparted through them. Thus the new style that Schiller absorbed through his intercourse with Goethe has already come to be his second nature. He no longer passes from thoughts to images, from the universal to the particular, but now the concrete thing, the picture, comes first.

No philosophical training, but merely wholesome feeling, is required for the understanding of this poem. Every man finds that his own life is here comprehended and included. The great sense, the deep meaning, illuminates his own experience. Everyone can find in it words that remind him that all the chance events of his own life are really connected with the eternal fate of man. Here triviality is rebuked by high-mindedness. But the separate quotations from such a poem will easily become

hackneyed by thoughtless repetition. One must allow himself to be freshly impressed by the poem, as if he were reading it for the first time. Then one can perceive in it the highly artistic spirit which, while bringing out the eternal and universally human thoughts, yet attains the noblest simplicity. For the highest poetical power is not shown in the portrayal of the extraordinary, the uncommon, but in the full and inspiring use of the simple and permanent. And that is why Homer remains the source of all great poetry. "The Song of the Bell" belongs to the same world as "Hermann and Dorothea."

A twofold thought serves as a connecting thread for the series of pictures and gives them unity. The sound of the bell accompanies man in all the great events of his life, at baptisms, at weddings, when there is a great catastrophe or a death. But even the part about the casting of the bell and the story of its origin has mysteriously delicate relations to human existence. The master is casting the bell and accompanies his work with wise thoughts. And thus the whole depends upon a single action, the casting of the bell. And the thoughts spring from the wisdom that honorable handicraft teaches. As the craftsman thinks of his pure mixture he is reminded of the joyful tone with which the bell will accompany the baptism of a beloved child. The union of the hard and soft elements introduces the picture of marriage. The pouring out of the glow-

ing mass leads us over to the description of the conflagration, while its reception in the mold suggests death and burial. The restful pause while the work is going on prepares us for the picture of peaceful and orderly life. The mold is to be broken, but only the master can do it. Woe betide if the unrest of a people bursts out unrestrained. But now the casting is a success; the bell is dedicated. It is raised and its tones ring out above the town with their message of joy and peace. The process of casting the bell is pictured in seven stages, and in these stages life also is depicted.

In each section the poet recounts in the simplest way what "was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." Multitudes will recognize this picture as their own. The deeper beauty of all the simple and obvious relations of life is brought out. Only a father could write as he does of the dear child beginning life "in the arms of sleep," only a man who had a happy home could describe the happiness of faithful and industrious husband and wife. The force and vividness of portrayal that we find in the other ballads is surpassed in the description of the fire and of the burnt house with its "empty window frames." The poet shows full sympathy with simple human sorrow when he writes of the death and burial of the mother, and with simple joys when he tells of the merriment of the apprentices at the close of their day's work. The wisdom of the plain citizen is

expressed in the words about good order as the foundation of cities and in the stirring and warning description of a revolution. And finally with the first stroke of the newly made bell the deep undertone of the poet's own soul is heard. All earthly things die away; therefore let us hold fast the blessings of eternity.

"And as a tone doth die away
Whose mighty sound hath filled the ear,
We learn that nought on earth can stay.
No mortal thing endureth here."

A wealth of concentrated meaning fills each portion of the poem. In bringing all the great experiences of life into connection with the bell the poet makes life itself devotional and full of deep feeling. "The Bell" is a layman's gospel. It shows that Schiller's whole development tended toward wholesomeness, simplicity, and truth. And finally, noble poetry, here as everywhere, impresses us because a great man's feeling of life becomes our own. In this case the connection is easy. For what pleases us in the poem is that the feelings and sympathies of the poet are the same as our own, only that he expresses it all with such depth and simplicity. He understands everything and has the right word for it. In "The Song of the Bell" Schiller's philosophy of life and his artistic ability have reached their full maturity and he really ranks as a popular poet. And such a poet is a blessing to his people. For he

brings true feeling and noble thoughts into the life of every man.

2. THE YEARS IN WEIMAR

Schiller's life in Weimar brought him once more into direct connection with a theater, to which the greater part of his activity as a "theater poet," dramatist and translator was devoted. The chief periods of his activity are divided according to the principal works produced in each. From the fourth of June, 1799, until the ninth of June, 1800, he was working on "Maria Stuart," from the beginning of July, 1800, until the sixteenth of April, 1801, on "The Maid of Orleans," from July, 1802, until February 1, 1803, on "The Bride of Messina," from August 25, 1803, until February 18, 1804, on "William Tell."

But while he was working on "Maria Stuart" he was already busy with his "Warbeck." And "The Song of the Bell" also belongs to this time. He was thinking of "The Maltese" and editing "Macbeth." He was preparing a collection of his poems. After the completion of "Maria Stuart" Schiller felt sure that he was "beginning to get control of his dramatic tools and to understand his handicraft." He also collected his "Lesser Prose Writings" and in 1800 he published the second volume as well as the "First Part" of the poems in Leipzig. The first volume of the prose writings had appeared in 1792, the third appeared in 1801, the fourth in

1802, the second part of the poems in 1803. Together with "The Maid of Orleans" he was working for the *Propyläen*.

When Goethe was taken seriously ill in January, 1801, Schiller undertook the management of the rehearsals at the theater, especially for "Tancred." In April, 1801, he arranged Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" for the stage, and it was performed on the twenty-eighth of November. Before he began "The Bride of Messina" he hesitated long amongst three different subjects. In July, 1801, he was considering the plan of a "Countess of Flanders." In the autumn of that year he was busy over a new edition of his "Thirty Years' War" and "Don Carlos." It was a hard winter, full of interruptions. He and his family were ill again and again, and thus his work was often hindered.

Early in October he began the editing of Gozzi's "tragi-comic tale," "Turandot," and finished it on the twenty-seventh of December, 1801. He directed the rehearsals himself and also, according to Goethe's wish, arranged "Iphigenia" for performance. In so doing he found the latter surprisingly modern and "un-Greek." The winter of 1801 and 1802, during which Schiller was considering the plan of "Tell," together with "The Bride of Messina," and once more reëditing "Carlos," was again a much disturbed season, a change of abode being added to the rest.

On the twenty-ninth of April, 1802, he moved into his new house. On that very day his mother died in Swabia — a coincidence that impressed him very painfully. In June and July he was constantly hindered by illness. "This year is certainly ruled by an unlucky star." He could not regain his feeling of peace and comfort. In July it rained for a whole week and the house had to be warmed. Only in the autumn was he able to go vigorously to work on "The Bride." To rest himself he translated two French comedies by Picard, the "Nephew as Uncle" and the "Parasite," and in May, 1803, he finished them. In July, 1803, he visited the Baths at Lauchstädt, and went to a performance of "The Bride of Messina," which occurred during a violent thunderstorm. He made a trip to Halle.

While he was working on "Tell" there came an interruption of an amusing sort. On the fourteenth of December, 1803, Mme. de Staël reached Weimar. When she left for Berlin on the twenty-ninth of February, 1804, Schiller felt as if he had been through a severe illness. She was a talented and highly cultivated woman, extremely lively and devoted to discussion and repartee, and fully determined to acquaint herself with the great men of the new German literature. She was a bit of a philosopher in her way, and in her eagerness over talking philosophy with Schiller she enlivened the whole company, hindered everyone from his work, and urged

Schiller, whose French was not very fluent, to untold exertions.

At this time, in spite of all the estrangements of his later years, the death of Herder — December 18, 1803 — made all men of insight realize how great were the powers that were now lost to the mental life of Germany, and especially of Weimar.

The winter of 1804 again proved a hard season. At the request of the Duke, and for the sake of occupation, Schiller translated Racine's "Phædra," "which had long been the show piece of the French stage." He finished this translation in twenty-six days, on the fourteenth of January, 1805. He also helped his young friend Voss, a teacher in the Gymnasium at Weimar and the son of the poet, on his translation of "Othello." And he was also preparing his collection of his own stage plays, which appeared in five volumes and was published by Cotta in Tübingen from 1805 to 1807. If we think of the dealings with the great theaters that each of these dramas entailed, we may form some notion of the scope of Schiller's activity.

The social life of Weimar also made its demands upon him. In November, 1801, Goethe organized a series of social reunions called the "Mid-week Circle," which took place once a fortnight and drew together a group of near friends, among whom were Schiller's wife and his sister-in-law Karoline — who had been Frau Wilhelm von Wolzogen since September, 1794

— and her husband, as well as the art critic Heinrich Meyer, Amalie von Imhof, Einsiedel, Fräulein von Göchhausen, and others. With this social life, gossip and intrigue naturally crept in. Kotzebue, who had not been invited, founded the Thursday Circle and was encouraged by the court and the nobility. Kotzebue's plan of sowing dissension between Goethe and Schiller by praising Schiller inordinately was hindered in a somewhat forcible way. Goethe and Schiller wrote for the "Mid-week Circle" a series of convivial poems. Schiller also favored various publishers who were his friends with poems from time to time. Although on this side his production was of small importance compared with his really great works—yet in these poems we can trace an evident progress in the maturity and simplicity of his art.

During the epoch of his philosophical poetry many of his rhymed poems, such as the "Praise of Women" (*Almanac of the Muses*, for 1796) and the "Words of Faith" (*Almanac of the Muses* for 1798), seem rather insignificant, partly artificial, partly external, by comparison with his pithy distichs. It was his ballads that brought grand style into rhymed language. "Hero and Leander" (June, 1801), "Kassandra" (February, 1802), and "The Count of Hapsburg" (April, 1803) were added to the list of the ballads. Abstract thought fell more and more into the background. In all three a monologue was the

central feature. In "Hero and Leander" we have only the picture of a great secret love, which being itself a force of nature, has to experience the destructive power of natural forces. In "Kassandra" we see the tragic figure of the prophetess who, alone amidst the general rejoicing, sees impending fate. "The Count of Hapsburg" must be placed beside "The Cranes of Ibycus" and "The Fight with the Dragon" as amongst Schiller's greatest poems. It is equally fine in the description of the imperial splendor, of the rejoicing of the people, and of the ruler of the world himself. The narrative is both simple and condensed, and especially moving is the closing stanza representing the Emperor, whose memories draw from his eyes tears of sorrow and thankfulness. In none of the other ballads does the revelation of divine providence so directly move our hearts. And in spite of the tinge of thought Schiller's pathos is truly and simply expressed.

In July, 1800, the "Words of Delusion" appeared. "The Song of Victory" marks the transition from the ballads to the poems for social occasions. It is especially significant as a picture of Greek civilization, with its heroes and its view of life, and is full of a healthy feeling, opposed to all melancholy. The poems for social occasions are in part songs of the present moment and of the joy of living — such as the "Punch Song," the "Favor of the Moment," the "Dithyramb" — and in part poems composed

under special circumstances, ennobling chance occasions, as the poem "To the Crown Prince of Weimar," who was about to visit Paris. And they also express in simple verse the poet's former thoughts about the different stages of human cultivation ("The Four Ages of the World") and the rights of the artistic imagination ("To my Friends").

From these songs it is but a step to the sad expression of yearning that voices the sorrowful undertone of Schiller's own life in such poems as "Longing" and the "Pilgrim." They express the same feeling as the "Words of Delusion." But we ought not to interpret this mood as one of gloomy resignation. The more mature the man is the better does he know that there can never be a heaven on earth, nor a paradise made up of perfect men — nor a solution of all serious questions, nor an end to the struggle for truth and love. Nobility and perfection always remain the secret possessions of the soul. That we can recognize them as our goal is everything. Schiller never thought otherwise. To be sure such knowledge makes noble natures mourn. And once more the life sentiment that goes with his thoughts takes form in a song. His progress consists of the fact that the philosophy so hardly won is transformed into feeling, the poem of ideas into song.

There were also occasions of more importance than the social meetings of friends, and these too gave encouragement for poetry. It seemed to Schiller

almost a duty to celebrate the opening of the new century with a poem of a universal character and meanwhile to express the task that Germany was called to accomplish for mankind. But he did not carry out this large design. We have only a short poem on the "Beginning of the New Century." This too shows that the poet never ceased to see, in the inner growth and development of the soul by means of æsthetic culture, a vocation of general social importance. For in the silent places of the heart man can find the freedom and happiness which the French and the English seek in vain when they struggle for the ownership of the earth.

"In the heart's recesses, sacred, lonely,
Seek thy refuge from the life of care.
Peace and freedom live in dreamland only,
And in song alone lives what is fair."

And once more, we should not understand these lines to imply a mere taking refuge from the real world in the world of dreams. Men of action above all know that with each further stage of practical life the world grows uglier and fuller of envy and meanness. Happy is he who has within his own spirit the source of refreshment in works of lasting beauty. And the people who in the midst of war and strife are able to produce such treasures by their own endeavors are a great nation, of true value to the world. It must be our part to guard the treasures that our poets have bequeathed to us.

It is characteristic of a talented man that he finds an apt way of expressing the meaning of the passing occasion. Schiller was to write a festival play to be performed on the stage as a greeting to Maria Paulowna, daughter of the Czar of Russia, and the young wife of the Crown Prince of Weimar, who won all hearts when she came to Weimar in November, 1804. The "Homage to the Arts" was performed on the twelfth of November. To this woman who had come from a brilliant life of power into narrower relations, Schiller proudly offered as a gift what Germany and Weimar had accomplished for the world in the development of beauty and of the inner life of the mind. Once more this poem was a confession of Schiller's faith, expressed in festive form. He could pay no higher tribute to the Princess than by having faith in her ability to appreciate this fact. For

"Thou must know the noble mind
Brings to life nobility—
Seeks it not, nor hopes to find."

And the Princess was moved to tears.

In August, 1801, Schiller visited his friend Körner in Dresden. At the third performance of "The Maid of Orleans" in Leipzig (September seventeenth), he was received, as his good mother wrote, like a prince. His place in the heart of his people grew constantly more secure. Wilhelm von Humboldt, who had in the meantime visited France and

Spain, stayed in Weimar from the nineteenth to the twenty-third of September, 1802, on the eve of his departure for Rome. This was the last time that Schiller saw his gifted friend. In November, 1802, he received his patent of nobility from Vienna. Karl August had persuaded the Emperor to receive Schiller into the nobility. He was quite gratified for the sake of his wife and children and because this rank would make his relations with the court simpler. And his position in the circle at Weimar was also improved.

But the more energetic his activities were and the more his social relations broadened, the more he felt that the surroundings were but narrow at the best. Although his friendship with Goethe was as steadfast as ever, yet he did not feel the need of living near him as much as formerly. Schiller longed for deeds, for influence, and regretted Goethe's "loitering" and lack of steady progress. He felt that life in Weimar was too stagnant. "I often feel moved to seek another dwelling place and sphere of influence. If I could but find a tolerable place I would leave Weimar" (February 17, 1803). He clung to this idea. He repeated it on the twentieth of March, 1804. His income offered no hindrance. To his four hundred thalers he yearly added fifteen hundred, almost the whole proceeds of his published writings, and the considerable stipend allowed him by Dalberg.

With these ideas in mind he went, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1804, with Lotte and the two boys to Berlin, where they arrived on the first of May. He met with encouragement and recognition on all sides. "The Bride of Messina," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Wallenstein" were performed for him. He spoke with Queen Luise, who wished to persuade him to come to Berlin, and dined with Prince Louis Ferdinand. On the seventeenth they went to Potsdam and on the eighteenth returned to Weimar. The Duke now doubled his income, making it eight hundred thalers, with the promise of soon increasing it to one thousand. Thereupon Schiller wrote to Councillor Beyme at Berlin that he considered himself bound to remain in Weimar, but that he was willing to spend several months each year in Berlin for a compensation of two thousand thalers. He received no answer, and the plan did not materialize. His faithful Lotte had bravely concealed from her husband how much it would have pained her to leave Thuringia. She wept on seeing her beloved mountains again. Thus near did Schiller come at one time to entering into a broader and more influential life. His early death, indeed, would have prevented his profiting by the change.

"Demetrius" was the great work of the last months of his life. It called forth the heroic exertion of all his powers. It supplanted forever his "Warbeck," which also was to have dealt with the story

of a false prince. Among the fragments that Schiller left behind him, those which constitute "The Maltese" remind us again of the time when he would have been glad to make the heroism of his Kantian ethics serve as the subject for a tragedy. The plan of a police drama shows that he had, with keen insight, turned his attention to the confused social relations of modern times. This was again one of many new possibilities for Schiller. But "Demetrius" was as a torch lighting the way to a still higher art. It called out the whole force of a talent that was still nowhere near its proper climax. As if he felt that this was to be his last work, he toiled unwearyingly to gain the clearest possible conception of the epoch, the people, and the country, of the customs and characters, and he altered and worked over his plot again and again. He had just reached full inner clearness when death took the pen from his hand.

On the tenth of March, 1804, he decided upon "Demetrius." After his return from Berlin he again took up the work in June. In August he was taken very ill and recovered but slowly. For the festivities in honor of the Princess he paid the penalty of a week of suffering. After finishing his "Phædra" he attempted to begin once more on the work that was associated with so much suffering. But during February he had attacks of fever which, as he wrote on March fifth, recurred every three days for a fortnight. At the beginning of March he resumed the

work and clung to it with all his might for the rest of the month. He was now well started. The opening of spring brought him once more cheer and courage. And so he worked on slowly until the end of April. After his death the monologue of Marfa lay on his writing table. It was the last thing he ever wrote. The shadow of death lay deep and dark over the pages of "Demetrius."

But it could not weaken the touch of the master's hand. The work opens with the Polish Reichstag, the most powerful of his scenes that include large bodies of men. A wealth of life and of characteristic details are condensed in this scene, which draws us into a very whirlpool of the strangest events of national history. The fiery youth, born ruler as he is, makes pretensions clear, while he at the same time narrates his whole past life. With the greatest distinctness all these personages pass before our eyes, — queens, priests, knights, noble and impulsive in appearance, tricky political self-seekers at heart, while amongst them all stands out the Princess Marina, the strongest character, a woman in whose breast burns the fierce ambition to rule. With the same sharpness of characterization as in "Maria Stuart" Schiller shows the stubborn self-seeking that guides the acts of each. And the poet's humor, so long kept in the background, once more claims its own in the description of the lesser nobility of Poland. The contrast with the stirring life of the world makes

the picture of the convent the more impressive—with its austerity, its wintry silence, and the statuesque figure of Marfa, which seems like a reminiscence of the opening scene of "The Bride of Messina." But now even this forsaken woman feels the warm glow of life, and the everlasting truth and simplicity of her mother's love speaks out above all the false artificiality. The tragic problem of this drama would have required a finer psychological analysis than appears in any of Schiller's other works. The hero at the dizzy height to which his belief in his own soul has carried him is robbed of that belief, is betrayed, and then becomes a betrayer himself, so that at last his once noble soul is quite corrupted. A most unusual social condition provides the setting for this picture. The opposition of the Poles and the Russians makes the story a disaster of nations. All this offered new tasks for Schiller's skill in historical portrayal. The art of dealing with different peoples and with large bodies of men, that had been learned in "The Maid of Orleans" and "William Tell," would now have been applied to a new and very characteristic life. It is as if the powers that had come into play in his previous dramas were here gathered together for one mighty effort. Schiller's "Demetrius" is the greatest attempt at historical drama up to the present time.

3. THE END

Schiller would have been satisfied if he could have lived in tolerable health up to his fiftieth year. He would have been glad of a longer time in which to enjoy those powers of which he now felt full control, as well as to earn something which might give his children a suitable independence. For "such a troop of children as I have may well give a man some concern."

But his constant attacks of illness were a sign of exhausted vitality, and with the spring came the end. He had never fully recovered from a cold that he caught in Jena, where he had gone with Lotte at the time their youngest daughter was born (July 25, 1804, was the date of the child's birth).

This last winter had been so pleasant. Schiller's mood was uncommonly gentle. Herder's "Ideen," with their almost feminine feeling about eternity, now attracted him strongly, though he had formerly felt but little sympathy with them. Beautiful singing affected him more than ever before.

On the first of May he received a visit from Goethe, who had barely recovered from a severe illness himself. Goethe found him ready to go to the theater and did not wish to detain him. They never met again. Young Heinrich Voss, one of his faithful friends, came to his box at the close of the performance, found him, with his teeth chattering, in a high

fever, and escorted him home. When he went to see him the next morning he found him lying on the sofa quite worn out. His voice was weak and he said regretfully, "Here I am again!"

His condition grew worse every day. On Sunday, the fifth of May, he seemed to have given up hope. On the sixth, in the evening, he had little Emilie, his youngest child, brought to him, took her hand, looked at her with unspeakable sorrow, and wept bitterly. A copy of the "Free Thinker," which he detested, must be carried away immediately. "Take it away at once, so that I can truthfully say that I never saw it. Give me fairy tales and stories of knight-hood. They contain the material for all that is great and beautiful."

As late as the evening of the seventh he began a thoughtful conversation such as he loved, with Karoline von Wolzogen. When she, wishing to spare him, would not continue, he felt hurt. "Well," said he, "since no one understands me any more, and I do not even understand myself, I might better keep silence."

Premonitions of eternity floated through his mind. On waking from a deep sleep he exclaimed: "Is that your hell, is that your heaven?"

On the evening of May eighth Karoline asked him how he felt. He pressed her hand and answered, "More cheerful, and better all the time." He wanted the curtains raised so that he might see the sun.

He gazed at the brilliant sunset sky and bade farewell to nature. During his illness he talked a good deal at night, mostly about "Demetrius." Once he prayed God to spare him from a long illness.

On the morning of the ninth he became unconscious. He spoke only disconnectedly and mostly in Latin. He was patient about his bath, though he found it trying. The last thing he drank was a glass of champagne. As his breath failed he looked about him, but did not seem to recognize his family. Toward three o'clock his strength wholly gave out. Again, as once years before, Lotte knelt beside him. She thought that she could feel a slight pressure of his hand. Their married life, in which Lotte had found the highest happiness in the midst of constant care and anxiety, was now ended. Toward five o'clock Schiller's face changed as if an electric shock had passed over it. His head sank back. His form straightened among the pillows and he was dead. His features looked as if he were in a gentle sleep.

The autopsy showed that the left lung was gone and that other organs too were seriously affected. At best he could not have lived more than another half year, and that with great distress. His funeral took place two days later. According to the custom at Weimar, his coffin would have been carried by workingmen. But some young men who loved him and valued his work performed this last service.

It was one o'clock at night. The sound of weeping was heard in the house. At the market place Wilhelm von Wolzogen, who had hastily come back from Naumburg, joined the procession wrapped in his cloak. The moon was shining. The nightingales were singing loud and clear. The young men set down the coffin in the receiving tomb in the old churchyard of St. Jacob's, where the bodies of distinguished people were laid in case they did not own a burial place.

In the year 1826, when the damp tomb was opened and put in order, the coffins had long since fallen to pieces. Since Schiller was the tallest among some twenty men who had been buried there, the bones that seemed to belong to the tallest person were hunted up, together with the skull that was recognized as his. At that time Goethe took this skull in his hands and dedicated some prophetic verses to it. The skull was then preserved in the pedestal of Dannecker's colossal bust of Schiller at the Weimar library. On the sixteenth of September, 1827, the skull and skeleton believed to be the remains of Schiller were, at the request of King Ludwig I, placed in the royal tomb at Weimar, where they rest beside Goethe's coffin.

Let us not take leave of Schiller with these pictures of death and decay, when our intention was to gain a new understanding of that part of him which still

lives on. The spirit in which Schiller led his life still gives its impress to the future. This spirit was the resolute will always seeking its own perfection. If any man ever took his life into his own hands and created himself, driven by some mysterious impulse toward higher and higher things, Schiller was that man. He began by breaking away from the restrictions that hampered him in his native place, and in spite of a thousand obstacles he held proudly and resolutely on his way toward the freedom of the creative artist and the preservation of his inborn talents. Throughout Schiller's life we seem to hear a proud "Nevertheless I will!" His mind needed a great deal of nourishment to get its full growth. He followed the difficult path of self-culture through the study of history and philosophy until he attained the highest wisdom of his time. But whatever he received from without only served to develop more fully what he had within him — his large nature and personality; his inborn ideal of a race of men who should find their happiness in the fulfillment of their earthly vocation; his ideal of the perfected education which should give us back our natural spontaneity after all our enforced training; his vision of the perfect man, whose life is a joyful service of the highest ends. He was worthy to preach the gospel of his own ideal, for he lived out his faith. And life was harder for him than for many. His was the truly manly ideal of one who knows and

understands life, and who values what is pure and sacred all the more because he can expect so little from without. Therefore in every line that he wrote we seem to see a soul that is always striving breathlessly onward toward the highest. He put himself into his works. The dignity of his own character is the priceless treasure that he has bequeathed to us.

He has in him the stuff of the old Germanic heroes and conquerors. He goes forth to conquer, as they did, with no help but his own manly courage. Like them he never swerves from the path of loyalty, like them he knows no guide save devotion to an ideal, like them he is faithful unto death. His life was one long effort for the freedom of mankind. Thus he was carrying on the work begun by Luther. But this freedom implies a serious duty and the highest training. Only the character that is at one with the task of all humanity is free. Schiller guides us to the battlefield and shows us the forces through which the soul must win its way to its highest goal. Like an old Germanic hero he shows us the finest type of German manhood, meeting the confusion of modern tasks, but still able to understand and express its own nature. Therefore it is that Schiller holds such a permanent place in the hearts of his countrymen. And his enthusiasm is as modest and wholesome as it is real and strong. Whoever has understood him can look back to him from the con-

fusion of the day and see in him the earnest and clear-sighted prophet who foresaw our needs.

The reward of his hard labor was a permanent youthfulness that never forsook him when a new task was to be undertaken. He would have so renewed himself had he lived amidst the tasks of to-day. No one else has had Schiller's power of giving us the poetry that we need. The times have changed. But as yet we have no recent poetry in which we can find the true expression of our present life. Our poetry either lisps out a few undertones or feelings that have to do with our modern mind, or it touches only the external aspects of life, or else it slavishly follows empty and superficial theories. And yet nature has been quite revolutionized for us! What marvels has not science revealed! Why have not our poets the wealth of imagination that might have opened up this whole world for us? Where do we find even the dimmest feeling that a new man ought to arise with all this new knowledge of nature, a new creator and ruler of the earth?

The question of nature and freedom — the essential question of all human life as well as of Schiller's philosophy — is once more urgently set before us. The present time is waiting for the artistic embodiment of the new man. But neither the pale æsthete nor the cold observer can give us what we need.

The insight of a prophet is required, who, by telling us of his own longings, can picture for us the

world for which he longs, just as Schiller, looking far ahead, led the Germans out of their narrow and restricted life into the larger relations of the world. Schiller would have had the mental power and the creative faith to have become once more the poet of a new type of man in the midst of a new world of nature. May he at least make us fully realize what we lack.

The monologue of Marfa in "Demetrius" was Schiller's farewell to life. And we will now bid him farewell by looking at these, his last words. The whole power of his soul was voiced in this monologue, the power that he should infuse into us. This power is the great longing that urges us to break through all narrow bounds and come forth into the truer freedom.

"Oh wherefore am I bound in narrow limits,
Yet feel infinity within my breast."

As Marfa longed to go forth from the cloister walls into the stirring life of the world, so did Schiller long to escape from the narrow circle of Weimar into a fuller, fresher air — so did he long to escape from all the narrowness of human life into the majestic world of freedom. And so with the vital breath of the German mind and conscience Schiller keeps alive within us the yearning that still ennobles our life.

INDEX

- Abel, Schiller's teacher, i. 20, 145, 159, 189
- "Æneid," Virgil's, translations by Schiller, ii. 66, 74
- Æschylus, ii. 20, 362
- "Æsthetic Education of Man," letters by Schiller, ii. 90, 150
- "Æsthetic of Tragedy," public lecture by Schiller, ii. 89
- "Agamemnon," in relation to "Wallenstein," ii. 282; to "Maria Stuart," 314
- Alfieri, his play "Philip the Second," in relation to "Don Carlos," i. 393
- Anthology, Schiller's, i. 31-39, 159
- Aristotle, i. 117, 119; ii. 198
- Art, Schiller's conception of, ii. 105 ff.
- "Artists, The," poem, ii. 22, 38, 67, 409
- Astrology, place of, in "Wallenstein," ii. 193, 212 ff.
- Baggesen, Danish poet and admirer of Schiller, ii. 76 f., 79 f.
- Ballads, Schiller's, analysis and estimate of, ii. 170-176; 422 f.
- Balzac, i. 153
- "Beautiful Soul, The," in relation to romanticism and classicism, ii. 406
- Beck, actor, i. 185
- "Beginning of the New Century," poem, ii. 425
- Beil, actor, i. 185
- "Bell, The," poem, ii. 146; analysis and estimate of, 413-418
- Beulwitz, Karoline von. [See KAROLINE]
- Bible, the, its influence on "The Robbers," i. 101 f.
- Bismarck, ii. 83
- Bodmer, his prose translation of Milton, i. 105; ii. 358
- Böck, actor, i. 185
- Brantôme, Seigneur de, in relation to "Don Carlos," i. 338 f.
- "Bride of Corinth," ballad by Goethe, ii. 169
- "Bride of Messina," ii. 361-383; origin, 361-363; main characteristic, 363-365; the place of the chorus, 365-369; the element of Fate, 369-374; analysis and estimate, 363-383
- Bürger, reviewed by Schiller, ii. 66-70
- Byron, in relation to "The Robbers," i. 108 f.; ii. 117
- "Cain," Byron's, in relation to "The Robbers," i. 109
- "Camp, Wallenstein's." [See "WALLENSTEIN"]
- Cellini, autobiography of, translated by Goethe, ii. 144
- Cervantes, relationship between "Don Quixote" and "The Robbers," i. 151, 153 f.

- "Concerning Æsthetic Education," letters by Schiller, ii. 144
- "Coriolanus," influence of, on "Fiesco," i. 249
- Cornéille, relation to Schiller, i. 151, 309
- "Cosmos von Medici," play, in relation to "The Robbers," i. 85
- Cotta, Schiller's friend and publisher, ii. 96, 202 n, 208 fn, 217 n, 385 n, 407, 421
- "Count of Hapsburg," ballad, ii. 422
- "Cranes of Ibycus," ballad, ii. 169 f., 173 ff., 409, 423
- Christ, i. 112; ii. 99, 163
- Cuvier, zoölogist, Schiller's school-mate at the *Hohe Karlsschule*, i. 15
- "Dance, The," poem, ii. 157 f.
- "Danger of Æsthetic Customs," essay, ii. 144
- Dalberg, Baron von, i. 96, 159, 161 f., 164, 169 f., 192, 174, 180 ff., 184, 186 f., 192 f., 195, 200, 228, 264 f., 321, 328, 333, 347 f.; ii. 70, 223, 427
- Dannecker, sculptor, Schiller's school-mate at the *Hohe Karlsschule* and friend, i. 15, 158; ii. 94, 435
- Dante, characterized in "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry," ii. 116 f.
- David, French artist, i. 241
- "Death of Wallenstein." [See "WALLENSTEIN"]
- "Demetrius," last work of Schiller's, analysis and estimate of, ii. 428-431; 434, 439
- Diderot, the influence of his dramas "Natural Son" and "Father of the Family" on Schiller's "Love and Intrigue," i. 309 f.; 315
- "Diver, The," ballad, ii. 170
- "Dividing of the Earth, The," a dramatic narrative, ii. 148
- "Don Carlos," i. 330-394; origin and growth of, 333-354; analysis, 355-382; estimate, 382-392; comparison with Otway's "Don Carlos, Prince of Spain," 392-393; with Alfieri's "Philip the Second," 393
- "Don Juan," relation to "The Robbers," i. 109
- "Don Quixote," relation to "The Robbers," i. 152 ff.
- Eckermann, conversation with, ii. 159, 180
- Eckhof, actor, i. 185
- "Egmont," Goethe's, in relation to "Fiesco," i. 256; Schiller's review of, in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, ii. 31; Schiller's rearrangement of, for the Weimar theater, 195
- "Elegy, The," poem, ii. 154, 156
- "Eleusinian Festival, The," poem, ii. 410, 413
- "Emilia Galotti," Lessing's analysis of, in relation to "The Robbers," i. 115-130; 132; companion with "The Robbers," 139-142; 145; with "Fiesco," 236, 248; with "Love and Intrigue," 287-291, 314-315; 318
- "Enemy of Mankind Reconciled, The," dramatic fragment, ii. 66
- Epicurus, influence on Schiller, i. 20
- Euripides, Schiller's translation from "Iphigenia in Aulis," ii. 20
- Faust, Goethe's, i. 134; in relation to Kant, ii. 97; Schiller's part in the completion of, 140; 168, 391, 408
- Ferguson, i. 20
- Fichte, ii. 145
- "Fiesco of Genoa," i. 228-260; comparison with "The Robbers,"

- 231-237; analysis and estimate, 237-260
- "Fight with the Dragon, The," ballad, ii. 409 f., 423
- Frederick the Great, i. 6; ii. 65
- Freedom, Schiller's doctrine of, in relation to Kant, ii. 98 ff.
- "Freigeisterei der Leidenschaft," poem, i. 217
- French Revolution, its impression upon Schiller, ii. 95 f.
- Garve, i. 20
- "Geisterseher," a romance, in relation to the *Thalia*, i. 220-224; ii. 31
- Gellert, i. 8
- Gemmingen, his "German Father of the Family" (Hansvater) in relation to "Love and Intrigue," i. 315-318
- German Mercury*, ii. 4 f., 20, 28, 31, 35, 42
- Gerstenberg, his "Ugolino" in relation to "The Robbers," i. 115-116
- "Glove, The," ballad, ii. 170, 172, 409
- "God and the Bayadère," ballad by Goethe, ii. 169 f.
- "Gods of Greece, The," poem, ii. 20, 22, 28
- Goethe, i. 32, 93, 116; influence of "Götz" on "The Robbers," 131; 142, 149, 208 f., 270, 301, 316 ff., 384, 393 n, ii. 4, 7 ff., 14; first acquaintance with Schiller, 26 ff.; 33, 43, 48, 86, 91, 111, 117; friendship with Schiller and coöperation with him in *Die Horen*, 121-146; 149, 157; collaboration with Schiller on the *Xenien*, 160-169; on the Ballads, 169-173; 176; his opinion on "Wallenstein," 180; 183; 186; his relation and correspondence with Schiller about "Wallenstein," 188-217; difference between his art and that of Schiller as expressed in "Wallenstein," 279-286; 289, 292, 297, 326, 331, 335; his opinion on "The Maid of Orleans," 341; 347, 349, 361; his relation to "William Tell," 384 ff.; 391, 407, 411 f., 414, 419, 422, 427; his last meeting with Schiller, 432; 435
- Görz, ii. 43
- "Götz von Berlichingen," Goethe's comparison with "The Robbers," i. 81, 116, 129 ff., 139-142
- Gotter, his burlesque "Der Schwarze Mann" of Schiller, i. 194; ii. 7
- Gottsched, in reference to the German-Palatinate Society, i. 184
- "Grace and Dignity," essay, ii. 90; in opposition to Kant, 104 f.
- Greek, sentimental yearning for Greek culture expressed in "The Gods of Greece," ii. 20 ff.; Greek view of life as conceived by Schiller, 105 ff., 123; influence of Greek tragedy, on "Wallenstein," 200 f., 282-284, on "Maria Stuart," 314, on "The Maid of Orleans," 352, on "The Bride of Messina," 362, 372 f., 382; Homeric simplicity in "William Tell," 391
- Griesbach, ii. 35 f., 178
- Grillparzer, i. 301; ii. 117
- Haller, in comparison with Schiller's early poetry, i. 39
- Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, i. 117
- Hamlet, in comparison with Karl Moor in "The Robbers," i. 71; in comparison with Carlos in "Don Carlos," 340; ii. 195
- "Happiness," poem, ii. 157 f.
- Hardenberg, Friedrich von, ii. 43

- Hauptmann, Gerhart, his place in the Drama of Middle Class Life, i. 326 f.; comparison with Schiller, ii. 224
- Hebbel, i. 77; his place in the Drama of Middle Class Life, 322-325
- Hebrew Mysteries, in relation to Schiller's historical studies, ii. 57
- Heine, ii. 117
- Herder, i. 199; his relation to Schiller, ii. 4 ff., 57 f.; Schiller's criticism of his "Iduna or the Apple of Youth," 144 f.; his attitude towards the *Xenien*, 165; 404 f.; his death, 421; Schiller's appreciation of his *Ideen*, 432
- "Hermann and Dorothea," Goethe's, Greek element in, ii. 129; 168; Schiller's opinion of, 196; Wilhelm von Humboldt's work on, 408; comparison with "The Song of the Bell," 415
- "History of the Thirty Years' War," ii. 55 f., 62, 75, 227, 419
- "Hero and Leander," ballad, ii. 422 f.
- "Homage to the Arts," festival play, ii. 426
- Homer, in relation to "The Gods of Greece," ii. 20 f.; to the review of Bürger, 68; influence on "William Tell," 391; source of all great poetry, 415
- Die Horen*, ii. 90, 96, 122, 125, 136, 143 f., 145 ff., 404, 407 f.
- Hoven, i. 14, 84, 87, 158; ii. 93 f.
- Huber, i. 200, 203, 205, 209, 224
- Hufeland, ii. 34
- Hugo, relationship of "Les Misérables" to "The Robbers," i. 153
- Humboldt, W. von, his relation to Schiller, i. 208, ii. 26, 123 ff., 149, 156, 183, 186 f., 192, 207, 408 f., 426
- "Hymn to Joy," poem, i. 212, 217, 334; ii. 7, 22, 76
- Ibsen, his influence on the modern Drama of Middle Class, i. 325
- Ideal of humanity, Schiller's conception of, due to the influence of Kant, ii. 101 ff.
- "Ideal and the Actual Life, The," poem, ii. 149
- Idealism, Schiller's, characterized, ii. 118 ff.
- "Ideals, The," poem, ii. 148
- "Iduna, or the Apple of Youth," essay by Herder, criticized by Schiller, ii. 144 f.
- Iffland, actor, i. 174 f., 185, 189, 194 f., 266, 328; ii. 195, 211 n, 213 ff., 289, 326, 408
- "Indian Death Dirge," ballad, ii. 172
- "Introduction to Universal History," lecture and other courses given by Schiller at Jena, ii. 41 f.
- Iphigenia, Goethe's, i. 330; Schiller's review of in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Literaturzeitung*, ii. 31; Greek element in, 129; 361; Schiller's arrangement of for performance, 419
- Jean Paul, i. 199
- Joan of Arc. [See "MAID OF ORLEANS"]
- "Julius Cæsar," comparison with "Fiesko," i. 252; ii. 196, 225, 385
- "Julius von Tarent," play by Leisewitz, in comparison with "The Robbers," i. 133 ff.; ii. 195
- "Kabale und Liebe." [See "LOVE AND INTRIGUE"]
- Kalb, Charlotte von, i. 198, 200, 202, 217, 384; ii. 11, 51, 411

- Kant, i. 24, 332; ii. 43; influence of his essay on the "Probable Beginning of Human History" on Schiller, 56; 58, 75; his philosophy studied by Schiller, 85-91; Schiller's opposition to, in his essay on "Grace and Dignity," 104 f.; 109, 123, 180, 405
- Karl Eugene, Duke, life of, i. 12-14; relation to Schiller, 16-18, 156 ff.
- Karl Theodor, elector, founder of the German-Palatinate Society, i. 184
- Karoline, ii. 13, 15, 17 ff., 25 f., 44, 49 f., 52, 57, 73, 421, 433
- "Kassandra," ballad, ii. 422 f.
- Keller, Gottfried, comparison of his legends with "The Cranes of Ibycus," ii. 175
- "King Lear," relation between the character of Edmund in, and Franz Moor in "The Robbers," i. 147
- "King Œdipus," relation of, to "The Robbers," i. 151; Schiller's admiration for, ii. 200 f.; 276; relation of, to "Wallenstein," 282; to "The Bride of Messina," 372
- Klopstock, i. 29; influence of, on Schiller's early poetry, 32, 39; on "The Robbers," 84, 100, 110-115; 168; ii. 359
- Knebel, ii. 8, 14
- Knigge, Baron von, i. 188
- "Knight of Toggenburg, The," ballad, ii. 170, 173
- Körner, i. 166, 200 ff.; acquaintance and friendship with Schiller, 204-211; 216 f., 225, 334, 336; Schiller's letters to, about "Don Carlos," 352-354; ii. 3, 16, 20, 22, 27 f., 45, 57, 73, 78, 87, 90, 92; Schiller's letters to, about "Wallenstein," 180 ff., 188, 191 ff., 197 f., 202, 206, 208 ff., 257, 289; 325, 331, 341, 361 f., 385, 426
- "Languishing Beauty," Schiller's letters on, ii. 144
- Laura, of the "Anthology," i. 32-34
- Leibnitz, optimistic cosmology of, in relation to Schiller's youth, i. 303
- Leisewitz, i. 100; his play "Julius von Tarent," in comparison with "The Robbers," 133 ff.; 198; in comparison with "Don Carlos," 340
- Lenzfels, Charlotte. [See LOTTE]
- Lenz, Reinhold, his dramatic sketch, "Die beiden Alten," in comparison with "The Robbers," i. 91
- Lessing, i. 95, 115; influence of his "Emilia Galotti" on "The Robbers," 117-130; 132, 136, 138, 142, 184, 204; relation of "Emilia Galotti" to "Fiesko," 236; to "Love and Intrigue," 289-291; of "Miss Sara Sampson" to "Love and Intrigue," 309 ff., 320, 327; 330; ii. 198, 419
- Lichtenberg, criticized by Goethe and Schiller in the *Xenien*, ii. 161
- "Life and the Ideal," poem, ii. 154, 156, 413
- "Longing," poem, ii. 424
- Lotte, ii. 13 ff., 26, 41 ff., 44 f., 48 ff., 51 f., 54 f., 71, 73 f., 177, 412 f., 423, 432, 434
- "Louise Miller," first sketch of "Love and Intrigue," i. 162, 172, 182, 262, 264 ff.
- "Love and Intrigue," i. 261-329; origin, 261-267; comparison with "Fiesko" and "The Robbers," 267-270; analysis of its technique, 270-287; comparison with Lessing's "Emilia Galotti," 289-291;

- estimate of its significance, 291-308; comparison with Lessing's "Miss Sara Sampson," 310-315; with Gemmingen's "German Father of the Family," 315-318; with Wagner's "Kindermörderin," 318-322; with Hebbel's "Mary Magdalen," 322-325; with Ibsen and Gerhart Hauptmann, 322-327
- Ludwig, Otto, his misunderstanding of Schiller, ii. 284 f., 320
- Luther, his doctrines presupposed in Klopstock's "Messiah," i. 111
- Lycurgus, essay on, and Solon, by Schiller, ii. 57 f.
- Macbeth, in relation to "The Robbers," i. 144; Schiller's translation of, ii. 288, 412, 418
- "Magician's Apprentice," ballad by Goethe, ii. 169
- "Maid of Orleans," ii. 325-360; origin, 325-327; historical material of, as distinct from Schiller's other historical plays, 325-337; characterization of Joan of Arc, 337-348; the essence of the tragedy, 342-348; critical analysis and estimate, 349-358; its position in German history, 358-360
- "Maltese, The," plan of a play, ii. 361, 411, 418, 428
- "Maria Stuart," ii. 287-324; origin of, 287-290; tragic element in, 290-292; characterization of Mary, 292-298; of other characters in, 298-305; of Elizabeth, 305-310; analysis of, and its form, 310-320; estimate of, and of Schiller's art and philosophy of life as reflected in, 320-324
- "Mary Magdalen," Hebbel's, analysis of, in comparison with "Love and Intrigue," i. 322 ff.
- "Message to the Forge," ballad, ii. 170, 174, 409
- Milton, relation of, to "The Robbers," i. 92, 100, 102 ff.; to "Fiesko," 251; to essay on "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry," ii. 117
- "Misérables, Les," in relation to "The Robbers," i. 153
- "Miss Sara Sampson," Lessing's, its place in the Drama of Middle Class Life, i. 310 ff.
- Montesquieu, i. 385
- "Moral Use of Æsthetic Customs," essay, ii. 144
- Moser, Pastor, i. 11, 163
- Moses, Schiller's conception of the mission of, in his essay "Some Account of the Earliest Human Society," ii. 56 ff.
- Musen Almanach*, edited by Schiller, ii. 145 f., 147, 160, 163, 169, 404, 413, 422
- Musset, ii. 117
- "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry," essay, ii. 90; analysis of, 115 ff.; 118, 144, 154, 182 f., 249
- "Nathan the Wise," Lessing's, poetic model for "Don Carlos," i. 330, 369; Schiller's preparation of, for the theater, ii. 361, 419
- "Nature and School," poem, ii. 157
- "Necessary Limits of the Beautiful," essay, ii. 144
- "Nephew as Uncle," play by Picard, translated by Schiller, ii. 420
- "News for Pleasure and Profit," journal, edited by Schiller, i. 158
- Niethammer, ii. 43
- Nietzsche, compared with Schiller, ii. 103 f.

- Nikolai, criticized by Goethe and Schiller in the *Xenien*, ii. 161, 165
- Novalis. [See HARDENBERG]
- Odyssey, spirit of, in "William Tell," ii. 391
- Ossian, ii. 117
- "Othello," influence of, on Schiller, i. 145 ff.; translation of, by Voss, ii. 421
- Otway, relation of his play "Don Carlos, Prince of Spain" to "Don Carlos," i. 392
- "Parasite, The," play by Picard, translated by Schiller, ii. 420
- Paulus, theologian, ii. 34
- "Pegasus in Harness," narrative, ii. 148
- "Père Goriot," Balzac's, in relation to "The Robbers," i. 153
- Petersen, friend of Schiller, i. 158 ff.
- Philosophy of Schiller, the, ii. 103 ff., 132 ff.
- Philosophic poems, Schiller's, analyzed and estimated, ii. 147-160
- "Philosophical Letters," between Julius and Raphael, plan of a philosophic romance, i. 213-217
- "Piccolomini, The." [See "WALLENSTEIN"]
- "Pilgrim," poem, ii. 424
- Plato, ii. 44, 259
- "Pledge, The," ballad, ii. 409 f.
- Plutarch, i. 152, 154, 223, 229 f., 240
- "Poetry of Life, The," a half-prosaic epistle, ii. 148
- "Power of Song, The," hymn on, ii. 148
- "Praise of Women," poem, ii. 422
- Propyläen*, the, a journal, ii. 407, 419
- Racine, i. 309; Schiller's translation of the "Phædra," ii. 421, 429
- Ranke, compared with Schiller, ii. 65
- Réal, St., his story of "Don Carlos," i. 338, 343-346, 392
- Rembrandt, i. 171
- Reinhold, ii. 34 f., 51, 77
- Reinwald, i. 177, 198, 211, 214, 265, 333, 339; ii. 95
- "Resignation," poem, i. 217
- "Revolt of the Netherlands," history of, ii. 9, 11, 32, 34, 56
- "Richard III," relation of, to "The Robbers," i. 143 ff., 149; Schiller's letter to Goethe about, ii. 204 ff.
- "Ring of Polycrates," ballad, ii. 170, 172, 409
- "Robbers, The," i. 3-154; analysis of the plot, 45-77; estimate of, 77-84; connection with the Bible, 101-103; relation to Milton's "Paradise Lost," 103-110; to Klopstock's "Messiah," 110-115; comparison with Gerstenberg's "Ugolino," 116-117; with Lessing's "Emilia Galotti," 117-128, 141-142; with Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," 129-132, 140-141; with Klinger's "The Twins" and Leisewitz's "Julius von Tarent," 133-140; with "Richard III," 143-145; with "Othello," 145-147; with "King Lear," 147-149
- "Roman Elegies," by Goethe, ii. 144
- Romanticism, Schiller's attitude towards, ii. 405 f.
- Rousseau, i. 100, 138; in relation to "The Robbers," 151 f.; to "Love and Intrigue," 308; to "Don Carlos," 351, 386; to the essay on "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry," ii. 118

- Satan, difference between Satan and Prometheus, i. 110
- Scharffenstein, Schiller's youthful friendship with, i. 25-30; 92, 158, 214
- Schiller, home influences, i. 3-9; life at the Academy, 15-18; first scholarly activities, 19-25; relation with Scharffenstein, 25-30; poet of the "Anthology," 31-39; work on "The Robbers," 40-154; life at Stuttgart, 156-164; flight from Stuttgart, 164 ff.; life at Bauerbach, 176-181; at Mannheim, 181-203; at Leipzig and Dresden, 203-227; work on "Fiesko," 228-260; on "Love and Intrigue," 261-330; on "Don Carlos," 330-394; beginning at Weimar, ii. 3-17; acquaintance with Lotte, 12 ff.; stay in Volkstädt and Rudolstadt, 17 ff.; meeting with Goethe, 26 ff.; life at Jena, 34-92, 121 ff.; inaugural address delivered as professor at Jena, 35 ff.; academic activities, 41 ff.; betrothal to Lotte, 45 ff.; marriage and married life, 51 ff.; historical studies and writings, 55-65; review of Bürger's poetry, 66-70; illness, 70 ff.; philosophical studies and writings, 85-91, 97-121; friendship with W. von Humboldt, 123-125; friendship and coöperation with Goethe, 125-146, 160-169; work on "Wallenstein," 179-286; on "Maria Stuart," 287-324; on "The Maid of Orleans," 325-360; on "William Tell," 384-403; last years and activities in Jena, 404-418; last years and activities in Weimar, 418-432; last days and death, 432-434; final estimate of his personality, 435-439
- Schiller, Johann Caspar, father of poet, life of, i. 3-7
- Schlegels, the, criticized by Goethe and Schiller in the *Xenien*, ii. 161, 165; Schiller's break with, 405 f.
- Schmidt, Erich, published *Xenien* of 1796, ii. 162
- Schmidt, author of the "History of the German People," ii. 57
- Schubart, influence on "The Robbers," i. 84, 87 ff.; 160, 163, 168
- Schütz, editor of the *Jena Literaturzeitung*, ii. 34
- Schwan, bookseller, i. 119, 187, 266
- Shaftesbury, i. 20, 203
- Shakespeare, i. 77, 93, 95, 100, 103; place of, in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, 117, 132; 136, 138; relationship between "Richard III" and "The Robbers," 142 ff.; between "Macbeth" and "The Robbers," 144; between "Othello" and "The Robbers," 145 ff.; between Edmund in "King Lear" and Franz Moor, 147 ff.; 154, 178; relationship between "Coriolanus" and "Fiesko," 249; 333; relationship between "Hamlet" and "Don Carlos," 340; 369; ii. 195 ff., 201; Schiller's letter to Goethe about "Richard III," 203 ff.; 227 f., 275; relation between Schiller and, in reference to "Wallenstein," 279 f., 283 ff.
- Socrates, i. 20; ii. 44, 91, 164
- Solon, essay on, and Lycurgus, by Schiller, ii. 57 f.
- "Song of Victory," poem, ii. 423
- Sophocles, relation of "King Œdipus" to "The Robbers," i. 151; ii. 195 ff.; Schiller's admiration for "Œdipus," 200, 275; relation of "Œdipus" to "Wallenstein," 282 f.

- Staël, Mme. de, her visit to Weimar, ii. 420
- "Sport of Destiny," ii. 31
- Stein, Frau von, ii. 14, 43, 413
- "Storm and Stress," influence of, on "The Robbers," i. 132, 136; on "Love and Intrigue," 308; in relation to the Drama of Middle Class Life, 325; Goethe's attitude against, ii. 27
- Streicher, friend of Schiller, i. 8, 14; part played in Schiller's flight from Stuttgart, 164 ff.; 188, 203, 230, 260, 263, 265 f., 328, 330 f., ii. 194
- "Student of Nassau," play, i. 84
- "Sublime, On the," essay, ii. 90, 264
- Swabian Anthology*, by Stäudlin, i. 159
- Swabian Magazine*, by Hang, i. 159
- Thalia*, journal, i. 201, 204; Körner's part in, 210, 213, 217 f.; 220; "Don Carlos" printed in, 336 f., 348, 352 f., 363; Schiller's translations from Euripides "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "The Phœnician Women" in, ii. 20 ff.; 42, 55; translation from Virgil's "Æneid" in, 66; essays on the tragedy and tragic art in, 89
- "Theory of Colors," Goethe's, ii. 139
- Tieck, ii. 405
- Timme, Christoph Franz, his review of "The Robbers," in the *Erfurterische Gelehrten-Zeitung*, i. 95
- "Treasure Seeker," ballad by Goethe, ii. 169
- Treitschke, compared with Schiller, ii. 65
- "Twins, The," play by Klinger, in comparison with "The Robbers," i. 133 ff.
- "Uebermensch," synthesis of the ideas of Satan and Prometheus, i. 110
- "Ugolino," play by Gerstenberg, compared with "The Robbers," i. 115 ff.
- "Urpflanze," Goethe's conception of, ii. 126 ff.
- Uz, i. 8
- Virgil, Schiller's translation from the "Æneid," ii. 66
- Voltaire, Goethe's translation of "Mahomed" and "Tancred," ii. 412
- Voss, translation of Homer, ii. 20
- Wagner, Heinrich Leopold, his play the "Kindermörderin" compared with "Love and Intrigue," i. 318 ff.
- "Walk, The," poem, ii. 154, 413 f.
- "Wallenstein," ii. 179-286; origin and growth of, 179-217; "Wallenstein's Camp," analysis and estimate of, 218-226; "The Piccolomini" and "The Death of Wallenstein," — analysis and estimate of, 227-286; characterization of Wallenstein, 239-246; of Max and Thekla, 246-262; tragic elements, 263-265; form of the tragedy, 265-273; its artistic style, 273-279; comparison with Shakespeare, Goethe, and the Greeks, 279-286
- "Warbeck," plan of a play, ii. 361, 384, 411, 418, 428
- "Weavers, The," play by Hauptmann, place of, in the Drama of the Middle Class Life, i. 327
- "Werther," Goethe's, i. 270; in relation to "Love and Intrigue," 308
- Wieland, i. 160, 330; ii. 4 f., 7, 20, 165
- "Wilhelm Meister," Goethe's, Schiller's opinion of, ii. 146

"William Tell," ii. 384-403; origin of, 384-386; characterized as a drama of a people, 386-393; comparison with "The Bride of Messina," 387 f., 391; with "The Maid of Orleans," 392; analysis and estimate of, 393-403; characterization of Tell, 396-401

Wolzogen, Charlotte von, i. 179 ff., 195

Wolzogen, Henriette von, i. 174, 177, 181, 196, 203; ii. 12

"Words of Delusion," poem, ii. 423 f.

"Words of Faith," poem, ii. 422

Wurtemberg Repertorium of Literature, magazine, Schiller's own criticism of "The Robbers" in, i. 97; 159; Schiller's treatise "Concerning the German Theater of To-day" in, i. 190 f., i. 201; ii. 307.

Xenien, ii. 145 f.; analysis and estimate of, 160-169, 177

Zacharias, his hexameter translation of Milton, i. 105, 106

Zumsteeg, musician, i. 15, 158

Date Due

[illegible]

(Vol. II)

PT2482

.K84

Kuhnemann, Eugen
Schiller.

15245

PT2482

.K84

Kuhnemann, Eugen
Schiller.
vol. II

15245

Rev. Mr. Wychodski / 1st Sem. 1975-76



